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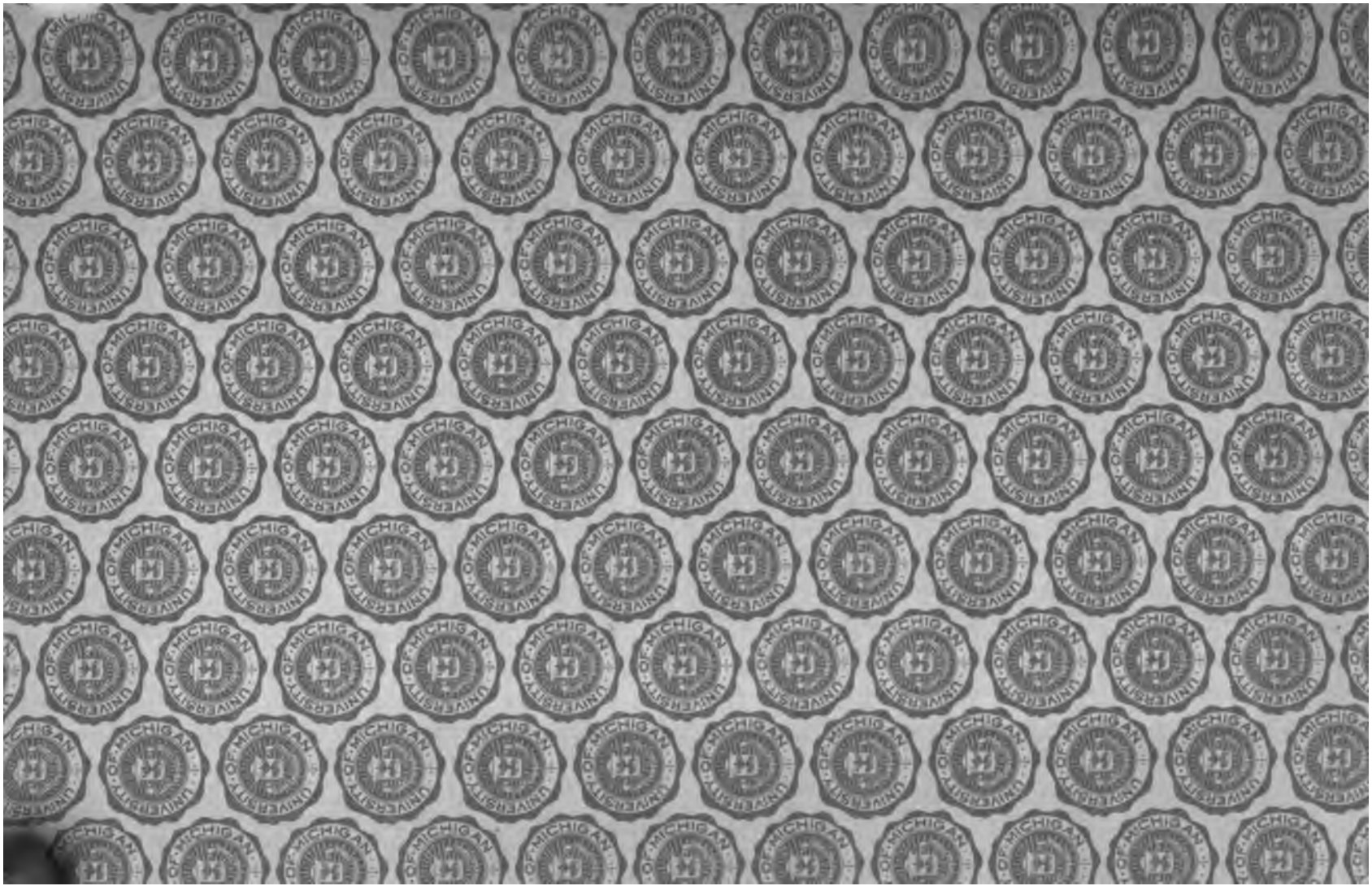
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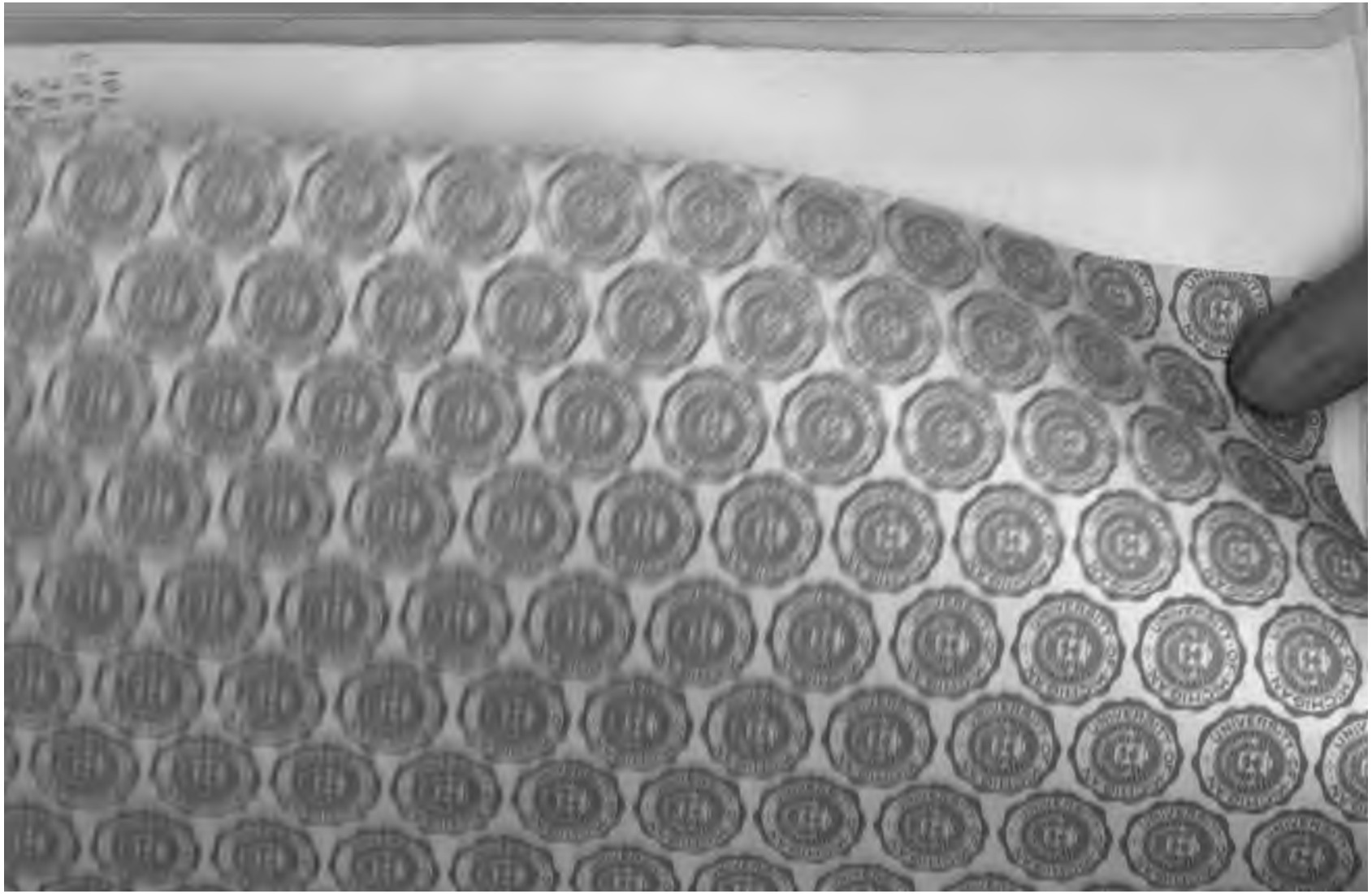

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MEMOIRS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON

FROM AJACCIO TO WATERLOO,
AS SOLDIER, EMPEROR, HUSBAND

BY

MADAME JUNOT
DUCHESSE DE D'ABRANTÈS

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I

WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY

S. M. HAMILTON
EDITOR OF "LETTERS TO WASHINGTON"

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SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

LAURE PERMON JUNOT, the Duchess of Abrantès was born November 6, 1784, at Montpellier, a year after the signing by ourselves and England of the Definitive Treaty of Peace. She came of a Corsican family descended, says tradition, from the line of Comnenus, the Eastern Emperors. Madame de Permon, her mother, was an intimate friend of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte. The two families were neighbors at Ajaccio, the children in consequence playmates. Madame Junot's acquaintance with Napoleon dates then from his boyhood. In these memoirs, as she says, she conducts him, as it were, by the hand almost from the cradle to mature age through the world, which rang with his marvelous deeds to the end of it all — Waterloo. She draws him in many moods and characters — the man *in* if not *of* peace as well as the man of blood and conscript youths. She was on terms of close intimacy with Josephine and spent many days at Malmaison. A participant in the excitements and social life of the French Capital and acquainted with the celebrities of the day her memoirs abound in anecdote; and the social recollections from her own life are related in a charming and vivacious style throughout. Doubtless, as has been said, they bear errors of composition, and, at times, are historically inexact, some of the recollections being perhaps more fictitious than real, romance rather than history. But even granting this these memoirs of a remarkable and brilliant woman are full of life and charm and present a truthful picture in the main of illustrious and conspicuous phases of a very wonderful period of the history of France and of the world.

It was after the French Revolution that the Permon family came to Paris, sent there, it is said, by the father to secure good matches for his daughters. Their pretty house in Chaussee d'Autin became a favorite gathering place of a mixed society composed of those of the *ancien régime* who survived the days of Terror, and of the

young officers who thronged Paris in the days preceding the rising of Napoleon's star of glory. Madame de Permon, somewhat of an aristocrat, drew the former, and the daughters, beautiful and witty, attracted the latter. Madame de Permon herself was beautiful and of remarkably youthful appearance for her years. Madame Junot says that Napoleon asked her mother to marry him but that she being so many years his senior merely smiled on his suit. This story, however, is probably one of the romances, there being, I believe, no evidence for the truth of it.

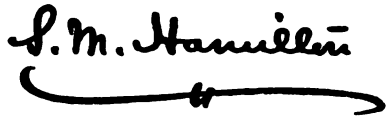
Among the officers who frequented the Permon's drawing rooms the only one that concerns the subject of this note was Andoche Junot, afterward the Duke of Abrantès, General of Hussars, Ambassador of France and Commander Supreme in Portugal, Governor of Paris and Governor General of Illyria, one of Napoleon's bravest and most energetic captains. To this soldier of France Laure Permon was united in marriage. It was a brilliant contract. Junot in person was eminently handsome but his manners have been represented as coarse and his character rapacious and cruel. He had, however, a considerable share of moral as well as physical energy. His portrait as painted by his wife does him more honor than other writers give him. To her he had a "superior mind; he was a stranger to falsehood and was endowed with a generosity which his enemies have endeavored to represent as a vice." This is an allusion to his extravagant tastes and reckless expenditure of money — recklessness in which his wife unfortunately shared. Of the considerable fortunes, says Las Cases, which the Emperor had bestowed that of Junot was one of the most lavish, the sum he had given him almost exceeded belief, yet he was always in debt, he squandered fortunes without credit to himself and without discernment or taste. At the time of their marriage Napoleon gave Laure Permon and Junot one hundred thousand francs and at the birth of their first child in 1801 another one hundred thousand francs and a house in the Champs Elysèes. This child, a daughter, had for sponsors Bonaparte and Josephine. Her godfather gave her a beautiful pearl necklace and the sum of money above mentioned was given in the name of Josephine and was for the purpose of furnishing

the house. Thus munificently did Napoleon start his boyhood companion on the road of life. But her extravagance outran the generosity of even so powerful a friend and her debts piled up as high and as rapidly as the tradesmen would let them. She went with her husband to Lisbon, and there her retinue and surroundings were more expensive than those of a queen. On her return to Paris, her generous style of living increased if it were possible and through a feeling inherited, no doubt, from her mother's partiality to the old class, she opened her drawing room to the older families, as well as to the new men of the Empire. But the Emperor at this time regarded his old acquaintance with suspicion.

Madame Junot accompanied her husband through the Spanish campaign, and, it is said, contrived to give pleasant balls and drawing rooms all along the route. Truly a life replete with the excitement and the glory that were the only thoughts of France. After her husband's sad and tragic death in 1813, Napoleon, reverting perhaps to his recent suspicion, forbade her return to Paris; but it seems to have been but a perfunctory prohibition for she ignored his command and returning to Paris, opened her house and again attracted to it all the celebrities of the day. But the end was soon to come; the Empire terminated and with it many careers and fortunes. Junot had in his lifetime been in possession of an income of more than a million of francs and now his widow, penniless and utterly ruined, was compelled, in her poverty, to seek an asylum in L'Abbaye-au-Bois. Fallen from so high a rank and fortune she exhibited the true greatness of her nature and bore her reverses with a fortitude becoming a "woman of France."

It was in this period that she sought solace in recollections of the past and with zeal devoted herself to literature. In this manner her memoirs came to be written. She was the writer also of articles and romances that were widely read. She died in Paris, June 7, 1838. "At once," as her biographer describes her, "an artist and a fine lady, a woman of letters and of the drawing room, generous to a fault with her money and her intelligence, as cheerful in poverty as in wealth, as much admired by Parisian society in the most humble apartment as in her splendid mansion in the Champs Elysèes, a noble nature,

above vulgar ambitions and petty calculations, the Duchess d'Abrantès occupies a place apart among the celebrated women of the Consulate and the Empire." In her life, in her associations and surroundings, and in the friendships she inspired Laure de Permon, Madame Junot, Duchess d'Abrantès was no ordinary woman, and the recollections that she has left to us of her life and times give us pages that will bear many readings before we tire of them.



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PREFATORY REMARKS

BY

THE DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS.

As the "Commentaries" of Cæsar, the military "Memoirs" of Marshal Villars, the "Reveries" of Marshal Saxe, etc., relate solely to military affairs,—sieges, battles, etc.,—so, I think, should contemporary memoirs render a faithful account of those incidents which are passing immediately around the author at the period of which he is treating, for the benefit of those who come after him. Every object should take its proper form and coloring, and that coloring should arouse in the mind of the reader a vivid impression of the event and its attendant circumstances; not the ball only should be described, but the ball-dress.

To be exact in such matters is a duty, for if the author be not expected to paint like Tacitus the vices of governments, corrupt, despotic, or declining, his pencil should trace the general outline of all that he has seen. In this picture the daily scenes of the drawing-room should especially have their place; to speak of them is to portray them. To dress the personages in the coat or the gown they wore on the occasion under review, if one be fortunate enough to remember it, is to lay on those fresh and lively colors which give to the whole the charm of reality.

This appears to me to be the grand attraction of the Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, of Mademoiselle! They are almost always badly written, frequently guilty of the grossest faults of style, yet what truth in their descriptions! We become acquainted with the individuals we read of; and when Madame de Motteville speaks of the cambric sheets of Queen Anne, and the violet robe embroidered with pearls which she wore on the day

when she sat in Council for the registering the edicts of toleration; and when Mademoiselle describes the form of her own shoes on the day when, according to the expression of M. de Luxembourg, she established the fortune of a cadet of good family, I imagine myself in the Parliament of 1649 with the Queen, M. de Beaufort, M. the Coadjutor, and all the great men of the Fronde, or I fancy myself in the orangery of Versailles with Mademoiselle, in her white satin robe trimmed with carnation ribands and tassels of rubies.

The writer of memoirs must give life to the scenes he represents, and that excess of detail which would destroy any other work can alone produce the desired effect in this. Therefore it is that I have given a catalogue of my *corbeille* and *trousseau*. We should rejoice in these days to find in Philip de Comines a description of a *corbeille* of the time of Louis XI. or Philip the Good; happily, he gives us better things.

THE

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

TO THE

ORIGINAL EDITION.

EVERYBODY nowadays publishes Memoirs; everyone has recollections which they think worthy of recording. Following the example of many others, I might long ago have taken a retrospective view of the past; I might have revealed a number of curious and unknown facts respecting a period which has riveted the interest of the world; but the truth is, I was not, until recently, infected with the mania which is so universal of memoir writing, yet I felt a certain degree of vexation whenever I observed an announcement of new memoirs.

I commenced my life at a period fertile in remarkable events, and I lived in habits of daily intimacy with the actors of the great political drama which has engrossed the attention of Europe for thirty-five years.

I have witnessed, or have taken part in, many of the exciting scenes which occurred during an epoch of wonder and horror; and though I was at the time very young, every incident remains indelibly engraven on my memory. The importance of events on which the fate of a great nation depended could not fail to influence the bent of my mind. This influence, I imagine, must have been felt by all women who have been my contemporaries. With regard to myself, at least, I can confidently affirm that I retain no recollection of the joys of early childhood—of the light-heartedness which at that period of life annihilates sorrow, and leaves behind an imperishable impression.

No sooner did my understanding begin to develop itself than I was required to employ it in guarding all my

words and gestures; for at the period to which I allude, the veriest trifle might become the subject of serious investigation. Even the sports and games of childhood were rigorously watched, and I shall never forget that a domiciliary visit was made to our house at Toulouse, and my father was on the point of being arrested because, while playing at the game called *La Tour, prends garde!* I said to a little boy of five years old, "You shall be MONSIEUR LE DAUPHIN." Continual danger imposed on every individual the obligation of not only guarding his own conduct, but observing that of others. Nothing, however trifling, was a matter of indifference to the heads of families and those who surrounded them; and the child of ten years old became an observer.

It was in the midst of these anxieties that my first years were passed: later on our lives resumed their normal course, and a mother of a family ceased to tremble for the fate of a father and a husband. At the period to which I refer, the misfortunes of France were at their height. The impressions which I then imbibed are perhaps the strongest I ever experienced.

The private interests of my family became linked with public events. Between my mother and the Bonaparte family the closest friendship subsisted. He who afterward became the master of the world lived long on a footing of intimacy with us. He used to frequent my father's house when I was yet a child, and he scarcely a young man. I may almost say that I have witnessed every scene of his life; for being married to one of those men who were devotedly attached to him, and constantly with him, what I did not myself see I was accurately informed of. I may, therefore, fearlessly affirm that of all the individuals who have written about Napoleon, few are so competent as myself to give a detailed account of him. My mother, who was the friend of Lætitia Bonaparte, knew him from his earliest youth. She rocked him in his cradle, and, when he quitted Brienne and came to Paris, she guided and protected his younger days.

Not only Napoleon, but his brothers and sisters formed part of our family. I shall presently speak of the friendship which arose between myself and Napoleon's sisters, a friendship which one of them has entirely forgotten.

When my mother quitted Corsica to follow my father to France, the friendly relations which subsisted between her and the Bonaparte family suffered no change by absence or distance. The conduct of my parents toward Bonaparte, the father, when he came to Montpellier with his son and his brother-in-law, to die far from his country and all that was dear to him, should never be forgotten by either of the two families. It should be remembered by the one with gratitude, and by the other with that feeling of satisfaction which the performance of a good action creates.

The other members of the Bonaparte family were also favorites of my mother. Lucien found in her more than a common friend. When he formed that strange union with Mademoiselle Boyer my mother received his wife as her own daughter. Of our intimacy with Madame Joseph Bonaparte and Madame Leclerc the details of which I shall enter into in the course of these volumes will afford an accurate idea. My husband's connection with Bonaparte commenced with the siege of Toulon, and from that time they continued united until Junot's death. Thus, I may say that, without having been always near Bonaparte, I possessed the most authentic means of being accurately informed of every action, private or public.

It will be understood by what I have here stated that while I profess to be the only person who perfectly well knew every particularity of Napoleon, it is not mere presumption that prompts me to say so; the details which will be found in the following pages I derive from other sources than those which usually feed biographical sketches.

In preparing these Memoirs how many past recollections have revived! How many dormant griefs have awakened! In spite of the general fidelity of my memory, I occasionally met with dates and facts the remembrance of which, though not effaced, had faded by the course of time. They were speedily restored; but I must confess that my task has been a laborious and painful one; and nothing could have urged me forward to its execution but the conviction that IT MUST BE DONE. It may, perhaps, be alleged that I could have answered in a pamphlet of fifty pages all that has been said in the attacks directed from hostile quarters against my husband and myself. I at

first thought of doing so, but I found this impracticable. In taking up the pen my object was to make a complete, not a summary, refutation of the untruths that have been advanced. This could not be done in a few lines. It is not my intention to criminate anyone; I shall merely state facts, and all shall be supported by WRITTEN evidence.

The autograph documents which I have deposited in the hands of my publisher will be open to those who may wish to examine them.

Among the attacks aimed at the Duc d'Abrantès, there is one of a very absurd nature. The assailant's memory betrayed him, and by a fortunate chance a letter in his own handwriting falsifies what he has said in his book: there is, perhaps, nothing more venomous than the sting of ridicule.

With regard to what concerns me and my family in the « *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène,* » I conceive myself in duty bound to reply to it. I have always viewed as the height of absurdity that pride which is founded on an origin more or less illustrious. But if that pride be ridiculous, the usurpation of a great name, a false pretension to noble descent, is the extreme of baseness. Such being my opinion, it will readily be conceived that I am not inclined to pass over in silence that chapter in the « *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène* » which treats of the family of my mother. My grandfather and my uncles, far from setting up false claims to family greatness, wished, on the contrary, to extinguish a noble name, which, when stripped of the splendor with which it ought to be surrounded, becomes to its possessors a source of annoyance and humiliation. Such was the intention of my grandfather, the last privileged chief of the Greek colony in Italy, a shadow of sovereignty and a toy with which he wished to have no more concern.

He had but one daughter, my mother, and he made her promise never to reassume her family name, a vow which I am sure my mother would have religiously kept to this day had she lived. My grandfather died a young man. He was captain of cavalry in the French service (in the regiment de Vallière), a noble Corsican and not a FARMER, as the « *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène* » asserts. As to obtaining an acknowledgment of the dignity of the Comnena family, he entertained no such idea. My grand-

father died in 1768, and the family was acknowledged in 1782; the letters patent are dated 1783 and 1784.

I consider the publication of these Memoirs to be a duty to my family, and, above all, to the memory of my husband. Often during political storms a veil is thrown over some part of an illustrious life: the arm of Junot, which for twenty-two years defended his country, is now in the grave, and cannot now remove the veil with which jealousy and envy would envelop his fame. It remains, therefore, for me, the mother of his children, to fulfill that sacred duty, and to furnish the materials which can permit him to be fairly judged.

LAURE JUNOT.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME JUNOT

DUCHESS OF ABRANTÈS

CHAPTER I.

Place and Date of My Birth — Calomeros and Bonaparte — My Father's Departure for America — Intimacy between My Mother and Madame Lætitia — Bonaparte's Boyhood — The Basket of Grapes and the Flogging — Saveria and the Bonaparte Family — My Father's Return — My Birth and My Mother's Illness.

I WAS born at Montpellier on the 6th of November, 1784. My family was then temporarily established at Languedoc, to enable my father the more easily to exercise the duties of an official appointment which he had obtained on his return from America. My mother, like myself, was born beneath the tent which her parents had pitched in a foreign land. From the shores of the Bosphorus her family had emigrated to the solitudes of the Taygetes, which they quitted to inhabit the mountains of Corsica.

When Constantine Comnenus landed in Corsica in 1676 at the head of the Greek colony, he had with him several sons, one of whom was named Calomeros. This son he sent to Florence, on a mission to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Constantine dying before the return of his son, the Grand Duke prevailed on the young Greek to renounce Corsica and fix his abode in Tuscany. After some interval of time, an individual named Calomeros came from Italy — indeed, from Tuscany, and fixed his abode in Corsica, where his descendants formed the family of Buonaparte; for the name CALOMEROS, literally Italianized, signified *buona parte* or *bella parte*.* The only question is, whether the Calomeros who left Corsica, and the Calomeros who came there, have a direct filiation.

* Napoleon omitted the *u* in Buonaparte while General-in-Chief in May, 1796.

Two facts, however, are certain, namely, the departure of the one, and the arrival of the other.

It is a singular circumstance that the Comneni, in speaking of the Bonaparte family, always designate them by the names CALOMEROS, CALOMERI, or CALOMERIANI, according as they allude to one individual or several collectively. Both families were united by the most intimate friendship.

When the Greeks were obliged to abandon Paomia to escape the persecutions of the insurgent Corsicans, they established themselves temporarily in towns which remained faithful to the republic of Genoa. When, at a subsequent period, Cargesa was granted to the Greeks for the purpose of forming a new establishment, a few Greek families continued to reside at Ajaccio. Among these was the family of the privileged chief; and my mother lived alternately at Ajaccio and Cargesa.

At this time she contracted a friendship with Lætitia Ramolini, the mother of Napoleon. They were about the same age, and both extremely beautiful. Their beauty, however, was of so different a character, that no feeling of jealousy could arise between them. Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was graceful and pretty; but without any filial vanity I may truly say that I never in all my life saw so fine a woman as my mother. At fourteen she was the gayest and most sprightly young girl in the whole colony, and it might be said in the whole island, but for Lætitia Ramolini.

Lætitia was indeed a handsome woman. Those who knew her in advanced life thought her countenance somewhat harsh; but that expression, instead of being caused by any austerity of disposition, seemed on the contrary to have been produced by timidity. She was a woman who evinced very superior qualities in all the circumstances in which she was placed, in bad as well as good fortune. Her son rendered her justice, though somewhat tardily. He himself helped to keep up an erroneous opinion respecting her; and though he corrected it, yet the impression was given and received

Previously to entering into negotiation with the Republic of Genoa, France supplied troops for the purpose of reducing the Corsicans to obedience. Among the French who were connected with the army there was a

young man of twenty, possessing an agreeable person. He fenced like the celebrated Saint George, was a delightful performer on the violin, and though distinguished by the elegant manners of a man of rank, he was nevertheless only a commoner.

He had said, "I will risk my fortune, and will advance myself in the world"; and he had said it with that sort of determination which nothing can resist, because it overcomes everything. On his arrival in Corsica he had already an honorable fortune to offer to the lady whom he might wish to make his wife. He fixed his choice on the pearl of the island. He sought and obtained the hand of my mother. This gentleman was M. de Permon, my father.

My parents left Corsica and came to France, where my father's affairs demanded his presence. Some years after he obtained an important appointment in America, whither he proceeded, taking with him my brother, then only eight years of age. My mother, with the rest of her young family, repaired to Corsica, to reside with my grandmother, until my father's return. This was before my birth. It was on my mother's return to Corsica that she first saw Napoleon. He was then a child, and she has often carried him in her arms. He was the playmate of an elder sister of mine, who died a melancholy death. Napoleon recollected her perfectly, and used to speak of her after he came to Paris.

He was fond of conversing about Corsica, and often, after having dined at our family table, he would sit before the fireplace, his arms crossed before him, and would say: "Come, Signora Panoria, let us talk about Corsica and Signora Lætitia." This was the name he always gave his mother when he was speaking of her to persons with whom he was intimate. "How is Signora Lætitia?" he used to say to me—or, when addressing her, he would say: "Well, Signora Lætitia, how do you like the Court? You do not like it, I see. That is because you do not receive company enough. I have given you a handsome palace, a fine estate, and a million a year, and yet you live like a citizen's wife of the Rue Saint Denis. Come, come, you must see more company; but company of another kind from the C——s and Cl——de——s."

My mother and my uncles have a thousand times assured me that Napoleon in his boyhood had none of that singularity of character which has often been attributed to him. He had good health, and was in other respects like other boys.

Madame Bonaparte had brought with her to France a nurse named Saveria. It was curious to hear this woman speak of the family she had brought up, each member of which was seated on a throne. She related a number of curious anecdotes respecting them, and I used to be very fond of conversing with her. I observed that she was less attached to some members of the family than to others, and I asked her the reason of this. As I know not whether she may yet be living, I will say nothing to compromise her with persons to whom her preference might be offensive. All I shall say is, that she adored the Emperor and Lucien.

She one day described to me several little scenes connected with the boyhood of Napoleon, who remained in Corsica until he was nine years of age; and she confirmed to me one fact, which I had frequently heard from his mother, viz, that when he was reprimanded for any fault he seldom cried. In Corsica, the practice of beating children is common in all classes of society. When Napoleon happened to be beaten, he would sometimes shed a few tears, but they were soon over; and he would never utter a word in the way of begging pardon. On this subject, I will relate an anecdote which I heard from himself. He told it me to give me an example of moderation.

He was one day accused by one of his sisters of having eaten a basketful of grapes, figs, and citrons, which had come from the garden of HIS UNCLE THE CANON. None but those who are acquainted with the Bonaparte family can form any idea of the enormity of this offense. To eat fruit belonging to the UNCLE THE CANON was infinitely more criminal than to eat grapes and figs which might be claimed by anybody else.

An inquiry took place. Napoleon denied the fact, and was whipped. He was told that if he would beg pardon he should be forgiven. He protested that he was innocent, but he was not believed. If I recollect rightly, his mother was at the time on a visit to M. de Marbeuf,

or some other friend. The result of Napoleon's obstinacy was that he was kept three whole days upon bread and cheese, and that cheese was not *broccio.** However, he would not cry; he was dull, but not sulky.

At length on the fourth day of his punishment, a little friend of Marianne Bonaparte returned from the country, and on hearing of Napoleon's disgrace she confessed that she and Marianne had eaten the fruit. It was now Marianne's turn to be punished. When Napoleon was asked why he had not accused his sister, he replied that though he suspected that she was guilty, yet out of consideration to her little friend, who had no share in the falsehood, he had said nothing. He was then only seven years of age.

This fact, which would have been nothing extraordinary in any other child, appeared to me worthy of a place among recollections which are connected with the whole life of Napoleon. It is somewhat characteristic of THE MAN. I ought to add that the affair was never forgotten by Napoleon. Of this I observed a proof in 1801, at a *fête* given by Madame Bacciochi (formerly Marianne Bonaparte) at Neuilly, where she resided with Lucien.

The nurse Saveria told me that Napoleon was never a pretty boy, as Joseph had been; his head always appeared too large for his body, a defect common to the Bonaparte family. When Napoleon grew up, the peculiar charm of his countenance lay in his eyes, especially in the mild expression they assumed in his moments of kindness. His anger, to be sure, was frightful, and though I am no coward, I never could look at him in his fits of rage without shuddering. Though his smile was captivating, yet the expression of his mouth when disdainful or angry could scarcely be seen without terror.

But of that forehead which seemed formed to bear the crowns of a whole world; those hands, of which the most coquettish women might have been vain, and whose white skin covered muscles of iron; in short, of all that personal beauty which distinguished Napoleon as a young man, no traces were discernible in the boy. Saveria spoke truly when she said that of all the children of Signora Lætitia, the Emperor was the one from whom future greatness was least to be prognosticated.

* A favorite kind of cheese in Corsica.

During her residence at Ajaccio my mother renewed her intimacy with her friend Lætitia and her children. Napoleon was then in France. On her return thither my mother promised her good offices in favor of the young Corsican if he should be in want of friends at such a distance from his family. A coldness subsisted between M. Charles Bonaparte and my mother's family, from what cause I know not: however, that is a matter of very little importance.

At the close of the American war my father returned to his country, where he purchased the situation of receiver-general of departmental taxes. The duties of this situation caused him to fix his abode temporarily at Montpellier, and an event which had well-nigh been attended with fatal consequences detained him there far beyond the period he had fixed upon. My mother was at that time pregnant with me. She was in perfect health, and there was every reason to believe that her delivery would be attended with a favorable result. On the 6th of November, after having supped with Madame de Moncan, the wife of the second commandant of the province, she returned home quite well and in excellent spirits. At one o'clock she retired to bed, and at two she was delivered of a daughter. Next morning it was discovered that her right side and part of her left were struck with paralysis.

The physicians of Montpellier, a town then celebrated for medical science, prescribed for her in vain. They could neither relieve her disease nor discover its cause. My poor mother spent three months in agony: she was scarcely able to articulate. At length she was cured, and her cure was no less extraordinary than her illness.

A countryman who brought fruit and vegetables for sale to the house one day saw the female servants weeping in great distress. He inquired the cause, and was informed of the situation of my mother. He requested to be conducted to my father. "I ask for no reward," said he, "but from what I have heard from your servants I think I know the nature of your lady's illness, and if you will permit me I will cure her in a week."

My father was at that moment plunged in the deepest despair· for he had that very morning heard from the physicians that my mother was in great danger, and

they afforded him no hope of her recovery. In that hour of anguish he very naturally seized at anything which could afford the slightest chance.

"What effect does your remedy produce?" said he to the countryman. The man replied that it was topical, and, therefore, unattended by any danger to the organs of life; but he admitted that its application would be attended with the most excruciating pain. My father summoned the doctors who were in attendance on my mother. All were men of acknowledged talent. "Nature is unbounded in her benefits," said M. Barthès; "how do we know what she may have in reserve through the hands of this man? Let him try his remedy." My mother was asked whether she felt sufficient strength to undergo an increase of pain. She declared she would submit to anything. She had already relinquished all hope of life.

The countryman asked permission to return home. His village was not far off, and he promised to return next morning. My father was alarmed when he heard that the man came from Saint Gilles;* but the man appeared perfectly sane. His preparations were rather methodical. He made five little round loaves or rolls: the dough was compounded by himself. The efficient ingredients were of herbs which he gathered, and in which consisted his secret. He boiled these herbs, and with their juice added to a little strong beer, and mixed with maize flour, he made a dough, which he baked into loaves. While they were hot from the oven he cut them into halves, and applied them to the part affected.

I have often heard my mother say that no words could convey an idea of the painful sensation she experienced, and I have seen her turn pale at the recollection of it. This torture was repeated every day for the space of a week. At the expiration of that time the pain ceased and she was able to move her limbs. A month afterward my mother was up and in her balcony.

It is an extraordinary fact that during her illness she had lost all recollection of her pregnancy and delivery. My father at first supposed that the agonizing pain my mother had suffered had alienated her affection from the

* A village near Montpellier, remarkable for the prevalence of insanity among its inhabitants. There is scarcely a house in the place which does not contain a padded room.

infant to whom she had given birth. As soon as he observed my mother's indifference toward me he ordered the nurse to keep me in a distant part of the house. His affection both for his wife and child dictated this order, for my mother was yet in too weak a state to bear any agitation of mind. In the month of March, about four months after her recovery, my mother was seated in her balcony inhaling the balmy freshness of a spring day. My father was with her, and they were arranging a plan for spending a summer which should compensate for all her recent sufferings. They proposed going to Bagnères. In the midst of their conversation she suddenly shrieked, and with one hand seizing my father's arm, she pointed with the other to a child which a nurse was carrying in the street. She did not know that it was her own, but she exclaimed, "Charles, I have an infant! Where is it? Is not that my child?"

My brother, who was seventeen years of age, has often told me that nothing could convey an idea of my mother's joy when her child was placed in her arms. She was to me the fondest of mothers. She insisted on having my cradle placed beside her bed, and the nurse slept in an adjoining chamber. Every morning when I awoke she pressed me to her bosom, and said, "Oh, my dear child! how dearly must I love you to make amends for five months' banishment from your mother's heart!" My beloved parent faithfully kept her word.

CHAPTER II.

My Mother's Drawing-room — The Comtesse de Perigord — The Duchesse de Mailly and the Prince de Chalais — Louis XV. and the Comtesse de Perigord — The Duchesse de Mailly and the Princesse de Lamballe — Bonaparte's First Arrival in Paris — His Intention of Presenting a Memorial to the Minister of War — His Character when a Young Man.

IN 1785 we arrived in Paris. My mother could not reconcile herself to a country life were it ever so agreeable, and my father was equally desirous of returning to town. He had long wished to purchase the office

of one of the farmers of public revenue, and at this very juncture M. Rougeau was disposed to sell his situation. Negotiations were immediately opened by the friends of both parties. My father resolved to manage this business personally, and that circumstance determined our hasty journey. My father wished to see a great deal of company, and, after the fashion of the time, set a day of the week apart for giving dinner parties.

My mother possessed the qualifications of an agreeable hostess. Her good temper and frankness of manner made her a favorite with everybody: she united to beauty of person, grace, tact, and, above all, a natural intelligence. She was, however, exceedingly deficient in education. She used to say she had never read but one book ("Telemachus"); but, in spite of that, those who had once enjoyed her conversation never could quit her society without reluctance and regret. How many poets and distinguished literary characters have I seen spellbound by the charm, not of her person, but of her manners!

No one could tell a story with more piquant originality. Often have my brother and myself sat up until three o'clock in the morning listening to her. But what particularly marked her character was her perfection in that most difficult art of presiding in her drawing-room, or, as the Emperor used to style it, *l'art de tenir son salon.*

Of the friends whom my mother had made at Montpellier she rejoined one at Paris with great satisfaction. This was the Comte de Perigord, the uncle of M. de Talleyrand, and the brother of the Archbishop of Rheims. He was Governor of the States of Languedoc, wore the *cordon bleu*, and, though as great a dignitary as one could wish to see, was still the most amiable and worthy of men. My parents knew him during his presidency, and the friendship they contracted lasted during their lives. His children, the Duchesse de Mailly and the Prince de Chalais, inherited their father's excellent disposition, and after his death they gave my mother proofs of their friendship and esteem.

Of the Comte de Perigord I retain the most perfect recollection. He was very kind to me, and children are ever grateful for attentions bestowed on them. I remem-

ber he used often to give me very expensive things; but had I known their value, which I did not, the presents he made me would not have inspired my regard for him more than for any other of our visitors, all of whom were in the habit of making me presents. It was the notice he took of me, his readiness to praise any just or smart remark I made, and his constant desire to save me from reproof: this it was that made me love him. I can see him even now entering the spacious drawing-room of the hotel we occupied on the Quai Conti, treading cautiously with his clubfoot, leading me by the hand, for no sooner was his name announced than I was at his side. He, on his part, was never weary of my company; on the contrary, he always encouraged my prattle. I loved him, and regretted his loss.

It was the fate of his wife, the Comtesse de Perigord, to attract the notice of Louis XV. This degrading distinction could not but be repugnant to the feelings of a virtuous woman, and the Comtesse de Perigord saw in it nothing but an insult. She silently withdrew herself from Court before the King offered to name her his favorite. On her return the King's attentions were fixed on a new object, and the virtue of Madame de Perigord was all that dwelt upon the memory of the monarch.

The Comtesse's daughter, the Duchesse de Mailly, the lady in waiting and cherished friend of Marie Antoinette, died young. The Queen was strongly attached to her. She used to call her *ma grande.** However, notwithstanding this attachment, Madame de Mailly's feelings received a wound sufficiently severe. This was about the period of the rise of the Princesse de Lamballe, and many circumstances combined to mortify Madame de Mailly. She was, moreover, in a bad state of health, and gave in her resignation.

Her brother, the Prince de Chalais, was a nobleman in the literal signification of the term. He was a man of the most scrupulous honor, and a most rigid observer of all the forms which belonged to his rank. When a mere youth he was remarked at the Court of Louis XVI. as one who was likely to distinguish himself in after years. On his return from emigration, when I saw him at my

* The Duchesse de Mailly was very tall. She measured five feet four inches (French measure) without her high-heeled shoes.

mother's I could easily discern that all I had heard of his excellent character was correct.

The Comte de Perigord foresaw early the misfortunes which befell the King, and consequently France. He was an enemy to emigration, and used to say that the proper place for men of his order was always near the throne: in peace to adorn it, and in times of trouble to defend it. The refugees at Worms and Coblentz could not seduce him from the path which he considered it his duty to pursue. The unfortunate gentleman nearly became the victim of his resolution.

One of my mother's first cares on arriving in Paris was to inquire after Napoleon Bonaparte. He was at that time in the Military School of Paris, having quitted Brienne in the September of the preceding year. My uncle Demetrius had met him just after he alighted from the coach which brought him to town; "And truly," said my uncle, "he had the appearance of a fresh importation. I met him in the Palais Royal, where he was gaping and staring with wonder at everything he saw. He would have been an excellent subject for sharpers, if, indeed, he had had anything worth taking!"

My uncle invited him to dine at his house; for though he was a bachelor, he did not choose to dine at a coffee-house. He told my mother that Napoleon was very morose. "I fear," added he, "that that young man has more self-conceit than is suitable to his condition. When he dined with me he began to declaim violently against the luxury of the young men of the Military School. After a little he turned the conversation upon Manea, and the present education of the young Maniotes, drawing a comparison between it and the ancient Spartan system of education. His observations on this head he told me he intended to embody in a memorial to be presented to the Minister of War. All this, depend upon it, will bring him under the displeasure of his comrades, and it will be lucky if he escape being run through."

A few days afterward my mother saw Napoleon, and then his irritability was at its height. He would scarcely bear any observations, even if made in his favor, and I am convinced that it is to this uncontrollable irritability that he owed the reputation of having been ill-tempered in his boyhood and splenetic in his youth.

My father, who was acquainted with almost all the heads of the Military School, obtained leave for him sometimes to come out for recreation. On account of an accident (a sprain, if I recollect right), Napoleon once spent a whole week at our house. To this day, whenever I pass the Quai Conti, I cannot help looking up at a garret window at the left angle of the house on the third floor. That was Napoleon's chamber when he paid us a visit, and a neat little room it was. My brother used to occupy the one next to it. The two young men were nearly of the same age; my brother, perhaps, had the advantage of a year or fifteen months. My mother had recommended him to cultivate the friendship of young Bonaparte, but my brother complained how unpleasant it was to find only cold politeness where he expected affection.

This repulsiveness on the part of Napoleon was almost offensive, and must have been sensibly felt by my brother, who was not only remarkable for the mildness of his temper and the amenity and grace of his manner, but whose society was courted in the most distinguished circles of Paris on account of his talents. He perceived in Bonaparte a kind of acerbity and bitter irony, of which he long endeavored to discover the cause.

"I believe," said Albert one day to my mother, "that the poor young man feels keenly his dependent situation." "But," exclaimed my mother, "his situation is not dependent; and I trust you have not made him feel that he is not quite at home while he stays here."

"Albert is not wrong in this matter," said my father, who happened to be present. "Napoleon suffers on account of his pride, but it is pride not to be censured. He knows you; he knows, too, that your family and his are in Corsica equal with regard to fortune. He is the son of Lætitia Bonaparte, and Albert is yours. I believe that you are even related; now he cannot easily reconcile all this with the difference in the education he receives gratis in the Military School, separated from his family, and deprived of those attentions which he sees here lavishly bestowed upon our children."

"But you are describing envy, not pride," replied my mother.

"No, there is a great difference between envy and the

feelings by which this young man is disturbed; and I fancy I know the human heart well enough to understand the workings of his. He suffers, and perhaps more keenly in our house than elsewhere. You are warm-hearted, but you cannot comprehend how misplaced kindness may sometimes fail to effect a cure. When you wished to make use of the credit of M. de Falgueyreytes to obtain leave of absence for Napoleon for more than a day or two, I told you you were doing wrong. You would not listen to me. The warmth of your friendship for the mother has caused you to place the son in a continually painful situation; for painful it must be, since the reflection will recur to him: Why is not my family situated like this?"

"Absurd!" cried my mother; "to reason thus would be both foolish and wicked in him."

"He would be neither more foolish nor more wicked than the rest of the world. It is but feeling like a man. What is the reason he has been in a constant state of ill humor since his arrival here? Why does he so loudly declaim against the INDECENT LUXURY (to use his own words) of all his comrades? Why? because he is every moment making a comparison between their situation and his own! He thinks it ridiculous that these young men should keep servants when he has none. He finds fault with two courses at dinner, because, when they have their PICNICS, he is unable to contribute his share. The other day I was told by Dumarsay, the father of one of his comrades, that it was in contemplation to give one of the masters a *déjeuner*, and that each scholar would be expected to contribute a sum certainly too large for such boys. Napoleon's censure is so far just. Well! I saw him this morning, and found him more than usually gloomy. I guessed the reason, and broke the ice at once by offering him the small sum he wanted for the occasion. He colored deeply, but presently his countenance resumed its usual pale yellow hue. He refused my offer."

"That was because you did not make it with sufficient delicacy," cried my mother. "You men are always such bunglers!"

"When I saw the young man so unhappy," continued my father, without being disconcerted by my mother's

warmth of manner, to which he was accustomed, "I invented an untruth, which heaven will doubtless pardon. I told him that, before his father expired in our arms at Montpellier, he gave me a small sum to be applied to the wants of his son in cases of emergency. Napoleon looked at me steadfastly, with so scrutinizing a gaze that he almost intimidated me. 'Since this money comes from my father, sir,' said he, 'I accept it; but had it been a loan I could not have received it. My mother has already too many burdens, and I must not increase them by expenses beyond my means, particularly when they are imposed upon me by the stupid folly of my comrades.' You see then," continued my father, "if his pride is so easily wounded at the school by strangers, what must he not suffer here, whatever tenderness we may show him? Albert must not be less kind and attentive to him; although I very much doubt whether it will lead to any mutual friendship."

CHAPTER III.

Death of Bonaparte's Father in My Mother's House — Joseph Bonaparte and M. Fesch — Removal of My Family to Paris — M. de Saint Priest, M. Séguier, and M. Duvidal de Montferrier — Madame de Lamarlière — A Wedding Feast at Robespierre's — The Queen at the Conciergerie and Madame Richard — MM. d'Aigrefeuille and Cambacérès.

I MUST now recur to some events previous to those detailed in my last chapter; for this little disarrangement of dates I trust the reader will pardon me.

While we were residing at Montpellier, my father, on returning home one day, told my mother a curious piece of news. He said he had just heard that three Corsicans had arrived at a miserable inn in the town, and that one of them was very ill.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed my mother with her usual animation of manner. "Go and inquire, I beg of you! How can you come and tell me that one of my countrymen is ill at an inn in Montpellier? Charles, this is unkind in you." With these words my mother almost

forced my father out of the house. On his return she learned with mingled feelings of grief and joy that her sick countryman, for whom she had felt interested while he was unknown to her, was no other than the husband of Lætitia Ramolini.

"He is very ill," said my father, "and I think he cannot be well attended where he is. We must get him removed to a private house."

"My dear," observed my mother, "recollect how much you suffered when you fell ill at Philadelphia, with no one to attend you but servants and a boy of nine years old. It is our duty to save our friends from such misery." My father did not like the Corsicans. He was willing to show M. Bonaparte all the attention which his situation demanded, but it required all the influence of my mother to induce him to receive the invalids into his house.

Some of the numerous friends we had at Montpellier, many of whom are still living, have often described to me the praiseworthy conduct of my mother on that occasion. She was young, beautiful, and rich, and surrounded by a circle of admiring friends and yet she was seldom from the bedside of the sick stranger. All that fortune could procure to alleviate the sufferings of a protracted illness was furnished by my parents with a delicacy which concealed from the invalid and his relations the difficulty which was frequently experienced in gratifying the capricious wishes of a dying man.

I say nothing of pecuniary sacrifices; but kindness of heart certainly deserves gratitude. My mother was at M. Bonaparte's bedside when he breathed his last, like an angel sent from heaven to soothe his dying moments. He strongly recommended to her his young son Napoleon, who had just left Brienne and entered the Military School at Paris.*

My mother did not confine herself to her pious attention to the husband of her friend. Joseph Bonaparte and his uncle Fesch received from her and my father all the consolation which friendship can offer to an afflicted heart; and when they departed for Corsica, everything that could contribute to the comfort of their journey was provided by my father. I have seen Joseph Bona-

* Napoleon left Brienne on the 14th of October, 1784.

parte often since that time, and he constantly alluded to the infinite obligations he lay under to my family.

Excellent man! For King Joseph I always entertained a high respect. The world has been unjust to him as well as to other members of his family, because he had been guilty of some venial faults which would have been passed over in the chivalrous reign of Louis XIV., applauded in the profligate reign of Louis XV., and tolerated in the degenerate reign of Louis XVI. But he laid his conduct open to censure. And in what place? In Spain. And why? Because, perhaps, the mistress of the Grand Inquisitor became his favorite. Joseph Bonaparte left Montpellier with his uncle, who was about his own age, if, indeed, he was not something younger.

My parents removed from Languedoc to Paris. They left Montpellier with regret, for they left behind them many beloved friends. Death, however, deprived them of several in one year. One of these was M. de Saint Priest, Intendant of Languedoc, a man universally beloved and esteemed. Another loss no less profoundly felt by my father was that of M. Séguier, of Nismes.

In one of those daily excursions which he made either to Narbonne or to the environs of Montpellier, my father met M. de Séguier while he was botanizing near the ruins of the temple of Diana. My father had a great taste for botany, and they soon became friends. He used to speak to him of the mountains of Corsica, where he had often lost himself while searching for plants, and of the botanical curiosities which those regions contain. M. de Séguier wished to make a journey thither; but my father wrote to one of his cousins, who, like himself, was a botanist, and the plants were transmitted to France in all their pristine freshness. My father used often to go from Montpellier to Nismes, where he invariably found M. de Séguier either engaged in his favorite science or in antiquarian researches. He died of apoplexy at an advanced age on the 1st of September, 1784.

In the following year the province of Languedoc had to regret the death of its Syndic General, the Marquis de Montferrier, a distinguished friend of art and science, to whom the province of Languedoc is indebted for many of its noblest monuments, particularly the construction of the new Pont du Garde.

These three men were the particular friends of my father or mother, and, being my countrymen, they have a right to this feeble tribute of my respect in a work in which my recollections are the only annals I consult. I have now to notice another friend of my family, whom I cannot pass by without a brief description.

At Saint Roch, near the third pillar of the Chapel of the Virgin, on the left as you enter by the grand portal, a lady may be seen dressed in black, or in silk of a dark color. On her head she always wears a very large bonnet of black *gros-de-naples*, over which is a green veil. The children call her "the lady with the green veil," and the poor give her the name of "the good lady." When she enters the chapel it is easy to perceive that she is familiar with the house of God. The beadle, the assistant, and the sacristan respectfully make their obeisance to her.

Formerly she used to bring several prayer books with her, but now she prays without a book, for she cannot see; but she does not pray with the less fervor. Sometimes she joins in the sacred choir, and then those who are placed near her hear the clear and silvery voice of a young girl singing to the glory of heaven. The projecting brim of her bonnet conceals the face, but two small white hands counting the beads of a rosary reveal to the curious observer that she who prays so devoutly must be of the higher class.

"Who is she?" inquire the surrounding observers. "Is she young?" At length she rises to depart. Her head, which has hitherto been inclined downward, once more salutes the tabernacle. Then, beneath her large bonnet, is perceived a countenance which must once have been beautiful, and which even retains beauty at the age of seventy-four and after a life of suffering. She looks calm and resigned, and it is evident that her hope is not in this world. I called her "Mamma," for she was present at my birth. She loved me tenderly, and I cherished for her the affection of a daughter.

The Comtesse de Lamarlière (for that is her real name) was the companion and friend of Madame de Provence, as well as of the Comtesse d'Artois. She therefore had the opportunity of seeing and hearing a great deal that was interesting and extraordinary; and she related a

multitude of anecdotes with a grace and animation scarcely to be expected in one of her advanced age.

When Madame quitted France, the Comtesse de Lamarlière could not accompany her, much as she wished to do so. But she was a wife and a mother, and to those ties she was obliged to sacrifice the sentiments of gratitude which animated her heart. She remained in France to suffer persecution and misery. She saw her husband arrested at the head of the troops he commanded, cast into a dungeon, condemned to death, and conducted to the scaffold. She had the courage to implore the mercy of him who never knew mercy: she threw herself even at the feet of Robespierre.

Madame de Lamarlière had then the look of a young woman; a complexion of dazzling brilliancy, a profusion of fair hair, fine eyes and teeth, could not fail to render her exceedingly attractive. Her beauty was perhaps rather heightened than diminished by her despair when she threw herself at the feet of the Dictator, and with a faltering voice implored the pardon of the father of her child. But the axe was in the hand of the executioner, and amidst a nuptial festival* Robespierre pronounced the sentence which made her a widow and her child an orphan.

During the examinations preparatory to his trial, M. de Lamarlière was confined in the Conciergerie. The Queen was there before him. Madame de Lamarlière had permission to go to the prison to visit her husband, and to take him anything which might comfort him in his captivity. She took the opportunity of conveying to the Queen such things as she thought would be agreeable to her.

Madame Richard, the wife of the head *concierge*, seeing that the presents thus sent were articles to which

* Robespierre that day gave away in marriage the daughter or sister of a carpenter, named Duplay, in whose house he lodged in the Rue Saint Honoré. This Duplay was the president of the jury on the Queen's trial. The Comtesse de Lamarlière arrived before the hour fixed for the marriage ceremony, and she was obliged to wait in the dining room, where the table was laid for the nuptial feast. Her feelings may easily be imagined! However, there she waited, and was introduced to the carpenter's wife, and I believe to Barrère. After she was gone Robespierre said: «That woman is very pretty — very pretty indeed!» accompanying the observation by some odious remarks.

there could be no reasonable objection, humanely lent herself to the innocent deception.*

"Did you tell the Queen who sent the presents?" said I one day to Madame de Lamarlière.

"No," replied she; "why should I have informed her?"

"To receive the reward of your generosity by a grateful word from the unfortunate Princess."

"Certainly that would have been gratifying to me. But I was then unfortunate myself, and I was actuated by no other motive than that of alleviating the misery of another. However," she added, with a deep sigh, "the Queen did know it, and she addressed to me a few words of kind remembrance." I often broached the subject, but I never could get further than this. My poor friend was like a person grievously wounded, whom one fears to touch, even to dress the wound.

Among the individuals whom my parents left with regret at Montpellier was M. d'Aigrefeuille, President of the Cour des Comptes of that town. He was an excellent man, and those who saw him merely in the office of Archchancellor could know little either of his talents or his worth. It happened that he supped with my mother at Madame de Moncan's on the evening before I was brought into the world; consequently he knew precisely the date of my birth, and he made no secret of this fact. Whenever I dined at his own house, or met him in company, he used constantly to repeat: "On the 6th of November, 1784. Come, come, you cannot conceal your age from me." As I was at that time a very young woman, I was not much annoyed at this reminder.

I will conclude this chapter with a few words relative to an individual who has played a conspicuous part on the scene of life. I allude to Cambacérès. He was Counselor of the Cour des Aides at Montpellier. At that time he was a mere acquaintance of my parents, and he subsequently became the friend of Junot and myself: whenever I solicited his assistance upon any occasion I always found him ready to serve me. If the thing were impossible, he told me so candidly, for he

*Madame Richard was very attentive to the Queen. When the Marquis de Rougeville dropped a carnation, in which a note was concealed, at the feet of the Queen, he and all Richard's family were thrown into the dungeons of La Force.

never made deceitful promises. Indeed, Cambacérès was an honest man in every sense of the word, and party spirit has vainly endeavored to assail him. His honor, integrity, and the amiability of his manners, made him generally beloved. Cambacérès was in easy circumstances, though not rich, when he was at Montpellier. He was a relative of the Marquis de Montferrier, whom, as well as D'Aigrefeuille, he remembered when he rose to greatness and power. I shall have occasion to speak of his political life in another place.

CHAPTER IV.

Marianne Bonaparte at Saint Cyr — Humbled Pride — Bonaparte Made Sub-Lieutenant — His First Appearance in Uniform — His Singular Present to My Sister — Scene at Malmaison — The Comtesse d'Escarbagnas and the Marquis de Carabas.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE had addressed a letter to my uncle Demetrius, thanking him for his kind attention to Marianne Bonaparte, who had been placed at the establishment of Saint Cyr. My mother undertook the task of visiting her occasionally, and during the long time which Marianne passed at Saint Cyr, my mother was a kind and affectionate friend to her.

One day my mother and some other members of my family went on a visit to Saint Cyr, and Bonaparte accompanied them. When Marianne came into the parlor she appeared very melancholy, and at the first word that was addressed to her she burst into tears. My mother embraced her, and endeavored to console her. It was some time before Marianne would tell the cause of her distress.

At length my mother learned that one of the young ladies (Mademoiselle de Montluc) was to leave the school in a week, and that the pupils of her class intended giving her a little entertainment on her departure. Everyone had contributed, but Marianne could not give anything, because her allowance of money was nearly exhausted: she had only six francs remaining.

"If I give the six francs," said she, "I shall have nothing left, and I shall not receive my allowance for six weeks to come; besides, six francs are not enough." Napoleon's first movement, as my mother told me when she related this anecdote, was to put his hand into his pocket. However, a moment's reflection assured him that he should find nothing there; he checked himself, colored slightly, and stamped his foot.

My mother could not refrain from laughing when she thought of the singular resemblance between the luncheon of Saint Cyr and the breakfast at the Military School of Paris, and she mentioned this in Greek to my uncle. The coincidence was easily explained; both the brother and sister were *boursiers* (free pupils) in the schools, at which there were at the same time the children of many noble and wealthy families.

Now, the Bonaparte family were poor: this fact was openly acknowledged by M. Bonaparte, the father, when he wrote to the Minister of War for the purpose of getting Lucien placed at Brienne. A great deal of discussion has been started on the question of the wealth or poverty of the Bonaparte family. The reproaches which have been founded on their supposed poverty are too contemptible for notice; and in my opinion it matters little what were the pecuniary circumstances of the family before they entered upon that career of greatness which the genius and fortune of Napoleon opened to them.

To return to Marianne. My mother asked her what money she wanted The sum was small: ten or twelve francs. My mother gave her the money, and her distress was ended. When they got into the carriage, Napoleon, who had restrained his feelings in the presence of his sister, vented violent invective against the detestable system of such establishments as Saint Cyr and the Military Schools. It was evident that he deeply felt the humiliation of his sister. My uncle, who was of a hasty temper, soon got out of patience at the bitterness with which he expressed himself, and made some observations which were not very agreeable to him.

Napoleon was silent immediately, for at that time young people were educated in the observance of great respect to those who were older than themselves; but his heart was full. He soon brought back the conversa-

tion to the same subject, and at length his language became so violent that my uncle exclaimed:

"Silence! it ill becomes you who are educated by the King's bounty to speak as you do." I have often heard my mother say that she thought Napoleon would have been stifled with rage. He was pale and red in the space of a moment.

"I am not educated at the King's expense," said he, "but at the expense of the State."

"A fine distinction, truly!" returned my uncle. "Is not the King the State? I will not suffer you to speak thus disrespectfully of your benefactor in my presence."

"I will say nothing that may be displeasing to you, sir," replied the young man; "only give me leave to add that, IF I WERE THE SOVEREIGN, and had power to alter these regulations, I would change them so that they should be for the advantage of all."

I need not point the reader's attention to the remarkable words IF I WERE THE SOVEREIGN. When he really did become a sovereign it is well known on what an admirable footing he established his military schools. I am convinced that he long retained the recollection of the painful humiliations he had suffered at the Military School of Paris. He certainly was no favorite there.

Several of the heads of the establishment, who were acquainted with my father, assured him that young Napoleon Bonaparte possessed a temper which there was no possibility of rendering even sociable. He was dissatisfied with everything, and expressed his dissatisfaction in a way which could not but be disagreeable to his elders, who regarded him as an ill-tempered, wrong-headed youth. His conduct accelerated his departure from the college: his removal was unanimously urged.* He obtained a sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery, and he went to Grenoble, Valence, Auxonne, etc., before he returned to Paris.

Previously to his departure he came to pass some time at our house. My sister was then at her convent, but she frequently came home while Napoleon was with us. I well recollect that, on the day when he first put on his uniform, he was as vain as young men usually are on

* That is, by getting him posted to a regiment. There was no idea of removal in any other way.

such an occasion. There was one part of his dress which had a very droll appearance — that was his boots. They were so high and wide that his little thin legs seemed buried in their amplitude.

Young people are always quick to perceive anything ridiculous; and as soon as my sister and I saw Napoleon enter the drawing-room we burst into a loud fit of laughter. At that early age, as well as in after life, Bonaparte could not relish a joke; and when he found himself the object of merriment he grew angry. My sister, who was some years older than I, told him that since he wore a sword he ought to be gallant to ladies, and, instead of being angry, should be happy that they joked with him.

"You are nothing but a child — a little *pensionnaire*," said Napoleon, in a tone of contempt. Cecile, who was twelve or thirteen years of age, was highly indignant at being called a child, and she hastily resented the affront by replying to Bonaparte:

"And YOU are nothing but a PUSS IN BOOTS."

This excited a general laugh among all present, except Napoleon, whose rage I will not attempt to describe. Though not much accustomed to society, he had too much tact not to perceive that he ought to be silent when personalities were introduced and his adversary was a woman.

Though deeply mortified at the unfortunate nickname which my sister had given him, yet he affected to forget it; and to prove that he cherished no malice on the subject, he got a little toy made and gave it as a present to me. This toy consisted of a cat in boots, in the character of a footman running before the carriage of the Marquis de Carabas. It was very well made, and must have been rather expensive to him, considering his straitened finances. He brought along with it a pretty little edition of the popular tale of "Puss in Boots," which he presented to my sister, begging her to keep it as A TOKEN OF HIS REMEMBRANCE.

"Oh, Napoleon," said my mother, "if you had merely given the toy to Loulou it would have been all very well; but the tale for Cecile shows that you are still offended with her."

He gave his word to the contrary; but I think with

my mother that some little feeling of resentment was still rankling in his mind. This story would probably have vanished from my recollection had I not heard it often told by my mother and brother. My recollection of it was afterward useful to me in a curious way.

When Bonaparte indulged in raillery he did not use the weapon with a very light hand; and those he loved best often smarted under the blow. Though Junot was a particular favorite of his during the Consulate and the first years of the Empire, yet he frequently selected him as the object of some rough joke; and if accompanied by a pinch of the ear, so severe as to draw blood, the favor was complete. Junot, who cherished for him a sentiment of attachment which set every other consideration at nought, used to laugh heartily at these jokes, and then thought no more about them.

However, it sometimes occurred that those by whom they had been heard thought proper to repeat them; and it happened that on one occasion this was very annoying to me. One day, when we were at Malmaison, the First Consul was in high spirits. We were dining under the trees which crown the little eminence on the left of the meadow before the castle.

Madame Bonaparte that day wore powder for the first time. It became her very well, but the First Consul did nothing but laugh at her, and said she would do admirably to act the COMTESSE D'ESCARBAGNAS. Josephine was evidently displeased at this, and Bonaparte added, "What, are you afraid you will not have a cavalier? There is the Marquis de Carabas (pointing to Junot), he will offer you his arm, I am sure."

The First Consul had often before called both Junot and Marmont the Marquis de Carabas; but it was always in good humor. It was, he said, on account of their taste for dramatic representation. They, of course, only laughed at the joke. Madame Bonaparte, however, took it more seriously, and betrayed symptoms of vexation. This was not the way to please Bonaparte. He took his glass in his hand, and, looking toward his wife, he bowed his head and said:

"To the health of Madame la Comtesse d'Escarbagnas."

The continuance of this pleasantry brought tears into Madame Bonaparte's eyes. Napoleon observed this, and

he was, I believe, sorry for what he had said. To make amends, he again took up his glass, and, winking at me, he said:

"To the health of Madame la Marquise de Carabas."

We all burst into a fit of laughter, in which Madame Bonaparte joined, but her heart was nevertheless full. The fact is, I was only sixteen, and she was forty.

Thus far the affair did not much concern me; but now for the sequel. Among the comrades of Junot, and those who surrounded the First Consul, there were many varieties of character. Courage was, to be sure, a virtue common to them all; but among these valiant sons of France there were many who were not gifted with much common sense. One of these took it into his head to repeat the First Consul's joke about the MARQUIS DE CARABAS. His folly might have reached the ears of Junot and have led to something more serious than a joke. I wished to put a stop to it, and I consulted my mother as to what I should do. She gave me my instructions, and I returned to Malmaison, where we were then spending a few days.

On the following day, Junot, who was then Commandant of Paris, was prevented coming to dinner, but he came the day after. We were all on the bridge leading to the garden, and the First Consul was sitting on the edge of the parapet.

"My dear," said I to Junot, "the first time we go to YOUR COUNTRY SEAT, you must not forget one thing which is indispensably necessary in your retinue. If you neglect it, I will not go with you, and so I warn you. I am sure the General will say you ought to have it."

"What is it?" inquired the First Consul.

"A PUSS IN BOOTS for a running footman." The whole party laughed immoderately; but I shall never forget the look of the First Consul. He was the subject for a caricaturist. "I have preserved," continued I with great gravity, "a plaything which was given me when I was a little girl. You shall have it for a model."

There was a great deal of laughter, but the matter went no further that day. Some days afterward we had assembled after dinner in the gallery next to the drawing-room, and the individual who had so frequently repeated Bonaparte's joke made the same allusion to the MARQUISATE.

I fixed my eye on the First Consul; he turned toward his Sosia and said dryly:

"When you wish to imitate me, you should choose your subject better; methinks you might copy me in better things."

In about a quarter of an hour after this rebuke he stepped up to me, and pinching my nose till he made me cry out, he said:

"My dear, you are a clever girl; but you are very satirical. Correct this disposition. Remember that a woman ceases to charm whenever she makes herself feared." The result of this was that I heard no more about the MARQUISATE. My mother, who had certainly been more malicious in the affair than I had, inquired the particulars of the whole scene, and when I described it she laughed heartily, and said, "I was sure that would do."

CHAPTER V.

The Parliament of 1787 — Disturbances at Rennes — M. de Nouainville — M. Necker — Project of M. de Loménie — His Dismissal from the Ministry — Burning of the Effigy — Riots in Paris — Louis XVI., the Queen, and the Royal Family.

AT THE time our family came to Paris the popularity enjoyed by Parliament was immense, and it might have made use of that for the benefit and happiness of all, had it given a right direction to public feeling. France, though she contained within herself all the elements of the commotions which were soon after developed, had not as yet unfurled the flag of revolution: her wounds were sufficiently manifest, and might easily have been healed by proper remedies.

We then saw what we now see, and what will always be seen, viz, views of private interest taking the place of patriotic professions. The desire, too, of shining in a lengthened harangue, stuffed with scraps of erudition, was a universal mania.

About this time Desprémenil had procured, by dint of bribery, a proof sheet of the Ministerial edicts. When he read them to the assembled Chambers, the most pro-

found indignation, and a thirst for vengeance, kindled up the fatal war between the Court and the Parliament. Seeing its interests attacked on all sides, that body became an enemy, and a dangerous one. The rupture became every day more and more serious. The Ministry, irritated at the surreptitious divulgence of their plans, ordered the arrest of Desprémênil in the most arbitrary manner. The Parliament renewed its clamors: Paris was filled with murmurs, and an ominous fermentation prevailed everywhere.

At this juncture M. de Brienne, who neither knew how to yield with grace nor to act with decision when the occasion required it, prorogued all the parliaments of the kingdom. This was a second appeal to insurrection, which, indeed, seemed too slow in its advances. My brother at that period went to join his regiment, which was then in garrison at Saint Brieux; but having many letters of recommendation at Rennes, he spent in that town all the time he had at his disposal, before he joined his comrades.

Rennes was then in such a state of ferment and irritation as threatened an immediate explosion. The magistracy and noblesse had united to protest in anticipation against every infringement of their rights. The noblesse, indeed, were most violent: they declared that all who accepted any of the new posts were scoundrels, and they conveyed this protest by deputies, who were arrested on their route by order of the Ministry.

One morning my brother was awakened by a great tumult. He soon learned that Bertrand de Molleville and the Comte de Thiars* were in imminent danger, in consequence of endeavoring to register the edicts. He immediately dressed himself, seized his sword and pistols, and ran to the barracks of the Rohan-Chabot regiment, which was then in garrison at Rennes.

My brother had friends there, and naturally was anxious on their account, though he was aware of their honorable sentiments. The excitement was at its height when he arrived at the scene of action. The soldiers, irritated and insulted by the people, had lost all patience, and the business would in all probability have

* The former the Intendant, the latter the Commandant, of the province.

terminated in bloodshed, had not an individual, whose name is not sufficiently celebrated, that day immortalized himself by his admirable conduct. The people were proceeding to acts of violence; the soldiers only waited for the order to fire, when M. Blondel de Nouainville was commanded to execute the painful duty of directing an attack on the people. Throwing himself into the midst of the crowd, he exclaimed:

"My friends, what is it you do? Do not sacrifice yourselves! Are we not all brothers? Soldiers, halt!" The troops and the people suspended their advance; at the same instant tranquillity was restored, and M. De Nouainville was carried about the town in triumph.

My father, whom confidential relations placed in communication with M. Necker, introduced my brother to him, in order that he might hear from his mouth the recital of the *émeute* at Rennes. My father was decidedly of opinion that, in a province like Brittany, such a proceeding was more likely to add fuel to the flame than to extinguish it.

My brother was then twenty-two years of age, and his judgment ripened by much traveling, and a solid education directed by an able father, enabled him, in spite of his youth, not only to observe, but to draw useful inductions from his observations. M. Necker perceived this as he listened to his narrative, and he mentioned it to my father.

Alas! how desirable it would have been if M. Necker, who possessed a mind of such rectitude, had but listened to my father, and used his influence with the Queen, who was all-powerful, to arrest that fatal proceeding, which, as she said, would reduce Brittany to the condition of A CONQUERED PROVINCE! What torrents of French blood were shed in Brittany! and yet the Revolution had not then commenced; for many date that event from the taking of the Bastile. M. de Loménie's burlesque and tragi-comic Ministry was still inundating us with its errors and its follies. Although the devotion of a true citizen had stopped the effusion of blood at Rennes, Grenoble was steeped in gore.

An admirable address conveyed to the foot of the throne a statement of the grievances which pressed on the people of Dauphiny. For an answer it received an

insult, dictated to Louis XVI. by the delirium of an insane Ministry. One false step was the parent of another, and error succeeded error without the means of providing a remedy. Finally, after trying over and over again the dangerous experiment of a *coup d'état*—after the patience of the nation was exhausted, the Archbishop made the fatal promise of assembling the States-General.*

It is certain that the hopes of the Archbishop of Sens, in the distressing situation into which his imprudence and folly had thrown him, rested upon a fragile edifice of Machiavellian conception, which assuredly the wily Italian would never have avowed under similar circumstances.

Monsieur de Loménie's project was to embroil the two privileged Orders, and reconcile them again through the medium of the King and the Third Estate; the object of this fine plan was to destroy the influence of the first two Orders. What infatuation! and it was to such a man that the destinies of a great people were, for fifteen months, intrusted! Truly it is difficult to determine which is most strange—his absurdity, or the people's toleration of it!

But even patience must have its term. The Treasury was drained; famine and bankruptcy stared us in the face; all was ruin around us! The public indignation at length overwhelmed M. de Loménie, and he retired from the Ministry, pursued by the execrations of all parties.

On the day that terminated his administration, some young men prepared an effigy, the size of life, and dressed like the Archbishop in a crimson robe, of which three-fifths were composed of satin, and the two others of paper (by way of allusion to the decree of the 16th of August preceding). This effigy they burned with all due ceremony in the Place Dauphine, with every demonstration of extravagant exultation.

There was at that time in Paris a Chevalier Dubois, who commanded the guard called the *guet* or patrol. This *guet* was the *gendarmerie* of the time. The burning of the effigy displeased M. Dubois; and next day, when an attempt was made to renew the ceremony, he presented himself in person to forbid it. The demonstrators desired him to go about his business; he refused, and some altercation arose. He then desired his men to

* The King promised they should meet on the 1st of May, 1789.

employ their arms, and they did so without mercy. At sight of the killed and wounded the people became furious; they attacked and drove away the *guet;* several guardhouses were forced and the arms seized. The riot continued to increase. It was now night. A detachment of the French guards, concealed under the arcade of Saint Jean and in the Rue Martrois, fired on the crowd, and killed a great number. The dead bodies were thrown into the Seine, and tranquillity was for a time restored.

But on the resignation of the Keeper of the Seals, who was as much disliked as the Archbishop of Toulouse, the discontent of the people again broke out. Great rioting ensued in the streets of Paris, and numbers of people were killed by the military.

M. Necker was called to the head of the department of finance, and affairs took a favorable aspect. The finances of the country acquired confidence, the prisoners were released from the Bastile, and the Parliament was reassembled. The double representation of the Third Estate was the wish of every just and reasonable man. It was found necessary to adopt it; and on the 27th of December, 1788, at a Royal Council at which the Queen was present, it was determined to grant the additional representation.

This measure produced enthusiastic joy throughout all France, the demonstration of which was attended by considerable disturbance at Montmartre, Rennes, and other towns in that part of the country.

It seemed, indeed, as if the whole of France was included in the provinces of Dauphiny, Brittany, and the Franche-Comté. Hence it was that the people constantly insisted on the revival of their old rights and prerogatives; hence those perpetual contests between the States, the Parliaments, and the King's Council. For example, in Franche-Comté, thirty-two members of the *noblesse* protested against the decree of the majority of the States. The Parliament canceled the protest, and the King's Council in its turn canceled the decree of the Parliament.

The fact is, Louis XVI. might have been competent to govern in ordinary times; his virtues might have shed luster over a peaceful throne; but the storm could only be allayed by a degree of courage and decision in

which he was wanting. The King had near him a perfidious enemy in his Privy Council.

The Queen, too, exercised great influence over him, and was a most dangerous guide. She was passionate, full of prejudices, and ready to make any sacrifice to revenge herself when her private interests were wounded. But her misfortunes and those of the King, must throw a veil over their faults.

As to the other members of the royal family, they were so divided that they could afford no rallying point, The King's aunts, one of whom had previously possessed great influence over the royal couple, had been superseded by other favorites. Madame Victoire had no power; and as to the pious Madame Elizabeth, she conceived she had no other duty to perform than to offer up prayers for the safety of those about her.

Monsieur had set up a sort of opposition, which in France was infinitely more dangerous than it would have been in England, where it seems to be quite orthodox that the heir to the throne should head an opposition. Monsieur, however, did his brothers great injury without perhaps intending it, and the conduct of Madame was even more mischievous.

As the Comte d'Artois, his claim might have been void, though he stood on the steps of the throne, had he not considered it a point of honor to disavow any other law than the established authority of the Crown. Such was the situation of France and the royal family in 1789, just before the opening of the States-General.

CHAPTER VI.

Opening of the States-General — Conversation between Bonaparte and Comte Louis de Narbonne — Baron de Breteuil — The Queen and M. de Vergennes — Mirabeau — Advances Made by the Court — A Bribe Refused — The Queen's Anger — Mirabeau Solicits an Interview with the Queen.

ON THE 5th of May, 1789, the States-General were opened. I was then too young to understand the solemnity of the spectacle presented by the States when they proceeded to the church of St. Louis at Ver-

sailles to hear mass on the day preceding their sitting; but I well recollect the immense and joyful crowd which thronged the three avenues, and lined the road along which the deputies passed.

The States commenced their labors. Had union prevailed throughout all the parts of the great whole, that admirable work would have been brought to a favorable issue. Unfortunately, there was not only a want of union, but there was no wish to establish it. The Third Estate grew tired of not being heard, or rather of receiving, by way of answer, demands made by the clergy and nobility, in a tone of authority ill-suited to prevailing circumstances. At length came the separation of the Third Estate from the two privileged orders. This was the finishing stroke; the grand contest between the throne and the nation was now about to be decided.

The retreat of the Third Estate into the Tennis Court produced an effect which years would not have brought about. The deputies, by declaring themselves to be the representatives of a great nation, acquired new power: the people began to measure their strength, and they found that they might venture very far in attempting the great work of their deliverance.

One of the causes which contributed to overthrow the throne of France, at this disastrous period, was underground intrigue. Napoleon, when one day conversing about the Revolution with Comte Louis de Narbonne, said: "But you had great influence, had you not?" M. de Narbonne observed that nothing could be more unfounded than that supposition. His constitutional opinions withheld him alike from advocating or opposing the Revolution M. de Narbonne added that it was the Queen herself who insisted on the double representation of the royal authority, though without any hostile feeling toward France, which she loved and regarded as her adopted country. Many absurdities have been advanced on this subject; for example, what could be more ridiculous than to suppose the Queen to have been more attached to her brother than to her husband, her children, and her crown?

"I believe, however," said M. de Narbonne, "that in 1792 the Queen was so irritated by all she had suffered for three years previously, that her love for France was

naturally very much diminished." As to the hidden government, the Baron de Breteuil is the individual who is most to be reproached on that score. While he declared it to be his wish to establish the English Constitution in France, he would have introduced the Constitution of Constantinople if there had been such a thing. That man did a great deal of mischief in France, with his loud voice and narrow ideas.

My mother described to me the enthusiastic admiration with which the Queen was received on one occasion when she appeared at the opera soon after her marriage. The performance was "*Iphigénie en Aulide.*" The Queen arrived very late, and the fine chorus *Chantons, célébrons notre Reine*, had just been sung. As soon as the Queen entered, the repetition of the chorus was unanimously called for, and it was sung by the whole audience with such affectionate ardor that the Queen melted into tears. Alas! unfortunate princess, how soon was this love changed to hatred!

The following is one of the many circumstances which combined to effect that change. While M. de Vergennes was in the department of Foreign Affairs, he was one day summoned by the Queen on some very singular business. The Queen's brother, the Emperor, had requested her to obtain a loan of twelve millions for him. Of course, it was understood that the money was to be repaid; but, in the public ferment which then existed, it was necessary that both the loan and the repayment should be kept a profound secret.

The matter was very difficult; for, on the Queen's own acknowledgment, the King was decidedly opposed to it. The Queen informed M. de Vergennes that she wished him to devise some means of raising the money, and, above all, of inducing the King to consent to it.

"With all the respect I entertain for Your Majesty," replied the Minister, "I am unfortunately obliged to disobey your commands. The State Treasury is empty; we are approaching a terrible crisis, and I should consider myself very culpable were I, by my advice, to urge the King to a step which cannot but be fatal to Your Majesties and to France."

"Sir," said the Queen haughtily, "I sent for you to request your intercession, not to ask for your advice.

But I shall, without your aid, prevail on the King to do what will strengthen the links of friendship between France and Austria. I shall merely trouble you to procure the funds; and I will, if necessary, be the security. The Queen of France may love her adopted country without forgetting that she is an Austrian Archduchess. I want no new taxes. I do not even wish that the department of Finance should be applied to in this affair; but a loan may be raised, and let it be done."

M. de Vergennes returned home much disconcerted. The Queen's determination seemed to be positive, and the Minister plainly saw that the King would yield to the entreaties of the woman he loved. That very evening the King sent for him, and informed him, with an embarrassed air, of the promise which the Queen had extorted from him, and expressed his wish that the sum, or at least half of it, should be raised.

It was not easy at that time to raise money for the Government itself, and great address was requisite to attain that object. There was in Paris an immensely rich banker named Durhuet. He was commissioned by M. de Vergennes to raise the loan. After a great deal of trouble and one or two journeys, he at length succeeded. The courier who was to convey to Vienna the intelligence that the King had given his consent to a loan of twelve millions, when France wanted bread, was ready to start. M. de Vergennes delivered to him his dispatches with secret instructions. The courier set out; but when he had got about twenty leagues from Paris he was suddenly taken ill, and was obliged to suspend his journey for forty-eight hours.

This interval was well employed by the Minister. He threw himself at the King's feet, and so earnestly implored him to consider that the step he was about to take would be attended by fatal consequences, that Louis XVI. consented to the recall of the courier. The money was restored to M. Durhuet, and the King's refusal was sent to Vienna instead of the loan.

After the separation of the Third Estate from the two privileged Orders, but few means of reconciliation really remained, though at first there appeared many, and among them was to win over Mirabeau. This astonishing man was without doubt, the greatest political char-

acter of our Revolution. His portrait has been drawn in every attitude, under all possible lights; and yet they have but little understood this wonderful orator who think they have said enough when they echo the expressions: "What inimitable talent! he was surely inspired! but, then, the immorality of his writings!" and so on.

I am, indeed, far from wishing to represent Mirabeau as an estimable character; but the brilliancy of that colossal talent with which nature had gifted him still remains to elicit admiration, and make us overlook, by the contrast, the shades which darken so splendid a picture. It would be the height of absurdity in me to lay a tint upon the portrait of Mirabeau which would in any degree diminish its truth to nature.

I merely contend that, in speaking of him, we ought not to take for granted all the errors which have been laid to his charge. It matters little to us that the old magisterial peruke of the President Le Monier was compromised in the tribunals. What business have we with the matrimonial squabbles of M. and Mme. de Mirabeau?

I cannot class Mirabeau with the rest of the men who figured in the Revolution. I flatter myself I knew more of his real character than those who were acquainted with him at the epoch of his brilliant existence. The fact is, that I was in the habit of seeing regularly, almost every day, for at least seven years of my early life, the two individuals who were best able to give me an accurate opinion of Mirabeau.

The first was his dearest friend, the man he cherished above all others, and who in return almost worshiped his memory. This man, who followed the political path of Mirabeau, and who, by means of his intimacy with him, and subsequently with Dumourier, obtained a sort of influence in the Government, was Bonnecarère. He lived at Versailles at the time I resided there.

The other individual was Cardinal Maury, who, when only an abbé, was the opponent of Mirabeau, by whom, however, he was constantly defeated. From the sentiments of these two men, and likewise from some documents which have been placed at my disposal, I have drawn my inferences. I have formed an opinion which is, I trust, divested of prejudice. Excluded from the rank

to which his birth entitled him, Mirabeau determined to recover it at any price.

He vowed vengeance against his enemies, and with this bitterness of feeling did Mirabeau take his seat in the assembly of the States-General. As he entered the Hall on the day of opening, he cast a threatening glance on the ranks which he was not allowed to approach. A bitter smile played on his lips, which were habitually contracted by an ironical and scornful expression. He proceeded across the Hall, and seated himself upon those benches from which he was soon to hurl the thunderbolts which shook the throne.

A gentleman strongly attached to the Court, but likewise a friend of Mirabeau, the Comte de Réb——l, who had observed the rancorous look which he darted around him when he took his seat, entered into conversation with him the same day, and pointed out to him that his peculiar position in the world closed every *salon* in Paris against him.

"Consider," said the Count, "that society when once wounded is not easily conciliated. If you wish to be pardoned, you must ask pardon."

Mirabeau listened with impatience to what the Count said, but when he used the word "pardon" he could contain himself no longer, but started up and stamped violently on the ground. His bushy hair seemed to stand on end, his little piercing eyes flashed fire, and his lips turned pale and quivered. This was always the way with Mirabeau when he was strongly excited.

"I am come hither," cried he in a voice of thunder, "to be asked, not to ask for, pardon." These words were reported that very evening to the Queen. Her Majesty used to note in her memorandum book those deputies whose talents were worthy her notice. We may conclude that Mirabeau stood at the top of her red-ink list.

That Mirabeau was corruptible, all the world knows. To manage a negotiation with him was, however, a difficult and delicate task. Nevertheless, intrigue and cunning afforded hopes of success at a moment when fears and misgivings were becoming more and more acute and deeply seated.

On the 7th of May, 1789, the Queen was informed of

Mirabeau's hostile intentions.* M. Necker was consulted, and his opinion was that Mirabeau was possessed of extraordinary talent, but wanted judgment; and he considered him not very formidable.

But M. Necker ought to have known enough of our nation to be aware what might be produced by brilliant oratory and an eloquence teeming with facts. Now, the cause that Mirabeau had undertaken to defend was in itself the most just of all causes, and that M. Necker knew better than most people. He, however, declined to have anything to do with the negotiation, and merely yielded to the Queen's wish to place at her disposal a sum of money to assist the execution of her designs.

Furnished with his instructions and a well-stocked purse, the Comte de Réb——l went one morning to Mirabeau, plied him with much art, and finally made him offers which he felt confident he would not hesitate to accept. But fate ordained that the man who had always been needy, and tormented by creditors, was at that moment well supplied with money.

What was the result? He rejected the proposition of Comte de Réb——l, and asked him for whom he took him. Mirabeau dismissed the Count with the dignity of an ancient Greek, telling him that offers of money could not be listened to. The Count, though chagrined at his disappointment, did not lose hope. He knew Mirabeau well enough, and was sure he would not remain long in his present frame of mind.

That same evening a man who served Mirabeau in the capacity of a *pacolet* called upon the Count. This man, like Joulevet, was a kind of factotum to the tribune of the people. He had been implicated in the trial of Madame Lemonnier, and since that period had served, though indirectly, his dangerous patron, whom he loved. He was a practiced intriguer, and had been attracted to Paris by the assembling of the States-General, reasonably presuming that there his talents would find occupation. He waited on his old patron, and through the medium

*That is to say, that it was known BY HIS OWN AVOWAL what he intended to do, and what he required for pursuing a directly contrary line of conduct. The documents relating to this HAVE BEEN IN MY HANDS, and are still in existence.

of M. de Bonnecarère, from whom I had these facts, was introduced to Mirabeau. Obscure as this man was, he was of singular assistance to Mirabeau. Of this I have seen written proofs.

Joulevet opened the conference with the Comte de Réb——l by announcing to him that Mirabeau consented to place his influence at the disposal of the Court, but required, he said, an honorable treaty, and not a paltry bargain;* that he did not wish to supersede M. Necker, whose talents he respected (this, by the way, is not true, for Mirabeau made him the constant butt of his raillery),† but that any other department of the Ministry would suit him. On these terms he would devote his services to the Court.

The Comte de Réb——l, who was a simple man, thought, on hearing this, that ambition had wrought this change in Mirabeau. He went to him, and was this time well received, and heard all the reasons he gave for his readiness to SACRIFICE himself by entering the Ministry at such a moment. The same day the Count saw the individual who was to speak to the Queen, and he, on the first intelligence of the capitulation of Mirabeau (for he was really a stronghold), ran immediately to acquaint the Queen with the happy news. The Count followed, and when he entered the Queen's cabinet, her Majesty advanced toward him, her countenance beaming with pleasure.

"The King will be gratified by your zeal, monsieur," said she to the plenipotentiary. "Well, had you a good bargain of this man? How much has he cost?" The Comte de Réb——l then said that Mirabeau, with true magnanimity, had rejected all propositions of a pecuniary nature. He then mentioned the appointment to the Ministry.

At the mention of this the Queen reddened, and then

* My memory is rather in doubt with regard to the amount of the sum stipulated — I think 100,000 francs. I have forgotten whether this sum was part of the personal property of M. Necker. But M. Necker's honorable character would lead to that inference.

† Since writing the above, I have seen a work of Madame de Staël, in which she states that Mirabeau had a high opinion of M. Necker. In this she is certainly deceived. I know that Mirabeau used among his intimate friends to call him a fool and a political Cassandra. Madame de Staël's filial affection carries her too far.

turned deadly pale. She closed her eyes, and, striking her forehead with her hand, exclaimed:

"A Minister! Make RIQUETTI MIRABEAU a Minister! Never! never will I allow the threshold of the King's Council to be sullied by the footsteps of such a man."

She trembled with rage. "Let him have money! Give him all he asks for! But to make him a Minister! —Is it possible that my friends can give me this advice?" She then paced the room with every mark of violent agitation, repeating the words, "A Minister, forsooth! a Minister!"

The sequel of the story is curious. The sum offered to Mirabeau might be regarded as considerable at a period when money, being distributed in every direction, was not very abundant at Versailles. After Mirabeau had refused it three times, the Queen desired the individual employed in the negotiation to return it. This individual departed for Germany, and after he was gone Mirabeau became pressed for money, and did not know how to raise it. He had missed the opportunity, and the channel of communication was gone.

When the intermediary returned it was too late: Mirabeau had entered the lists, he had thrown down the gauntlet, and now wanted both MONEY and OFFICE. It is curious that Mirabeau earnestly solicited an interview with the Queen. But the Queen would consent to it only on condition that it should be in the presence of M. de Réb——l or Monsieur. Mirabeau, however, would not accede to that condition.

What could be Mirabeau's object in so urgently pressing this interview? Did he not believe the truth of the story of the necklace? Did he found any hopes on the powers of captivation with which nature had endowed him, in spite of his personal disadvantages?

It is not surprisiug that Mirabeau should have maintained profound silence on this affair. It was a point of the utmost importance that members of the States-General should preserve, in the opinions of the citizens, a character for purity, independence, and disinterestedness. All and each of the deputies pledged themselves on their honor not to solicit or accept any pension or favor directly or indirectly. These considerations rendered

Mirabeau circumspect, and whatever might be his habitual imprudence, he acted with no indiscretion in this affair, the details of which were not known until some years afterward.

CHAPTER VII.

Louis XVI. at the Hôtel de Ville on the 14th of July — Revolutionary Scenes — Departure of My Father and Brother for England — My Father's Return — His Duel with M. de Som——le — Domiciliary Visit to My Father's House — Napoleon's Remarks upon It — The 10th of August — We Save Two of Our Friends — M. de Condorcet — My Father Denounced — Departure of My Father and Mother from Paris — My Sister and I placed at a Boarding School.

When, after the 14th of July, the King was conducted to the Hôtel de Ville to sanction the Revolution against himself, my father informed me that his deep distress and calm, dignified deportment inspired respect from all who surrounded him. The King had long seen the storm gathering in the horizon; it had now burst upon his head. The danger was before him. My father said that the pious expression of the King's countenance showed how he viewed his situation. He judged it as a Christian if he did not judge it as a King.

Before the Revolution of the 14th of July M. Necker had been dismissed. He was recalled after that event. From this indecision it was clear that the ship had no pilot. At this period a report which had long been circulated assumed a semblance of truth. The Duc d'Orléans had been accused of being the head of a party, and the newspapers of the day employed his name in the hints which they daily set forth that France should follow the example of England.

The Duc d'Orléans was fixed upon, because, in the English Revolution, the direct line of the royal family had been expelled in favor of the Prince of Orange. The thing was so often repeated that the Duc d'Orléans began at last to believe that he might place himself at the head of a party and become the leader of a faction without the qualification for such an office. Robespierre and others set the Duc d'Orléans forward, because they

wanted something that would please the moderate and reasonable party. That party allowed itself to be caught in the snare.

I recollect, as though they were terrible dreams, the 14th of July, the 6th of October, the 21st of June, and several other days which formed the most fatal in the calendar. On the 6th of October, in particular, I remember, seeing my mother, at three in the afternoon, ordering the servants to shut the drawing-room shutters which looked on the quay. My father wished to go to Versailles; but she wept and held him by the arm, entreating him not to leave us.

My father, alarmed at the aspect of affairs, which was every day becoming more threatening, converted his property into English stock, and set off with my brother to London. There he remained for some weeks, and then returned to France, leaving my brother in England to await his further instructions.

Many events occurred in our family during the absence of my brother. My father's constitutional principles were well known, and yet his attachment to the King led him into several disputes. He fought a duel with M. de Som——le, an officer in my brother's regiment, who, in my father's presence, made some remarks on the opinions of Albert. M. de Som——le was slightly wounded in the arm, but my father escaped unhurt.

At that period a family who kept many servants could not be sure of all. My father took all possible precautions. The duel was not known, it is true; but the quarrel which gave rise to it was repeated with various commentaries. This was attended by dangerous consequences.

In the preceding year a man, who said he was an upholsterer, established himself in a little shop in the neighborhood of the Mint. He came to request my mother's custom; but he was informed that she had already an upholsterer whom she was not inclined to discard for a stranger. He was insolent, and a dispute arose between him and the servant. The noise drew my father to the door, and the result was that M. Thirion was turned out of the house. My father and the rest of the family thought no more about this affair, but Thirion remembered it, and he vowed deadly hatred against us. The Sections were formed. This man acquired some

influence in ours. He became secretary, clerk, or I know not what. A few days after my father's return from England a domiciliary visit was made to our house. It was under the direction of Thirion, who had probably instigated it.

My father had just risen and was shaving, when, to his surprise, Thirion entered his dressing room and informed him that he had come to inquire his age, his qualifications, and the object of his recent journey. My father insisted on seeing his authority, and Thirion refused to show it. My father flew into a violent rage, and, seizing on a large stick, would probably have insisted on inflicting a severe chastisement on Thirion but for my mother's intercession; Thirion took his departure, after declaring that he should make a report against my father.

In the midst of the agitation into which this scene threw my mother and me, Napoleon Bonaparte happened to call. On being informed of what had taken place he expressed great indignation, and immediately repaired to the Section, the club, the committee, or whatever might be the authority which at that time ordered domiciliary visits. Thirion had already made his report; but Napoleon, nevertheless, animadverted strongly on Thirion's refusal to produce his order. "If," said he, "M. de Permon had fired a pistol at that man, he would only have been defending his house against an insolent intruder, and no one could have blamed him."

This happened on the 7th or 8th of August. The 10th was a day which I shall never forget. It was the day of my *fête*, and hitherto I had always spent it happily. Some of my young friends had been invited to visit me, and my little chamber was filled with flowers, toys, and sweetmeats. But our festival day proved a day of mourning.

In the streets the cries of the people mingled with the thundering of artillery and the groans of the wounded. About noon my brother entered with one of his companions-in-arms, who was wrapped in a greatcoat. The young man had tasted nothing for forty hours, and he had just escaped from the pursuit of those who would have massacred him if they had found him. His family lay under great obligations to the Queen. His duty and

his opinions happened to coincide. In the course of a few days he had fought three duels, two of which had terminated fatally.

One of his deceased adversaries was a relation of Manuel; consequently there was everything to fear. The young gentleman was concealed in my little apartment, and I received instructions as to the answers I should give in case of the house being searched. The cautious prudence I had then to observe in behalf of a stranger afterward became useful to me when those I most dearly loved were in similar danger.

My father was out, and my mother had anxiously expected his return for several hours. My brother went frequently to the gate to look for him. He even ventured as far as the quay, where he heard of the deposition of the King, but could see nothing of my father. The storm seemed to be subsiding, but the firing of musketry was still heard at intervals. Night was drawing in, and my father had not yet returned. My brother again went down to the gate to look for him, and he saw a man quickly turn round the corner of our hotel.

He immediately recognized the figure of my father. He called to him, and my father advanced, looking cautiously behind him. He desired my brother to leave the door open, observing that he was merely going round the corner to fetch a person who was in the colonnade of the Mint. He returned, bringing with him a gentleman who was scarcely able to walk. He was leaning on the arm of my father, who conducted him silently to a bedchamber.

Alas! when the wounded man threw off the large military cloak which enveloped him, what was our distress to recognize M. de Bevy! He was pale and faint, and the blood was flowing copiously from his wounds. Tranquillity was not restored during the whole of the night. Owing to the situation of our house, we were in greater safety than many of our neighbors, for we were less in sight, and more out of hearing of the threats and imprecations uttered by the crowds who paraded Paris during the whole of the night.

On the morning of the 11th a message was sent by the *valet de chambre* of my brother's young friend, informing him that he was in great danger, as Manuel

was making strict search for him. A strange idea then occurred to my brother, though in its result it proved very fortunate. M. de Condorcet lodged at that time in an *entresol* in the Mint. My brother had occasion to see him several times, and he had always treated him in a very friendly way. My brother went to him. I do not know what passed in the interview, but Albert's friend was saved.

My father entertained no fears for his own safety. He was engaged in writing a letter for M. de Bevy, when our butcher, an honest, worthy man, who was a lieutenant or captain in the National Guards, sent to inform us that my father had been denounced for having harbored enemies of the people.

My father paid little attention to this warning; but in about an hour afterward he received more positive information that he would be arrested that very night. The individual who brought him this information added to it the promise of a passport for one of the cities in the South of France, and undertook to conduct my father, accompanied by my mother (but my mother only), out of Paris. She was almost distracted at the thought of leaving her children behind her at such a moment; but there was no alternative.

After long deliberation as to what would be the best way of disposing of myself and my sister, it was determined that we should be placed at a boarding school, and that my brother should have a lodging near us. This plan was no sooner resolved on than executed, and before night my sister and I were installed in a boarding school in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, kept by Mesdemoiselles Chevalier.

CHAPTER VIII.

Murder of Madame de Lamballe — Our Removal to Toulouse — My Father Summoned before the Section — My Mother's Letter to Salicetti — He Makes My Brother His Secretary — Death of the King and Madame Elizabeth — My Father's Illness — Friendly Warning of Couder — Our Journey to the Waters of Cauterets — Death of Robespierre.

MY SISTER and I were wretched during the time we remained at the boarding school. Our only intervals of happiness were when my brother came to see us, which he did as often as he could. One day, when my brother came to pay us a visit, he perceived as he came along groups of individuals whose sanguinary drunkenness was horrible. Many were naked to the waist, and their arms and breasts were covered with blood. They bore tattered garments upon their pikes and swords. Their countenances were inflamed, and their eyes haggard; in short, their appearance was hideous. These groups became more frequent and more numerous.

My brother, in his uneasiness about us, determined to come to us at all risks, and drove rapidly along the Boulevard until he arrived opposite the house of Beaumarchais. There he was stopped by an immense mob, composed also of half-naked individuals besmeared with blood, and who had the appearance of demons incarnate. They vociferated, sang, and danced. It was the Saturnalia of Hell! On perceiving Albert's cabriolet they cried out:

"Let it be taken to him! Let it be taken to hím! He is an aristocrat!"

In a moment the cabriolet was surrounded by the multitude, and from the middle of the crowd an object seemed to arise and approach. My brother's troubled sight did not enable him at first to perceive long auburn tresses clotted with blood, and a countenance even still lovely. The object came nearer and nearer, until it was opposite to him. My unhappy brother uttered an involuntary shriek. He had recognized the head of Madame de Lamballe! *

* During the horrible massacres of September, 1792, the Princesse de Lamballe was seized and carried, in the first instance, to the prison of

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nd my brother narrowly escaped
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nd alarm. He consulted my mother
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, determined to write to her country-
ho was then in Paris awaiting the King's

ad been intimately acquainted with M.
edited a journal entitled "*L'Ami du Roi.*"
who was firmly wedded to his own opinions,
meet Salicetti one day in my father's house,
n discussion arose between them, my father
the arguments of Durosoi, and my mother
Salicetti. The latter left the house out of humor,
course of events obliged my mother and father
Paris before they had an opportunity of seeing
gain.

mother feared that he might bear in mind the part
father had taken in the discussion above mentioned;
this fear was not so unfounded as it may appear.
father's opinions might be expected to influence his
nduct as well as his language; and this reflection would naturally occur to the man who was asked to be a sort of security for him. My mother felt this difficulty, but she nevertheless determined to write. The letter was that of a wife and a mother. She appealed to his past friendship, to the remembrance of their common country, and concluded by assuring Salicetti that she should owe to him the lives of her husband and her children.

The danger was no doubt great, but perhaps not so great as my mother's fears led her to imagine — at least, as far as regarded my father. My brother was really in much greater danger; for he was required to join the army, and to do that would have been to march to certain death, for the fatigues he had already undergone had brought on a pulmonary inflammation.

By the next courier, Salicetti returned an exceedingly kind answer to my mother's letter. After thanking her for giving him an opportunity to serve her, he informed her that he had placed her husband under the immediate protection of the authorities of Toulouse. As to my

brother, he appointed him his secretary, and sent him his nomination, together with leave to spend three months with his family.

My brother accepted the offer of Salicetti, though without the knowledge of my father, whose feelings were at that time so deeply wounded that we did not think it advisable to add to his distress by requiring him to consent to such a step. In a very grateful letter, my brother informed Salicetti that he should join him in the month of March following. He was then twenty-four years of age.

Meanwhile the King's fate was decided. This was a great blow to my poor father, who was greatly attached to his Sovereign. American liberalism had had an influence upon him as well as upon all who had served in the American war; his opinions were fixed, and he was never happier than on the day when the King accepted the Constitution. On this point my father's opinions coincided with those of the great majority of the nation; and while the illusion lasted, that we had or could have a constitutional Sovereign, joy and satisfaction predominated.

When the fate of the King was made known in the provinces, the grief it excited was sincere and profound, for, as a man, Louis XVI. was universally beloved. My father owed much to the King, and much also to Madame Elizabeth. He trembled for his benefactress, and the blow he had already received became mortal when he saw the death of Madame Elizabeth announced in the journals. He had already been partially confined to his chamber; but he now shut himself up entirely, and kept his bed for whole days together.

We had brought with us from Paris only my father's *valet de chambre*. My mother was therefore obliged to hire domestics at Toulouse. These servants gossiped to their acquaintances about my father, and the most ridiculous stories respecting the cause of his supposed disappearance were soon circulated about the town.

There was a shoemaker, named Couder, who exercised great influence in the Commune. This man, whose name I never utter without gratitude, warned my mother of the reports which were circulated respecting my father. He was to be summoned and interrogated, and in that case he would have been ruined. We had then a repre-

sentative of the people who certainly would not have tolerated my father's answers.

At that time my brother was with Salicetti. My mother wrote to him, and the next post brought back a letter in Salicetti's own handwriting, containing testimonials in favor of my father, and recommending him to his colleague.* Couder's opinions were those of a stanch and sincere Republican. His merit was therefore the greater in what he did for us, for he was aware of my father's sentiments. "All I want," said he to my mother, "is your promise that you will not emigrate. When I see the French going abroad they appear to me like children abandoning their parents."

My mother had for two years been suffering from a complaint of the chest. She was recommended to try the waters of Cauterets, and she set off, taking me and my sister with her. My father could not accompany us; indeed, he remained behind almost as a hostage. On our return from Cauterets we found him still very ill. Public affairs maintained a gloomy and threatening aspect. Robespierre had perished; but the revolutionary executions still continued. Terror was not yet sufficiently abated to admit of a free expression of the joy which the intelligence of his death excited in the provinces.

CHAPTER IX.

Arrest of Bonaparte — His Conduct in Corsica — Jacobin Club — Bonaparte Disguised as a Sailor — Bonaparte, Junot, and Robespierre the Younger — Friendship Between Bonaparte and Junot — Rivalry of Bonaparte and Salicetti — Examination of Bonaparte's Papers — Erasure of His Name from the List of Generals.

AFTER our return to Toulouse my mother received letters from my brother which much distressed her. They informed her of the arrest of General Bonaparte, and the circumstances which had caused that measure. Albert was very indignant. He thought Salicetti's conduct in that affair was not what it ought to have been to a countryman and an old friend. My

*A man named Mallarmé.

mother wrote to Salicetti, expressing the pain she felt on hearing of Bonaparte's arrest. "Do not," she said, "let his mother add this new affliction to those with which she is already burdened."

My brother delivered this letter to Salicetti, and in his mother's name implored a favorable answer. After having read it, Salicetti said to my brother:

"Inform Madame Permon that I am sorry I cannot do what she wishes for General Bonaparte. But you must see yourself that the thing is impossible. The intelligence which I have received from Corsica would dictate the step I have taken, even if the affairs of Genoa did not render it indispensable. Are you not of my opinion, Permon?"

My brother could not answer "Yes," for he was not of Salicetti's opinion. Bonaparte was accused of being a spy, and my brother did not think him guilty. Besides, he thought that, at all events, it did not become Salicetti to accuse him of Jacobinism. He therefore remained silent.

On the subject of the affairs of Corsica, about which so much was said by Salicetti and Albitte, I have been furnished with some details by an eyewitness competent by his intelligence and information to observe all that was passing. They are as follows:

In the spring of 1793, Bonaparte, before he went to Toulon, having obtained leave of absence, visited Corsica. At Ajaccio he lodged near the seaport in the house of an old lady, the Comtesse Rossi, a friend of his family. A club was formed in a barrack situated without the city, in what is called the Sea-square. In this club several orators distinguished themselves, and Napoleon Bonaparte was a frequent speaker.

Some of the inhabitants at Ajaccio, alarmed at the formidable aspect of this club, established another assembly, which was attended by several persons of my acquaintance; among others by a naval officer, whose ship was lying in the roads of Corsica, and who by his talent and courage was very capable of counteracting the measures of the first-mentioned club should they have become dangerous. This assembly was held in a large house on the opposite side of the square. Its object was to maintain tranquillity and prevent disorder.

The club of which Bonaparte was a member at length became so threatening to the public tranquillity that the moderate assembly resolved to send a deputation to it to point out the mischief it was likely to occasion to the country. They advised the club to be peaceable — above all, to wait for the decision of France, and to follow the movement of the Republican Government.

Bonaparte immediately mounted the tribune, and delivered a vehement speech, the object of which was to show that in times of revolution people must be either friends or enemies, that Solon punished with death every man who remained neutral in civil discord, and that the moderates ought, therefore, to be considered enemies by true patriots. When the sitting was at an end Napoleon went out into the square. He was very much heated, and seemed but little disposed to anything conciliating. However, his violence did not intimidate my friend who was at the head of the deputation. He reproached him for what he had said in the tribune.

"Bah," said Bonaparte, "a mere club speech, nothing else. But, my friend, do you not see the necessity of firmness, and of choosing a wide road instead of a narrow path?"

"You," replied the naval officer, "will perhaps lose yourself in the road you have chosen; and in the name of friendship I conjure you to alter your course." Bonaparte frowned, turned on his heel, and went off to join some of his turbulent colleagues.

Some days afterward my friend learned from some of his correspondents in the interior of the island that four thousand peasants intended to make a descent from the mountains, and that their hostility would be especially directed against the families of Salicetti and Bonaparte. My friend warned Bonaparte of the danger. Napoleon wished to know whence he had obtained the information He was exceedingly angry because my friend would not tell him. At length he said, "No matter, I fear no one."

He parted from him very coolly. Early next morning a man came to inform him that he had just seen Bonaparte in the disguise of a sailor stepping into a felucca for the purpose of proceeding to Calvi. My friend went out to ascertain the truth of this statement, which was

corroborated by the sailors of the port. On inquiring what had become of the Bonaparte family, he was informed they had taken refuge at Cargesa.

At the time when these circumstances occurred, Bonaparte had just received his commission of captain of artillery. Shortly after he was sent to Toulon to command the works of the siege. About this period of his life Bonaparte was very intimate with Robespierre the younger, with whom Junot was also well acquainted. Young Robespierre was what might be called an agreeable young man, animated by no bad sentiments, and believing, or feigning to believe, that his brother was led on by a parcel of wretches, every one of whom he would banish to Cayenne if he were in his place.

On his arrival at Toulon, Bonaparte had the reputation of being a warm patriot. Junot has frequently told me that the general-in-chief, who was very moderate, at first entertained a sort of prejudice against the young officer, whose opinions he seemed to regard as much too violent.

The mission given to Bonaparte by the representative Ricord, on the 25th Messidor, year ii., was rather diplomatic than military. In short, it was an order for supervision and inquisition. He was especially instructed to keep a watchful eye upon the French Minister and *Chargé d'affaires* at Genoa. It is therefore evident that he enjoyed the full confidence of the Proconsuls, who then had the control of everything, and this confidence could only have resulted from the knowledge of his opinions and sentiments. Bonaparte was then only five-and-twenty years of age. Ricord must therefore have been very confident of his abilities.

Salicetti succeeded Ricord, and it was naturally to be expected that Bonaparte would enjoy the protection of the new representative. They were countrymen, and even friends, in spite of the difference of their age; and though Salicetti came in immediately after a reaction, it is very certain that he entertained what was called TERRORIST opinions.

When Bonaparte was arrested, Junot, who loved him affectionately, determined to save him either by artifice or force. The punishments of the Reign of Terror were not yet at an end, and an individual who was the object

of any accusation whatever was in great danger. Bonaparte, however, forbade Junot to resort to any violence. "I am innocent," said he, "and I will trust to the laws." The following is a letter which Bonaparte wrote from his prison to Junot:

"I see a strong proof of your friendship, my dear Junot, in the proposition you make to me, and I trust you feel convinced that the friendly sentiments that I have long entertained for you remain unabated. Men may be unjust toward me, my dear Junot, but it is enough for me to know that I am innocent. My conscience is the tribunal before which I try my conduct. That conscience is calm when I question it. Do not, therefore, stir in this business. You will only compromise me. Adieu, my dear Junot. Yours,

"BONAPARTE."

This letter was an answer to one which Junot had sent him by a soldier, within the first twenty-four hours after his arrest, when he was not permitted to see him. I do not know why Junot was refused admittance to him, but I think it was because orders had been given to keep Bonaparte in solitary confinement. Junot, in his letter, proposed to aid him in effecting his escape, and suggested some plans which could only have entered the head of an enthusiastic young man like himself.* He declared his determination to share his imprisonment, even if it were doomed to be eternal.

One motive, I do not mean to say the only one, of the animosity shown by Salicetti to Bonaparte, in the affair of Loano, was, that they were at one time suitors to the same lady. I am not sure whether it was in Corsica or in Paris, but I know for a fact that Bonaparte, in spite of his youth, or perhaps I should rather say on account of his youth, was the favored lover.

It was the opinion of my brother, who, as I have already mentioned, was secretary to Salicetti, that Bonapart owed his life to a circumstance which is not very well known. The fact is that Salicetti received a letter from Bonaparte, the contents of which appeared to make a deep impression on him. Bonaparte's papers had been delivered into Salicetti's hands, who, after an attentive perusal of them, laid them aside with evident dissatisfaction. He then took them up again, and read them a

*Madame Mère, the mother of Bonaparte, always entertained a grateful recollection of Junot's conduct at this period.

second time. Salicetti declined my brother's assistance in the examination of the papers, and after a second examination, which was probably as unsatisfactory as the first, he seated himself with a very abstracted air. It would appear that he had seen among the papers some document which concerned himself.

Another curious fact is, that the man who had the care of the papers after they were sealed up was an inferior clerk entirely under the control of Salicetti; and my brother, whose business it was to have charge of the papers, was directed not to touch them. He has often spoken to me of this circumstance, and I mention it here as one of importance to the history of the time. Nothing that relates to a man like Napoleon can be considered useless or trivial.

What, after all, was the result of this strange business which might have cost Bonaparte his head? — for, had he been taken to Paris and tried by the Committee of Public Safety, there is little doubt that the friend of Robespierre the younger would have been condemned by Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois. The result was the acquittal of the accused. This result is the more extraordinary, since it would appear that at that time Salicetti stood in fear of the young General.

A compliment is even paid to Bonaparte in the decree by which he was provisionally restored to liberty. That liberation was said to be granted on the consideration that General Bonaparte might be useful to the Republic. This was foresight; but subsequently, when measures were taken which rendered Bonaparte no longer an object of fear, his name was erased from the list of general officers, and it is a curious fact that Cambacérès, who was destined to be his colleague in the Consulate, was one of the persons who signed the act of erasure.

Bonaparte, who was then very unfortunately situated, came to Paris to obtain justice, or to endeavor to put into execution some of the thousand projects which, as he used to tell us, he formed every night when he lay down to rest. He had with him only one aid-de-camp — one friend, whom his adverse fortune attached the more strongly to him. This was Junot, who from that moment gave him abundant proofs of the sincere friendship which never terminated but with his life.

Duroc was not connected with Bonaparte until the latter took the command of the Army of Italy. It has been frequently asserted that they were acquainted at Toulon, but this is a mistake. Bourrienne, who is well instructed in all these details, relates these facts in their true light. Salicetti and Bonaparte were not good friends, for the former feared his young compatriot, and they were never in each other's confidence.

The opinion of Bonaparte, after he became Consul, respecting the men of the Revolution, is well known. He employed in the earlier offices statesmen who had taken part in the Revolution; but, with the exception of Fouché, whom he never liked,* these were not the individuals who made the most distinguished figure in the revolutionary history. It may be remembered that on the occasion of the Infernal Machine, he made a furious attack, in the Council of State, on those whom he denominated the men of blood — the men of September. "France," said he, "will never be happy until they are driven away. It is they who do all the mischief!"

* "Fouché never was my confidant," said Napoleon. "Never did he approach me without bending to the ground. For HIM I never had esteem. As a man who had been a Terrorist and a chief of Jacobins, I employed him as an instrument to discover and get rid of the Jacobins, Septembrists, and others of his old friends. By means of him I was enabled to send into banishment to the Isle of France two hundred of his old associate Septembrists, who disturbed the tranquillity of France. He betrayed and sacrificed his old *camarades* and participators in crime. He never was in a situation to demand my confidence, or even to speak to me without being questioned, nor had he the talents requisite for it."—"Napoleon at St. Helena," by O'Meara: London, Bentley, edition of 1888, vol. ii. pp. 191, 192.

CHAPTER X.

M. Brunetière — Curious Mode of Correspondence — My Mother's Visit to Paris — The Hotel de la Tranquillité — Bonaparte's Visit to Us — Paris after the 9th Thermidor — Bonaparte and the Muscadins — Scarcity of Bread — The Sections Declaiming against the Convention — Politics Banished from Conversation — Salicetti's Boots.

MY FATHER had an old friend, an advocate, named Brunetière, who maintained communications with the powerful men of the day, and who informed him of all that was going on in Paris — at least, as far as he could do so with safety. We were not then in the height of the Reign of Terror; but there was reason to fear that the revolutionary flame might be rekindled, and caution was advisable. It was no unusual thing to send letters concealed in pies, and in this manner questions and answers traveled under the protection of gastronomic dainties. News was frequently sent from Paris to the country in the lining of a coat, the crown of a hat, or a box of artificial flowers. It was customary to send with these packets a letter, saying, "In compliance with your request, I send you such or such a thing."

My mother was sometimes very reluctant to pull to pieces the beautiful articles of millinery which came from Paris in this way. I recollect she once wore a hat in which a letter was concealed a whole fortnight, without telling my father where it came from, because she knew he would have had it pulled to pieces without mercy. It was to be sure at a moment when no very interesting news was likely to be communicated!

At length affairs assumed a more serene aspect, and my father received repeated invitations to proceed to Paris. My mother, finding that she could not prevail on him to go, determined herself to set out for Paris, and take me with her; and it was agreed that my father should repair to Bordeaux, where he had some business to settle, and remain there during my mother's absence. On her arrival in the capital, my mother was to ascertain whether it would be safe for my father to join her, and to determine on his future plans.

On our arrival in Paris, we alighted at the Hôtel de la Tranquillité, in the Rue des Filles Saint Thomas. We were lodged in a very good suite of apartments on the second floor, overlooking a garden. My mother had only two servants with her—a *femme de chambre* and a valet. My brother had returned to Paris in company with Salicetti, but he was no longer in his employment; he had given up the situation of secretary two months before. His intention was to go to Holland, and to enter into trade. A day or two after our arrival, my mother received visits from some of her friends who had escaped the terrorist proscription, and who felt as if they were restored to a new life. Among the number was M. de Perigord, who owed his miraculous preservation to his *valet de chambre*, Beaulieu.

Before the revolution my mother had been acquainted with many Corsicans; though their opinions did not coincide with her own, they nevertheless were frequent visitors at her house. As soon as they knew she had returned, they all flocked to see her. Among them were Moltedo, the Abbé Arrighi, Aréna, Malicetti, Chiappe, and, above all, Bonaparte. My brother Albert had informed him of my mother's arrival, and he came immediately to see us.

I may say that it was then I first knew Bonaparte. Previously I had only a confused recollection of him. When he came to see us after our return to Paris, his appearance made an impression upon me which I shall never forget. At that period of his life Bonaparte was decidedly ugly; he afterward underwent a total change. I do not speak of the illusive charm which his glory spread around him, but I mean to say that a gradual physical change took place in him in the space of seven years. His emaciated thinness was converted into a fullness of face, and his complexion, which had been yellow and apparently unhealthy, became clear and comparatively fresh; his features, which were angular and sharp, became round and filled out. As to his smile, it was always agreeable.

The mode of dressing his hair, which has such a droll appearance as we see it in the prints of the passage of the bridge of Arcola, was then comparatively simple; for young men of fashion (the *muscadins*), whom he used

to rail at so loudly at that time, wore their hair very long. But he was very careless of his personal appearance; and his hair, which was ill-combed and ill-powdered, give him the look of a sloven. His small hands, too, underwent a great metamorphosis: when I first saw him they were thin, long, and dark; but he was subsequently vain of their beauty, and with good reason.

In short, when I recollect Napoleon entering the court-yard of the Hôtel de la Tranquillité in 1793, with a shabby, round hat drawn over his forehead, and his ill-powdered hair hanging over the collar of his gray greatcoat, which afterward became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV., without gloves, because he used to say they were a useless luxury, with boots ill-made and ill-blacked, with his thinness and his sallow complexion; in fine, when I recollect him at that time, and think what he was afterward, I do not see the same man in the two pictures.

My mother, who was the best-hearted and most unaffected of women, frankly expressed all the pleasure she felt at seeing him again. She spoke to him of Salicetti, whom, she said, she had blamed for his treatment of him. A smile passed rapidly over the lips of Bonaparte.

"He wished," said he, "to ruin me, but MY STAR prevented him. However, I must not boast of my star, for who knows what may be my fate?"

I never shall forget the expression of his countenance as he uttered these last words. My mother endeavored to soothe him, and she succeeded better than I could have imagined. I confess that I was much surprised when I saw Salicetti and Bonaparte come next day to dine with us, to all appearance very good friends.

At this period Paris was in a most disturbed state. Immediately after the 9th Thermidor the members of the Committee of Public Safety were accused. It was, I think, Legendre who attacked Collot-d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, Barrère, Amar-Vouland, and David. This attack took place about the 10th Fructidor. Carrier was also brought to the Convention, but it was to be condemned. He perished on the 26th Frimaire following, and it must be confessed that his last moments were certainly marked by courage. It is true that courage may be an attendant on crime as well as on virtue.

It was in the midst of these circumstances that we arrived in Paris. On the day of our arrival M. Brunetière told us he was very sorry that he had advised us to come. Bonaparte confirmed his apprehension. He had just then received a letter from his mother, in which she observed that the reaction would probably deluge the south of France in blood.

"It is those Royalist coxcombs," said Napoleon, "who are making all this uproar. They would be very glad to glean after the battle of the patriots. What fools there are in that Convention! I am very glad to see that Permon has not adopted the ridiculous fashion of these young men. They are all worthless Frenchmen."

Those to whom Bonaparte alluded wore gray great-coats with black collars and green cravats. Their hair, instead of being *à la Titus*, which was the prevailing fashion of the day, was powdered, plaited, and turned up with a comb, while on each side of the face hung two long curls called dogs' ears (*oreilles de chien*). As these young men were very frequently attacked, they carried about with them large sticks, which were not always merely weapons of defense; for the frays which arose in Paris at that time were often provoked by them.

The scarcity of bread and the necessaries of life now began to be sensibly felt. My sister secretly sent us flour from the south. In so doing she was obliged to resort to various subterfuges, for a serious punishment would have been the result of the discovery. The people who had endured misery under Robespierre, because Robespierre flattered them, now openly threatened to rebel. Every day the bar of the Convention was invaded by the Sections of Paris, and crowds of people traversed the streets exclaiming, "Bread, bread! We, at least, had bread in 1793! Down with the Republic!"

One day Bonaparte came to dine with us, and after dinner we took a walk out in the direction of the Tuileries. Bonaparte offered my mother his arm, and I walked with my brother. After we had crossed the Passage Feydeau and reached the Boulevard, we heard horrid vociferations against the Convention.

"Madame Permon," said Napoleon, "let me advise you not to go any farther. These are not scenes for women to witness. Let me conduct you home, and I will come

and gather what news I can, and return to inform you of what I hear."

We immediately returned home, and Bonaparte and Albert afterward went out. Neither of them returned that night. They informed us that they had found it impossible to get back, and, besides, they had been to the Convention.

"There they were," said Bonaparte, "roaring for the Constitution of 1793: they were like so many madmen."

"And you, Napoleon," said my mother, "what is your opinion of it? I think the Constitution of 1793 is a good one."

Bonaparte was off his guard, and replied:

"Why, it is good in one sense, to be sure; but all that is connected with carnage is bad."

Perceiving that my mother smiled, he recollected himself, and said: "*Ah, Signora Panoria! Signora Panoria! quest'è malissimo! come! mi volete prendere per sopresa?*"* Then he added with a smile: "Oh no! the Constitution of '93; I do not like it."

That same day Salicetti came to see us. He appeared out of humor, was abstracted, and frequently did not answer to the point when he was spoken to. When he was in this sort of humor and conversing with Bonaparte, the discussion was sure to take an angry tone, so that my mother always tried to turn the conversation from politics.

A few evenings before the first of Prairial† my mother had a small party. She told the gentlemen whom she invited that she would have no politics introduced.

"Is it not enough," said she, "to be roused out of one's sleep of a night by your tocsins and your drums, to say nothing of the harmonious choruses of your market women? Promise me that you will not speak of politics." The promise was given; but the difficulty was to keep it. What was to be talked about? All subjects of conversation were annihilated. The theaters produced nothing, and literature was dead.

Bonaparte for a long time endeavored to maintain the conversation; but what could he do? Even M. de Nar-

* "Ah, Madame Panoria! that is very mischievous of you. How? You wish to take me by surprise, do you?"

† The 18th of May, 1795.

bonne or M. de Talleyrand must have failed. At length it was proposed to tell stories: Bonaparte liked this way of passing an evening, and he began to relate a number of anecdotes which were interesting in themselves, but which were rendered doubly so by his original manner of telling them. He spoke French very badly, frequently committing the greatest mistakes, and his ignorance on certain points of ordinary education was remarkable. Yet in spite of those disadvantages everyone listened to him with delight.

However, after a time the conversation flagged, and an inclination to touch upon the forbidden subject soon predominated. I recollect that at that moment Salicetti, who was in none of the best of humors, was walking about the drawing-room, while the creaking of his boots made that monotonous and irritating noise which always annoyed my mother, but which was now quite intolerable to her, for she was vexed by the dullness of the company.

"Salicetti," said she, "can you not be at ease yourself and permit others to be so?"

Salicetti, whose thoughts were at that moment wandering in a world far removed from my mother's tea-table circle, gravely turned round, and, bowing with an air of constrained politeness, said:

"No more, I thank you, I have taken two cups, and I already feel the effect on my nerves." He then resumed his pacing backward and forward, while his odious boots creaked more loudly than ever.

Patience was never my mother's prevailing virtue. She hastily rose from her seat, and advanced toward Salicetti with that light step which was so peculiarly her own. Seizing his stout arm with her little hand, she turned him completely round, and he stood not a little astonished at his own *pirouette*.

"Salicetti," said she, "I like to be heard when I speak, and when I make a request I wish it to be complied with. This is somewhat despotic, perhaps, but I cannot help it. I am too old to accommodate myself to your new-fashioned customs, and what is more, I will not. We women are all queens without kingdoms. We are dethroned; I feel this to my cost; but still, I trust, I retain a little power in my own house. Here, at least, I am a

sovereign, and my subjects must obey me. Do you mean to rebel against my authority?"

"No," exclaimed Salicetti, delighted at the graceful manner in which my mother had rebuked him, and seizing her two little hands, which he kissed alternately, said, "I rebel against your authority! Certainly not. What have I done that could lead you to suppose so?" His answer was repeated to him, and it turned out as the company had already guessed, that he thought my mother was offering him another cup of tea.

CHAPTER XI.

New Troubles in Paris — Bonaparte's Poverty — His Servant and My Mother's Femme de Chambre — The Jardin des Plantes — Mutual Confidence — Junot in Love with Paulette Bonaparte — Napoleon's Characteristic Reply — Revolutionary Scenes.

MY MOTHER proposed to make a visit to Gascony to settle some business, and afterward to return to Paris with my father, the state of whose health made her uneasy. She wished to bring him within reach of the best medical assistance; but how was she to return to Paris at a moment when the Revolution, suffering from the crimes committed in its name, could offer no guarantee or security to anyone?

The Convention, which at that time included many pure and honest Republicans, beheld its power braved and disavowed; everything seemed to be returning to that unhappy state, the bare remembrance of which excited horror. In spite of this, balls were resumed, and the theaters were filled every evening. It may truly be said of the French that they meet death singing and dancing. Balls, theaters, and concerts were nightly crowded, while famine was staring us in the face, and we were threatened with all the horrors of anarchy.

Bonaparte came daily to visit my mother, and he frequently entered into warm political discussions with persons whom he met at her residence. These discussions almost always led to violent language, which displeased my

mother. But Bonaparte was unfortunate; she knew it, and that consideration rendered her indulgent to him.

My mother told me one day that she had learned some particulars respecting General Bonaparte which much distressed her, the more especially as she could do nothing to assist him. These particulars had been communicated to her by Mariette, her *femme de chambre.*

Mariette was a very pretty and good girl; Bonaparte's servant admired her and wished to marry her. She, however, did not like him; and as he was, moreover, poor, she declined his offer. I give these details because they are connected with an affair which I shall presently have to allude to. Bonaparte's servant informed Mariette that the General was often in want of money.

"But," added he, "he has an aid-de-camp who shares with him all he gets. When he is lucky at play, the largest share of his winnings is always for his General. The aid-de-camp's family sometimes sends him money, and then almost all is given to the General. The General," added the man, "loves this aid-de-camp as dearly as if he were his own brother." This aid-de-camp was no other than Junot, who was destined at a later period to be my husband!

On Bonaparte's return to Paris, after the misfortunes of which he accused Salicetti of being the cause, he was in very destitute circumstances. His family, who were banished from Corsica, found an asylum at Marseilles; and they could not now do for him what they would have done had they been in the country whence they derived their pecuniary resources. From time to time he received remittances of money, and I suspect they came from his excellent brother Joseph, who had then recently married Mademoiselle Clary; but with all his economy, these supplies were insufficient. Bonaparte was therefore in absolute distress.

Junot often used to speak of the six months they passed together in Paris at this time. When they took an evening stroll on the Boulevard, which used to be the resort of young men, mounted on fine horses, and displaying all the luxury which they were permitted to show at that time, Bonaparte would declaim against fate, and express his contempt for the dandies with their whiskers and their *oreilles de chien*, who, as they rode past, were

eulogizing in ecstasy the manner in which Madame Scio sang *paole pafumée, paole panachée.**

"And it is on such beings as these," he would say, "that Fortune confers her favors. Heavens! how contemptible is human nature!"

Junot, whose friendship for Bonaparte was of that ardent kind which is formed only in youth, shared with him all that he received from his family, who, though not rich, were in easy circumstances. He used sometimes to resort to the gaming table, but before he did so he invariably deposited in the hands of Bonaparte three-quarters of the allowance he had received from Burgundy: the other quarter was allotted to the chances of *vingt-et-un*. Junot was often successful at play: on those occasions the two friends used to make merry, and pay off their most pressing debts.

One morning Bonaparte and Junot were walking together in the Jardin des Plantes.† Bonaparte was always fond of these solitary promenades: they rendered him communicative and confiding, and he seemed to feel himself nearer to the presence of the Deity, of whom he used to say A FAITHFUL FRIEND IS THE TRUE IMAGE.‡

About this time the Jardin des Plantes had been greatly improved by the exertions of a man whom France ought to remember with gratitude. The Jardin des Plantes, which had originally been confined exclusively to the cultivation of medical plants, became, under the superintendence of M. Tournefort, a nursery for all branches of botany.

"There," Junot used to say, "we not only inhaled pure air, but it seemed, as soon as we passed the gate, that we left a heavy burden behind us. All around us presented the aspect of peace and kindliness. The evening was generally the time for our visits to M. D'Aubenton.

* This affected mode of dropping the *r* was common among the dandies of that time, or, as they used to be called, the *incroyables*.

† Junot's uncle, the Bishop of Metz, a distinguished naturalist, was the intimate friend of D'Aubenton and Buffon. Junot, therefore, was always kindly received by the former, and often visited the Jardin des Plantes accompanied by the General.

‡ I give this phrase literally; I have often heard it repeated by Bonaparte.

We used to find him like a patriarch surrounded by his laborers, whose planting and digging he was superintending. He was actively assisted by the brothers Thouin, whose zeal for the science of botany induced them to work in the plantations like common gardeners."

The elder of these two brothers was a man of rare acquirements; and Bonaparte used to be fond of walking with him round the extensive hothouses, which were already beginning to be filled with rare plants, and which subsequently, under his auspices, became the finest temple ever raised to Nature in the midst of a city.

On one of Bonaparte's visits to the Jardin des Plantes, after he had lingered longer than usual in conversation with the brothers Thouin, he strolled with Junot into some of the shady avenues of the garden. It was a delicious evening, and a thousand rose trees in full bloom scattered perfume through the air.

The two friends walked together arm-in-arm, and in confidential conversation: they were then in closer communion with each other than they ever were afterward in a gilded cabinet. A lovely night has always a powerful influence on minds susceptible of ardent feeling. Bonaparte was afterward governed by an overpowering passion, which subjugated every other within him, and reigned paramount: I need not name it. But at this period he was very young, and his heart beat warmly, for he loved.

He made Junot his confidant, and spoke on the subject with much acerbity, for his love was not returned. Junot has often told me that if Bonaparte had not himself torn asunder the fetters which then bound him, the consequences of his passion might have been terrible. On this occasion his voice trembled while he expressed his feelings, and Junot was deeply affected by his emotion. But it was even then plain that there was within him an extraordinary force which struggled against his weakness. He broke off the conversation himself, and appeared to have forgotten the cause of his agitation.

Confidence creates confidence. Junot had also a heart full of feelings which required to be disclosed to a friend, and the ear of Bonaparte had often heard his story.

Junot loved to infatuation Paulette Bonaparte. His youthful warmth of feeling could not withstand so charming a creature as Paulette then was. His passion was a delirium; but his secret was not a week old when it was made known to his General. Honor commanded the disclosure, since his reason had not enabled him to resist his passion.

Bonaparte received his declaration neither with assent nor dissent. He consoled him, however. But what gave Junot more satisfaction than all the words of his friend, was a belief, amounting almost to certainty, that Paulette would say "Yes" with pleasure, as soon as he should be able to offer her an establishment — not a rich one, as Bonaparte used to remark, but sufficient to be a security against the distressing prospect of bringing into the world children destined to be miserable.

On the very day of which I have been speaking, Junot emboldened by what Bonaparte had told him in disburdening his own heart, was more than ever urgent on the subject of Paulette. He had received a letter from his father which he showed to Bonaparte. In this letter M. Junot informed his son that he had nothing to give at the moment, but that his share of the family property would one day be 20,000 francs.

"I shall then he rich," said Junot, "since with my pay I shall have an income of 1,200 livres. My dear General, I beseech you, write to Madame Bonaparte, and tell her that you have seen my father's letter. Would you wish him to write to Marseilles himself?"

On leaving the Jardin des Plantes they crossed the river in a boat, and passed through the streets to the Boulevard. Having arrived in front of the Chinese Baths, they walked about in the opposite alley. While ascending and descending this part of the Boulevard, Bonaparte listened attentively to Junot; but he was no longer the same man as when under the odoriferous shades they had just quitted. It seemed that on returning to the bustle of life, the tumult of society, he resumed all the fetters and obligations imposed by the State. His manner was, however, always kind. He only pretended to give advice.

"I cannot write to my mother to make this proposal," he said, "for you are to have at last, it seems, 1,200

livres of income — and that is very well; but you have not got them yet. Your father wears well, my good fellow, and will make you wait a long time for your livres. The truth is, you have nothing but your lieutenant's pay; as to Paulette, she has not so much. So, then, to sum up: you have nothing, she has nothing — what is the total? Nothing. You cannot, then, marry at present. You must wait. We shall perhaps see better days, my friend — yes! We shall have them, even should I go to seek them in another quarter of the world.» *

At this period insurrections were things of daily occurrence. That of the 12th of Germinal, which was almost entirely the work of women, had a peculiar character. In the evening and in the course of the following day we saw several deputies who described the events. Some were quite cast down, and constantly exclaimed, «France is ruined!»

The account they gave of what had passed was doubtless alarming. Women had forced their way into the hall in which the representatives of the nation were assembled, and had driven them out. «It was from mere fatigue,» said my brother, «that the mob retired.»

«And what did the Mountain do during the disturbance?» asked my mother. «It supported the demands of the mob. All that I can further say is, that I was told that the noise made by the female insurgents was so great that nobody could understand what was going on. After their departure the deputies ventured to resume their seats and to proceed to business.»

Amid our conversation Salicetti was gloomy and silent. He made me, as usual, sit down beside him, and spoke of my sister's marriage, or anything else, without paying attention to what I said. However, he thus kept himself in countenance, and avoided a conversation the subject of which was to him too important to allow of his treating it with indifference.

At the epoch of the first of Prairial there were ele-

* I have described this conversation fully as Junot related it, because I think the conduct of Bonaparte during the evening in which it occurred was very remarkable. Junot recollected all that passed minutely, and could point out the part of the Boulevard on which they were when Bonaparte spoke those words which later events have rendered so worthy of notice.

ments in the Convention capable of producing the most terrible effects. The terrorist party sought to save such of its members as were compromised not only in public opinion, but by the fact of being subject to a regular charge of impeachment. The contest was terrible, for it was for life or death. Billaud-Varennes, Collot-d'Herbois, and Barrère, were the men chiefly dreaded.

From Carnot, Robert Lindet, and others, no evil was to be apprehended, because, though they might perhaps be misled by adopting an erroneous opinion, the public could rely on their honesty. But, good heaven! what a reaction would there have been had the Thermidor party been overthrown! That, however, was the point at issue. The terrorists stirred up the people, who, in a season of scarcity, were easily led astray; and, consequently, we had mobs daily assembled by the cry, "*Vive la Constitution de '93!*"

Fortunately the seditions were suppressed. During the trials of the terrorists, Carnot was the only one who displayed a noble character; all the others were miserable creatures; and the whole Convention was almost as contemptible. Had not André Dumont moved and urged with energy the banishment of Barrère, Billaud-Varennes, and Collot-d'Herbois, it is not improbable that the whole Convention would have been outlawed.

The sentence of exile was voted by acclamation, and six deputies were condemned to imprisonment in the castle of Ham.* But such was the infatuation of the Convention, that if two steps were made forward toward a public good, they were sure to be followed by four backward. The deputies ordered to be arrested walked about Paris, and if they had chosen they might have gone to the theater on the night of the 13th, for though condemned they were still at liberty: these were indeed the days of anarchy!

It was necessary to act decisively; but at a moment when every journeyman *perruquier* took the name of Brutus, or Mutius Scævola, there was not in the whole Convention, notwithstanding the great talents which formerly shone in it, a man whom anyone would have been simple enough to call a Cicero.

*Leonard Bourdon, Hugues, Châles, Faussedoise, Duhem, and Choudien.

However, Thibaudeau at last arose. In an energetic speech he reminded the Convention of its duty to watch over the public safety. The outlawry of the deputies was decreed. General Pichegru received the necessary orders of the Convention, which were speedily executed. Paris remained tranquil, and three deputies were sent to Rochefort.*

CHAPTER XII.

The 20th of May — Death of Ferraud — Project of Bombarding the Faubourg Saint Antoine — Salicetti on the List of the Proscribed — He Flies for Refuge to My Mother's Lodgings — His Concealment — Bonaparte's Visit to My Mother — Remarkable Conversation.

THE Convention was no longer popular, because it manifested no readiness to alleviate the sufferings of the people, now rendered intolerable. Aversion had succeeded to the attachment which the public once fondly cherished for the Convention, and this was especially the case in Paris. Meanwhile, the enemies of order took advantage of these elements of mischief and did all in their power to fan the flame.

On the morning of the 20th of May we were awakened by loud shouts in the streets; the tocsin sounded to arms, and another day of blood was added to the calendar which took its date from 1789! Enough has already been said of that dreadful day. I recollect that terror reigned everywhere. The conspirators had promised a day of pillage to the three *faubourgs*, and particularly to that of Saint Antoine. The whole population of this last district was in arms; they were in the extreme of misery. There was greater reason to dread the issue of this day than that of the 14th of July, the 6th of October, or the 10th of August.

It was not a castle or a court to which the animosity

* Barrère went there with the others, but, as usual, he took care not to make one in a disagreeable party. He contrived to stop at Rochefort and did not embark. The French, who laugh at everything, said this was the first time that Barrère did not follow the stream. A man of wit has said of him that he is one of those characters who are neither esteemed nor hated.

of the people was directed, but everything elevated above the very lowest grade of society was marked out in the list of proscription. This it was that saved France as well as the Convention. All those who had anything to lose united themselves into corps, which were very superior to unorganized masses acting without any plan, and apparently without leaders.

While the most frightful scenes were passing in the Convention, the respectable inhabitants of Paris shut themselves up in their houses, concealed their valuables, and awaited with fearful anxiety the result.

Toward evening, my brother, whom we had not seen during the whole day, came home to get something to eat; he was almost famished, not having tasted food since the morning. Disorder still raged, and we heard the most frightful noise in the streets, mingled with the beating of drums. The Faubourg Saint Antoine, which had been regularly armed in pursuance of the proposition of Tallien, excited the most serious alarm.

My brother had scarcely finished his hasty repast, when General Bonaparte arrived to make a similar demand upon our hospitality. He also told us he had tasted nothing since the morning, for all the restaurants were closed. He contented himself with that which my brother had left, and, while eating, he told us the news of the day. It was most appalling! My brother had informed us of but part. He did not know of the assassination of the unfortunate Ferraud, whose body had been cut almost piecemeal.

"They took his head," said Bonaparte, "and presented it to poor Boissy-d'Anglas,* and the shock of this fiend-like act was almost death to the President in his chair. Truly," added he, "if we continue thus to sully our Revolution, it will be a disgrace to be a Frenchman."

Perhaps the most alarming circumstance was the project entertained by Barras of bombarding the Faubourg Saint Antoine. "He is at this moment," said Bonaparte, "at the end of the Boulevard, and proposes, so he tells me, to throw bombs into the *faubourg:* I have counseled him by no means to do so. The population of the *faubourg* would issue forth and disperse through

* The admirable conduct of Boissy-d'Anglas on that day will always be mentioned in history.

Paris, committing every excess. It is altogether very sad work. Have you seen Salicetti during the last few days?" he inquired, after a moment's silence; "they say he is implicated in the affair of Soubrani and Bourbotte. It is likewise suspected that Romme is compromised in that business. I shall be very sorry for it. Romme is a worthy man, and I believe a stanch and honest Republican. As to Salicetti!"

Here Bonaparte paused, struck his forehead with his hand, contracted his eyebrows, and his whole frame seemed agitated. In a voice trembling with emotion, he continued, "Salicetti has injured me greatly. He has thrown a cloud over the bright dawn of my youth — he has blighted my hopes of glory! I say again he has done me much wrong. However, I bear him no ill will."

My brother was about to defend Salicetti.

"Cease, Permon, cease!" exclaimed Bonaparte; "that man, I tell you, has been my evil genius. Dumerbion really loved me, and would have employed me suitably; but that report spread at my return from Genoa, and to which malice lent its venom to make it the foundation of an accusation — that report ought, in reality, to have been a source of honor to me! No! I may forgive, but to forget is another matter. Yet, as I said before, I bear him no ill will." While speaking thus, Bonaparte appeared abstracted. About midnight he departed with my brother.

The next day we learned that the Convention had ordered the arrest of several of its members, among whom were Soubrani, Romme, Bourbotte, etc.; Salicetti's name was not mentioned.

"Here are more proscriptions," said my mother. "My dear," said she to Albert, "we are no doubt under great obligations to Salicetti for what he has done for your father and you; but gratitude cannot make me indifferent to the impropriety of receiving a man who is accused of wishing to bring back the days of 1793. Salicetti is not on the lists of the proscribed, therefore I can, with a clear conscience, give him to understand that his visits are not agreeable. His opinions are becoming every day less and less in unison with mine."

This was on the 21st of May: my mother expected a party of friends to dinner. She was to leave Paris in a few days for Bordeaux, and in four months was to return

with my father to Paris. Bonaparte was one of the company invited to dine with us that day. It was six o'clock. One of the guests had arrived, and my mother was sitting in the drawing-room conversing with him, when Mariette came and whispered to her that there was somebody in her chamber, who wished to speak with her alone. The girl added, "I know who it is, madam — you may come."

My mother immediately rose and went to her chamber, and beheld near the window a man, half concealed by the curtain. He made a sign to her with his hand. My mother called me, and, desiring me to shut the door, advanced toward this man, whom, to her astonishment, she discovered to be Salicetti. He was as pale as death; his lips were as white as his teeth, and his dark eyes appeared to flash fire! He was truly frightful.

"I am proscribed," he said to my mother, in an undertone and in breathless haste; "that is to say, I am condemned to death. But for Gauthier, whom I just now met on the Boulevard, I was going to that den of brigands, and should have been lost. Madame Permon," he continued, after a pause, during which his eyes were steadfastly fixed on my mother; "Madame Permon, I hope I have not been deceived in relying on your generosity. You will save me. To prevail on you to do so I need not, I am sure, remind you that I saved your son and husband."

My mother took Salicetti by the hand and conducted him into the next room, which was my bedchamber. Several persons had now assembled in the drawing-room, and she thought she heard the voice of Bonaparte. She was ready to faint with terror. In my chamber she knew she could not be overheard.

"Salicetti," she said, "I will not waste time in words. All that I can grant you may command; but there is one thing more dear to me than life, that is, the safety of my children. By concealing you for a few hours, and this house cannot afford you any longer security, I shall not save you, and I only bring my own head to the scaffold, and probably endanger the lives of my children. I owe you gratitude, but I leave you to yourself to determine whether I ought to carry it thus far." I never saw my mother look so beautiful as when at this moment she fixed her eyes earnestly on me.

"I am not so selfish," replied Salicetti, "as to ask for anything which may expose you to such danger. My plan is this, and on it rests my only hope. This house being an hotel, will be the last to be suspected. The woman who keeps it has, I presume, no objection to get money; I will give her plenty: let me remain concealed here only eight days. At the expiration of that time you are to set out for Gascony; you can take me with you, and thus save my life. If you refuse me an asylum, even for a few hours, I shall be dragged to the scaffold, there to forfeit my life, while I saved that of your husband and your son."

"Salicetti," said my mother, "this is unkind and ungenerous; you know my obligation to you, and you take advantage of it. I ask you again what I can do for you, situated as I am in this public hotel, a house which is filled with strangers, and which is the daily resort of your enemies; for you know that Bonaparte is your enemy. Besides, the mistress of this house is hostile to your opinions, and I doubt whether any reward could induce her to hazard her life to serve you. In short, we are surrounded by difficulties."

At this moment the chamber door opened, and my mother ran toward the person who was about to enter. It was Albert; he came to inquire why dinner was delayed. "All the company have arrived," he said, "except Bonaparte, and he has sent an apology."

My mother clasped her hands, and raised them to heaven: she desired him to go downstairs, and she followed him. "I was just reading a letter which I have received from your sister. She has sent me a *dinde aux truffes*, and if our friends will wait so long for dinner, we will have it cooked for to-day; if not, it will be a reason for another little party."

My mother uttered these words as she entered the drawing-room, holding in her hand a letter which she had snatched up in passing through her own chamber.

Her reason for inventing this long story was that the gentleman whom she left in the drawing-room, when Mariette called her out, was a most notorious gossip, and she took it for granted that he had already told all the company that there was something very mysterious in her disappearance. But her manner was so natural that

no one had the least doubt of the arrival of the *dinde aux truffes*, which it was unanimously agreed should be cooked next day. My mother then begged leave to retire for a few moments to finish her letter.

She hastened to her chamber, slipped the bolt of her door, and rejoined Salicetti, whom she found seated in a chair with his head leaning on both his hands. "We may esteem ourselves happy," said she, "that Bonaparte is not here to scrutinize our words and looks. Now let us settle what is to be done."

"If you are willing," said Salicetti, "the thing is easy: will you consent to save me?"

My mother did not give an immediate reply. Her frequent change of color betrayed the violent agitation of her feelings. At length she became so pale that I thought she would have fainted away. Salicetti, who interpreted her silence as a refusal, took up his hat, muttered some words which I did not distinctly hear, and was about to leave the room when my mother caught him by the arm.

"Stay," she said; "this roof is yours. My son must discharge his debt, and it is my duty to discharge my husband's."

"Enough, enough," said Salicetti, "all will be well. Now go and join your guests. Mariette will take care of me. I have said but two words to her, yet those two magic words have power to make her lay down her life to serve me. My dear girl," said he to me, drawing me back as I was about to follow my mother, "I have spoken before you because I know you cannot remain in ignorance of this affair. I need not warn you of the consequences of indiscretion."

"Ah! fear nothing," I exclaimed, throwing myself into my mother's arms, whose eyes were fixed upon me with an expression of despair. My dear mother thought only of her children at that moment when her own head was at stake.

She stayed a minute longer in her chamber to recover herself. Her ardent feelings rendered her agitation extreme; but she was gifted with wonderful self-control, and when she entered the drawing-room nobody would have suspected that she had to conceal an important secret from those who surrounded her.

The dinner was very gay. The company was animated by a feeling of satisfaction at the result of the events of the two preceding days. Brunetière was of the party, and, though never deficient in cheerfulness, his spirits seemed that day to be doubled. As soon as the company had departed, my mother acquainted Albert with Salicetti's concealment. My brother trembled for her and for me; but he saw the necessity of actively adopting some precautions for Salicetti's security.

After some deliberation it was resolved to adopt Salicetti's suggestion and communicate the secret to Madame Grétry, the mistress of the hotel. She readily entered into our views.

"I can manage this affair," said she. "It is only necessary that Madame Permon should change her apartment. There is a hiding place in her chamber which saved four people during the Reign of Terror. It shall save more. At least, while I live here."

All the necessary arrangements were immediately made. We gave out to our friends that my mother had received a letter from my father, in which he mentioned that he was coming to Paris, and that, consequently, my mother was not to set off. Some time after we were to pretend we had received a second letter from my father, requesting my mother to come to him. It was important to have a reason for everything we did.

Next morning, about eleven o'clock, we received a visit from General Bonaparte, and, as the scene which then ensued made a greater impression on me than almost any event of my life, I will describe it minutely: Bonaparte was at that time attired in the costume he wore almost ever after. He had on a gray greatcoat, very plainly made, buttoned up to his chin, a round hat, which was either drawn over his forehead so as almost to conceal his eyes, or stuck upon the back of his head so that it appeared in danger of falling off, and a black cravat, very clumsily tied. This was Bonaparte's usual dress.

At that period, indeed, nobody, either man or woman, paid any great attention to elegance of appearance, and I must confess that Bonaparte's costume did not then appear so droll as it now does on recollection. He brought with him a bouquet of violets, which he presented to my mother. This piece of gallantry was so extraordinary on

his part that we could not help smiling at it. He smiled too, and said: "I suppose I make but a sorry *cavaliere servente.*"

"Well, Madame Permon," said he, after some further conversation, "Salicetti will now in his turn be able to appreciate the bitter fruits of arrest! And to him they ought to be the more bitter, because the trees which bear them were first planted by him and his adherents."

"How," exclaimed my mother with an air of astonishment, at the same time motioning me to close the drawing-room door, "is Salicetti arrested?"

"What? do you not know that he has been proscribed since yesterday? I presumed that you must know the fact, since it was in your house that he was concealed."

"Concealed in my house!" cried my mother; "surely, my dear Napoleon, you are mad! Methinks, before I entered into such a scheme it would be as well to have a place I could call MY HOUSE. I beseech you, General, do not repeat such a joke in any other place. I assure you it would be endangering my life."

Bonaparte rose from his seat, advanced slowly toward my mother, and, crossing his arms, fixed his eyes on her for some time in silence. My mother did not flinch beneath his eagle glance.

"Madame Permon," he said, "Salicetti is concealed in your house; nay, do not interrupt me; I know that yesterday, at five o'clock, he was seen on the Boulevard, speaking with Gauthier, who advised him not to go to the Convention. He then proceeded in this direction; and it is very well known that he has not in this neighborhood any acquaintance, you excepted, who would risk their own safety, as well as that of their friends, by secreting him. Now, he has not been at the Palais Egalité; he therefore must have fled to you for an asylum."

"And by what right," replied my mother, with unshaken firmness, "should Salicetti seek an asylum here? He is well aware that our political sentiments are at variance; he knew, too, that I was on the point of leaving Paris; for had I not received a letter from my husband I should have been on the road to Gascony to-morrow morning."

"My dear Madame Permon, you may well ask by what right he should apply to you for concealment. To come to a lone woman, who might be compromised for affording some few hours of safety to an outlaw who merits his fate, is an act to which no consideration ought to have driven him. You owe him GRATITUDE: that is a bill of exchange you are bound to honor; and he has come in person to demand payment. Has he not, Mademoiselle Loulou?" As he pronounced these words he turned sharply round toward me.

I was sitting at the window at work, and at the moment he spoke I pretended to be looking at one of the pots of flowers which were before me. My mother, who understood my meaning, said: "Laurette, General Bonaparte speaks to you, my dear!"

Thus challenged, I looked up, and my embarrassment might naturally have been attributed to my consciousness of having been unintentionally rude: so I hoped at least; but we had to deal with one who was not to be imposed upon. Bonaparte took my hand, and, pressing it between both his own, said to my mother, "I ask your pardon, madame, I have done wrong: your daughter has taught me a lesson."

"You give her credit for what she does not deserve," replied my mother; "she has taught you no lesson, but I will teach you one by and by, if you persist in an assertion for which there is no foundation, and which, if repeated abroad, would entail very serious consequences to me."

In a tone of considerable emotion Bonaparte replied:

"Madame Permon, you are an excellent woman, and Salicetti is a villain; you could not close your doors against him, he was well aware; and he would cause you to compromise your own safety and that of your child! I never liked him, now I despise him; he has done me mischief enough; but for that he has had his motives, and you have known them. Is it not so?"

My mother shook her head.

"What! has Permon never told you?"

"Never."

"Well, that is astonishing! But you shall know some day or other. Salicetti, in that affair of Loano, behaved like a wretch. Junot would have killed him if I had

not prevented him. That spirited youth, animated by friendship for me, wanted to challenge him, and swore he would throw him out of the window if he refused to meet him. Now Salicetti is proscribed, and in his turn will have to experience all the misery attendant on a broken fortune!"

"Napoleon," said my mother, taking him by the hand, and fixing upon him a look of kindness, "I assure you on my honor that Salicetti is not in my apartments; but stay — shall I tell you all?"

"Tell me! tell me!" exclaimed Napoleon, with a vehemence uncommon to him.

"Well, then, Salicetti was under my roof yesterday at six o'clock, but he left in a few hours after. I pointed out to him the moral impossibility of his remaining with me, living as I do in a hotel. Salicetti admitted the justness of my objection, and took his departure."

While my mother was speaking, Bonaparte kept his eyes fixed upon her with indescribable earnestness; when she had concluded, he began to pace about the room with hurried steps.

"'Tis just as I suspected!" he exclaimed. "He was coward enough to say to a woman, 'Expose your life for mine.' But did the wretch who came to interest you in his fate, did he tell you that he had just assassinated one of his colleagues? Had he, think you, even washed his gory hands before he touched yours to implore your protection?"

"Napoleon! Napoleon!" exclaimed my mother in Italian, "this is too much! Be silent; if you are not, leave me! Though the man has been murdered, it does not follow that it is his fault."

Whenever my mother was violently excited she always spoke Italian or Greek, and often to people who understood neither the one nor the other. Salicetti heard the whole of this conversation, for he was separated from us only by a thin partition. As for me, I trembled under the momentary expectation of seeing him issue from his hiding place. I then knew but little of the world. After some further conversation of the same kind, Bonaparte rose to take his leave. "Then you really believe he returned home?" said he, as he took up his hat.

"Yes," replied my mother; "I told him that, since he

must conceal himself in Paris, it were best to bribe the people of his own hotel, because that would be the last place where his enemies would think of searching for him." Bonaparte then left us, and it was high time, for my poor mother was exhausted. She beckoned me to go and bolt her chamber door, and open that of Salicetti's retreat.

I never liked Salicetti. There was something about him which to me was always repulsive. When I read the story of the "Vampire," I associated that fictitious character with the recollection of Salicetti. His pale jaundiced complexion, his dark glaring eyes, his lips, which turned deadly white whenever he was agitated by any powerful emotion, all seemed present to me.

When I opened the door after Bonaparte's departure the sight of Salicetti produced in me a feeling of horror which I shall never forget. He sat on a small chair at the bedside, his head leaning on his hand, which was covered with blood, as was likewise the bed itself, and a basin over which he was leaning was full. He had been seized with a hemorrhage, and streams of blood were running from his mouth and nose. His face was frightfully pallid, and his whole appearance affected me to such a degree that it haunted me in dreams a long time after. My mother ran to him; he had nearly swooned. She took his hand; it was quite cold. We called up Mariette, and on her applying some vinegar to his nose he recovered.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Trial of Romme, Soubrani, and Their Colleagues — Project for Saving Salicetti — Sentence and Death of the Prisoners — Horrible Scene.

PREPARATIONS were making for the trial of the parties accused of the proceedings of May. The officers were on the lookout for Salicetti and another representative. Salicetti was not beloved by his colleagues.

He was certainly a man of talent, and full of ambition; but the projects he wished to realize were of a nature to bring down on their author severe retribution.

Romme, a distinguished mathematician, was already arrested, as was also Goujon, who, since the opening of the Convention, had rendered himself remarkable for his private virtues and Republican sentiments; Soubrani, Duquesnoi, Duroi, and Bourbotte were also in custody. Each of these individuals was distinguished, as well by his personal character as by his statesmanlike qualities. What reflections were awakened at seeing such men seated on the criminal bench!

My mother received a letter from my father, who, having heard of the danger of Salicetti, desired her to do whatever she could to render him assistance. This letter was delivered to her by M. Emilhaud, of Bordeaux, a gentleman who appeared to possess the full confidence of my father.

One day, when M. Emilhaud called upon my mother, he brought with him a Spanish General, named Miranda. While these gentlemen were in the drawing-room conversing with my mother, I had occasion to pass through the antechamber; but no sooner had I entered than I started suddenly. I thought I saw Salicetti standing before me. Never was resemblance more striking, except that the individual whom I for a moment mistook for Salicetti was not quite so tall as he. The man was a Spaniard, in the service of General Miranda.

By chance I mentioned this resemblance without thinking it a matter of importance. However, it happened to suggest a lucky idea to my mother.

"We are saved!" she exclaimed. "It will be hard indeed if we cannot find in all Paris a man five feet six inches (French) high, with a face like General Miranda's servant." My brother, Salicetti, and Madame Grétry were immediately summoned to hold a council.

"I must look out for a valet," said my mother; "and when I find one who WILL SUIT ME, I will take him to the Section to get a passport. Having got possession of the passport, I can easily find a pretense to quarrel with my valet, and if I turn him off with a month's wages he will no doubt be very well satisfied." My mother clapped her little hands at the thought of this stratagem.

She was quite overjoyed; but, alas! a scene speedily ensued which changed all her happiness to grief and horror.

Meanwhile the trial of the prisoners came on. They had been brought to Paris, and the special court-martial appointed to try them held its sittings in the Rue Neuve-des-Petits Champs. Salicetti was the only one who had escaped the grasp of justice; and, urged by his anxiety, my brother was constantly on the road from our hotel to the Rue Neuve-des-Petits Champs during the short time that was expended in deliberating on the fate of the unfortunate men.

One day he returned home dreadfully agitated. He had witnessed an awful scene. Romme, Soubrani, Duroi, Duquesnoi, Goujon, and Bourbotte were condemned. During their trial they had exhibited the most admirable fortitude, feeling, and patriotism. The conduct of Romme, in particular, is said to have been sublime.

When sentence was pronounced on them they surveyed each other calmly and serenely, and on descending the grand staircase, which was lined with spectators, Romme looked about as if seeking somebody. Probably the person who had promised to be there had not the courage to attend. "No matter," said he; "with a firm hand this will do. *Vive la Liberté!*"

Then, drawing from his pocket a very large penknife, or perhaps it might more properly be called a small poniard, he plunged it into his heart, and, drawing it out again, gave it to Goujon, who, in like manner, passed it to Duquesnoi. All three fell dead instantly without uttering a groan. The weapon of deliverance, transmitted to Soubrani by the trembling hands of Duquesnoi, found its way to the noble hearts of the rest; but they were not so fortunate as their three friends. Grievously wounded, but yet alive, they fell at the foot of the scaffold, which the executioners made them ascend, bleeding and mutilated as they were. Such barbarity would scarcely have been committed by savages.

My brother stood so near Romme, to whom he wished to address a few words of friendship and consolation, that the blood of the unfortunate man dropped upon him. My brother's coat was stained with the scarcely-cold blood of a man who only a few days before was seated in the

very chamber, perhaps in the very chair, in which Albert was then sitting.

The appearance of Salicetti inspired nothing but horror; indeed, I could not bear to look on him, so much did I dread his aspect. Without any consideration for my brother's feelings, he made him repeat, over and over again, the dreadful details of the tragedy he had just witnessed.

Bonaparte had gone to Saint-Maur to spend a few days. He was in the habit of going there occasionally, though I do not know to whom. I have since put the question to Junot, who declared he knew nothing of the matter, and added that Bonaparte was very reserved on some subjects.

When informed of the horrible catastrophe detailed above, he expressed the genuine emotions of his heart; and in spite of all that Madame Bourrienne says,* I maintain that at this period he was a very feeling man.

Bonaparte had in general a bad delivery; I mean to say he was not eloquent in his manner of expressing himself. His concise style took from his language that air of courtesy, or at least of elegance, which is indispensable to the most ordinary conversation. The fact is,

* «I remarked at this period,» wrote Mme. de Bourrienne of Napoleon, in 1795, «that his character was reserved, and frequently gloomy. His smile was hypocritical, and often misplaced; and I recollect that a few days after our return he gave us one of those specimens of savage hilarity which I greatly disliked, and which prepossessed me against him. He was telling us that being before Toulon, where he commanded the artillery, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after, orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was to be engaged. His wife came to General Bonaparte, and with tears entreated him to dispense with her husband's services that day. The General was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a sort of savage exultation. The moment for the attack arrived, and the officer, though a very brave man, as Bonaparte himself assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale, and trembled. He was stationed beside the General, and during an interval when the firing from the town was very heavy Bonaparte called out to him, 'Take care, there is a shell coming!' The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Bonaparte laughed loudly while he described the event with horrible minuteness.» — Bourrienne's «Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte,» edited by R. W. Phipps; London: Bentley, 1885, vol. i., p. 31.

he was only eloquent at moments when his heart expanded; then it was, as the fairy legends say, that pearls and rubies dropped from his mouth.

The present was one of those occasions, and the unfortunate men who had just suffered found in Bonaparte an admirable panegyrist. Far different was his language toward Salicetti, Fréron, and all those who, he said, wanted to renew the Reign of Terror. The mention of these names led him to speak of himself, and of his blighted hopes and his misfortunes. "Yet I am only twenty-six years old," exclaimed he, striking his forehead —"only twenty-six."

He then regarded my mother with a look so melancholy that she said, after he was gone, "When I think on that young man's unhappiness, I almost reproach myself for what I have done for his enemy."

CHAPTER XIV.

Salicetti's Proxy — We Procure Our Passports — Our Departure for Bordeaux — The First Post — Generous Letter from Bonaparte — Salicetti's Ingratitude — Our Arrival at Bordeaux — Difficulty of Obtaining a Vessel for Salicetti — We Proceed to Cette — Salicetti Sails for Genoa — Our Arrival at Montpellier.

WE HAD above thirty applicants for the valet's situation, but none of them would do. When anyone presented himself who did not possess the requisite personal qualifications, my mother immediately sent him about his business. What trampling there was up and down the staircase of the Hôtel de la Tranquillité!

At last an overgrown boy, named Gabriel Tachard, made his appearance. He bore, it is true, no resemblance to Salicetti, yet we thought he might pass very well for his proxy at the Section. He was a stupid fellow, who would not certainly have remained in my mother's service a week, but he possessed the conjoined recommendations of being exactly five feet six, with black eyes and hair, a straight nose, round chin, and a

sallow complexion, and slightly marked with the small-pox.

The next quality to be combined with all these was the right age, or at least the semblance of it; for Salicetti was, I believe, at that period thirty. However, we went to the Section, my brother, myself, Mariette, Gabriel Tachard, and Madame Grétry, who was to answer for her lodger.

We were supplied with passports, and all returned pleased, my mother and myself at the prospect of leaving Paris, Gabriel at having, as he thought, obtained a good place, and Madame Grétry at getting rid of her lodgers; for, spite of its name, her hotel had been one uninterrupted scene of tumult ever since Salicetti had, by dint of gold, obtained permission to make it his hiding place.

For the last eight days my mother had given out to her friends that my father expected her at Bordeaux. She now received another letter, enjoining her instant departure. In consequence, she determined to set off in two days.

"You do well to go," said Bonaparte, taking her hand, and looking at her significantly; "and yet you were wise in not going sooner." "Why so?" "Oh, I cannot tell you now; but you shall know before you return to Paris." "But I cannot wait; you know that we women are curious." "Well, you shall know the reason. At what time do you set out?" "I do not exactly know; but I suppose about eleven or twelve to-night, in order to avoid the heat. It is best in hot weather to travel by night and sleep by day." "Exactly so; an excellent thought, that. Well," continued he, "you shall know my little secret when you arrive at Longjumeau." "And why at Longjumeau?" "It is a whim of mine," replied he. "Well, be it so; but I must tell you *en passant*, my dear Napoleon, that you are a sad teazer."

While this conversation was going on our dinner hour arrived and Napoleon stayed and dined with us. During dinner he said to my mother:

"I wish you would take me with you on this journey. I will go and see my mother while you are settling your business at Bordeaux and Toulouse; I will then rejoin you and M. Permon, and we will all return together to

Paris. I am quite idle here, thanks to that villain who has ruined me. I am now ready to be anything — a Chinese, a Turk, or a Hottentot. Indeed, if you do not take me with you I shall go to Turkey or to China. There the British power may be most effectively injured by a commercial treaty with the Turks or Chinese."

He then began to talk on politics with my brother, and in less than an hour's time the Emperor of China was converted to Catholicism, and the Grand Calao was superseded by a Minister of Justice.

At length the day of our departure arrived. Several of our friends came to take leave of us, and, among others, Bonaparte. He stepped up to my mother, and, taking her by the hand, said in a low tone, "When you return, think of this day. We may, perhaps, never meet again. Ere long my destiny will lead me far from France; but, wheresoever I go, I shall ever be your faithful friend."

My mother answered him that he might at all times reckon on her friendship. "You know, my dear Bonaparte," she added, "that I look upon you in the light of my Albert's brother."

Our friends departed; post horses were procured, and Madame Grétry, though already munificently rewarded, was promised besides a considerable present when Salicetti should have embarked. As to the valet, my mother dismissed him with a month's wages in advance, to his infinite satisfaction. Salicetti then assumed the name of Gabriel Tachard, under which he was to travel into the south of France.

We set out. Salicetti seated himself on the box of my mother's traveling berlin, and we got out of Paris without any other delay than that occasioned by the examination at the barrier. The postilion, on the promise of something to drink, brought us with the speed of lightning to the Croix de Berney. As we were about to start again, the first postilion from the Paris post came to the door of the coach and asked for *citoyenne* Permon. My mother asked him what he wanted.

"I have a letter for you," said he. "You surely are mistaken!" said my mother; "it cannot be for me!"

No," rejoined the man; "I do not mistake, if you are *citoyenne* Permon."

At that instant the recollection of the words of Bonaparte flashed across my mother's memory. She took the letter, and offered the bearer an assignat of five francs; but he refused to accept it, saying that he had been already paid by THE YOUNG MAN. At the season of the year at which we were traveling the nights were short; my mother's curiosity was not, therefore, kept long in suspense; daylight soon enabled her to peruse the letter. The handwriting neither of us knew. I have since, however, learned that it was Junot's.

This very singular epistle places the character of Napoleon in a light from which his enemies have often sought to exclude it. It was couched in the following words:

(*Translation.*)

«I never like to be thought a dupe. I should seem to be one in your eyes if I did not tell you that I knew of Salicetti's place of concealment more than twenty days ago. You may recollect, Madame Permon, what I said to you on the first of Prairial. I was almost morally certain of the fact; now I know it positively.

«You see then, Salicetti, that I might have returned the ill you did to me. In so doing I should only have avenged myself; but you injured me when I had not offended you. Which of us stands in the preferable point of view at this moment? I might have taken my revenge; but I did not. Perhaps you will say that your benefactress was your safeguard. That consideration, I confess, was powerful. But alone, unarmed, and an outlaw, your life would have been sacred to me. Go, seek in peace an asylum where you may learn to cherish better sentiments for your country. About your name my mouth is closed. Repent, and appreciate my motives.

«Madame Permon, my best wishes are with you and your child. You are feeble and defenseless beings. May Providence and a friend's prayers protect you! Be cautious, and do not stay in the large towns through which you may have to pass.

«Adieu.»

The letter had no signature. My mother, after having read it, remained for some time absorbed in profound reflection. She then handed it to me, desiring me in Greek to read it to myself. I was thunderstruck. The look which accompanied the few words my mother said to me in Greek sufficiently indicated on whom her suspicion lay; and, I confess, I could not help sharing it.

I looked at Mariette, who rode in the carriage with us. She was pale, and her eyes were red with weeping. I had observed that she had been singularly low-spirited,

and sighed frequently during the whole of the journey. I was convinced my conjecture was right.

We stopped to breakfast. I think it was at Etampes; and my mother showed Salicetti the letter. He read it over and over at least ten times. At length he exclaimed, "I am lost! I am lost! Fool that I was, to trust to a woman's prudence!"

"Salicetti," said my mother, suppressing her irritation, "you yourself have been the only imprudent person in this affair, and your unjust reproach is a compliment to us—I mean to my daughter and me; for you must rely very confidently on our generosity, when you can venture to reward us thus for all that we have done for you."

Before my mother had ended her reply, Salicetti already repented of his foolish exclamation. He very humbly asked our pardon. He then said he had heard us express some suspicion of Mariette. "Never mind—never mind," said my mother. "You ought rather to admire the noble conduct of Bonaparte; it is most generous!"

"Generous!" repeated Salicetti, with a contemptuous smile. "What would you have had him do? Would you have wished him to betray me?"

My mother looked at him steadfastly, and then said: "I do not know what I would have him do; but this I know, that I should wish to see you grateful."

I may here mention that Mariette was really the guilty party. Bonaparte's servant was her lover; his master profited by this circumstance; and the present of a gold cross induced the poor girl to betray a secret which might have compromised the safety of the whole house. As to my mother, her fate was certain.

When we had passed through Tours, Salicetti traveled inside the berlin. As we drove along we heard nothing but imprecations against the Convention, and all those who had wished to bring back the Reign of Terror. The people were in a state of great excitement. "Heavens!" said my mother, "if you were known here, what would become of us!"

We had good reason for alarm in several parts of our journey; but at length we arrived in safety at Bordeaux. There, to our great surprise, instead of finding my father, we found only a letter from him, in which he informed

us that he was obliged to depart for the country, but that his friend M. Emilhaud would attend my mother; and he gave her his address, that she might send for him on her arrival.

In a quarter of an hour afterward M. Emilhaud was with us. We learned from him that my father had made unavailing inquiries for a vessel that would convey a passenger to Italy. None would start for the space of a fortnight. Ships were going to the United States, to St. Domingo, and to England; but Salicetti neither could nor would go anywhere, except to Genoa or Venice. My mother was in despair.

Next day, however, Laudois, my father's *valet de chambre*, came to us. He informed us that my father had ascertained that at Narbonne or at Cette a vessel would sail for Genoa, and several for Venice. He had, in consequence, made an arrangement with the master of a yacht to convey us up the Garonne as far as Toulouse, and from thence by the canal to Carcassonne. The carriage could be taken on board the yacht; and from Carcassonne we should only have to travel a few leagues to reach Cette or Narbonne.

My father thought this mode of traveling much safer for us than by land, on account of the rigid orders that had everywhere been issued. Salicetti was quite of my father's opinion; and, with the assistance of Laudois, we were soon on board the yacht and sailing up the Garonne.

We soon arrived at Carcassonne, and from thence reached Narbonne; but here we found no vessel going to Italy. We proceeded to Cette; and there we learned that two vessels were about to sail, the one in two days for Trieste, and the other that same evening for Genoa.

The captain of the latter vessel, which, singularly enough was named the "Convention," informed us that he should be under way at nine o'clock; and, as the wind was fair, he should not be long in reaching his destination. Salicetti was inclined to wait for the vessel bound for Trieste, but my mother would hear of no further delay. She observed that the wind might not be fair for Trieste on the day appointed, and that it was best to take advantage of the favorable breeze that was blowing that evening.

We sat down to dinner; and when we had ended our repast Laudois and the servants of the inn conveyed the baggage of the fugitive on board the vessel. Salicetti stepped up to my mother, and taking both her hands in his said:

"I should have too much to say, Madame Permon, were I to attempt to express my gratitude by words. As to Bonaparte, tell him I thank him. Hitherto I did not believe him capable of generosity; I am now bound to acknowledge my mistake. I thank him."

He jumped into a little boat with the captain of the "Convention," and was soon on board the vessel which was to convey him to the shore where he hoped to find refuge rather than hospitality. We slept that night at the inn at Cette; and next morning, after breakfast, we set out for Montpellier. On our arrival there I discovered that death, emigration, and civil discord had committed melancholy ravages in that city.

CHAPTER XV.

Couder's Invitation to My Father — Salicetti's Letter to My Mother — Madame de Saint Ange — Her Present to Bonaparte — Trading Speculation — Bonaparte and Bartolomeo Peraldi.

MY FATHER'S health had suffered from the miseries of the Revolution. His feelings and his interests were alike wounded. The vexations he had suffered brought on a serious illness, which was augmented by the state of seclusion in which he chose to live. My mother was accustomed to mingle with the world, and her quick perception soon enabled her to discover that my father's situation was not without danger.

Couder, the *procureur* of the Commune, whom I have already mentioned as a worthy, honest man, warned my mother of the disagreeable reports which were in circulation at Toulouse respecting my father.

"It is said," observed Couder, "that he is ill of the aristocratic fever; I denied the truth of the report, and contended that the citizen Permon was a stanch Republican. I know very well," replied he, smiling signifi-

cantly, "that that is not quite true; but there is no harm in a little falsehood sometimes. However, if you will take my advice you will force citizen Permon a little more into society.. If he would do me the honor to accept a place in my box at the theater—if . . ." Here Couder was a little embarrassed.

"Generous man!" cried my mother, as she shook the honest shoemaker's rough hand; "generous man!—yes, we will come to your box; I am sure Permon and I will feel honored by your kind offer."

"Charles," said she to my father, as soon as the *procureur* had left her, "do you know what Couder has been saying?" and she related the conversation which had taken place, without forgetting the proposition about the box. My father turned red and made no reply. But when my mother pressed him for an answer, he shrugged his shoulders and, with a bitter smile, said:

"What a question! What would you have me do? Citizen Couder" (and he laid a great emphasis on the word CITIZEN) "summons citizen Permon to the bar of his box. We must of course go; that is better than to be dragged to a dungeon by gendarmes; I have only that alternative. I believe this is a second Thirion. O Marie, Marie, you might have spared me this insult!"

My mother burst into tears. "Charles," she exclaimed, "you view this matter in a wrong light; you misconstrue the intentions of your friends. Do you believe that I would have listened to an invitation which bore the least appearance of an insult to you?"

"Doubtless, my dear Marie," exclaimed my father, impatiently interrupting her; "let this man make your shoes, but speak to me no more about his box. I am tired of this," said he, throwing himself upon his couch. There the conversation ended; and it may be supposed that my father did not go to the theater.

Couder was told that my father was ill, and he received the excuse without appearing hurt. Had he listened to the dictates of wounded pride he might have done us a great deal of harm.

Salicetti often wrote to my mother. Shortly after the scene I have just described she received a letter from him which showed that he had heard my father was hostile to the Government.

"Be on your guard, dear Signora Panoria," he said; "I hear that plots are being secretly and silently organized. They say the Royalists are about to rise. Certainly, I am far from suspecting citizen Permon of engaging in any conspiracy, for I HAVE PLEDGED MY WORD FOR HIM. But others, dear citizen, will suspect that his wish to remain secluded arises from the desire to conceal some culpable design from scrutinizing eyes. Prevail on him to mix a little more with society; you always had an attractive house. Why should not your drawing-room at Toulouse be as it was in Paris?"

My mother showed this letter to my father, who at length saw the danger of exciting toward us the attention of suspicious authority. My mother knew already almost everybody in Toulouse, and our home was speedily one of the gayest in the town. By a singular chance my mother found in Toulouse one of her cousins, from Corsica, whom I used to call my aunt. Mademoiselle Stephanopoli had married M. de Saint Ange, a distinguished naval officer, who, having quitted the service at the breaking out of the Revolution, purchased at Saint Michel de Lunez, near Castlenaudary, an ancient *château*, formerly belonging to the Polignacs. There he resided with his wife and seven lovely children. Madame de Saint Ange and my mother were delighted to meet again. Mademoiselle Stephanopoli was, like my mother, the friend of Lætitia Bonaparte.

"Well, Panoria," said she one day, "you see one of Lætitia Ramolini's sons has made his way in the world. That young man is likely to become a General of Division. I confess that I should not have expected it, for Joseph was the one I thought would raise up the family. And the Archdeacon——"

"Oh! do not mention the Archdeacon," exclaimed my mother; "I was tired of hearing his name before we left Corsica."

"But, *figlia mia*," replied my aunt, who was as lively as a girl of fifteen, "though the Archdeacon is no favorite of yours he is nevertheless a person of great importance in the Bonaparte family. I think with him that Joseph is the flower of the flock. He is so handsome and so well bred. Napoleon is downright ugly, *figlia mia;* as

stupid as a mule, and very ill-behaved — though he is your *protégé, figlia mia!*"

"Ah, cousin," replied my mother, "I see he has done something to offend you, and, like a true Corsican, you will not forgive him." My aunt laughed. The fact was, Bonaparte had offended her only a few months previously. I will relate how.

At that period almost everyone endeavored to increase the little fortune they might have saved from the wreck. Few were such fools as to be too proud to do this. My aunt found that she might earn some money by transmitting to the ports of Provence goods for the Corsican market, and bartering them for others. Some time after the siege of Toulon she sent to Marseilles cloth and linen to be shipped for Calvi. Her agent, however, wrote to acquaint her that the English maintained the blockade with such vigilance that he was unable to effect the transmission of the goods.

"Take my advice," added he, "and dispose of your goods either at Toulon, at Antibes, or at Nice. There are troops at those places, two-thirds of whom, to my knowledge, have not shirts to their backs. Your cloth is good in quality and reasonable in price;* therefore it will sell well. You know General Bonaparte; write to him, and you will, I make no doubt, realize fifty per cent profit."

My aunt saw that the project would answer; she therefore addressed a letter to Bonaparte, which she took care to write in Italian, sprinkled here and there with a few Corsican words, with the view of reminding him of his country and his friends. This done, she sent the packet under the care of an old domestic of her father, who had settled in the environs of Marseilles.

This man was a Corsican, named Bartolomeo Peraldi. He knew all the Bonaparte family, and of course Napoleon among the rest. The General's epaulettes did not intimidate Peraldi, and having delivered to him the letter from the Signora Catalina, he seated himself without any ceremony. Though it was early in the morning, and in the midst of winter, Bonaparte was up and dressed, booted, spurred, and ready equipped to mount his horse.

*It was made in the Château of Saint Michel; my aunt and cousins spun the hemp and the flax.

Bartolomeo, who surveyed the General with a scrutinizing eye, remarked that Bonaparte's countenance underwent a sensible change while he read Madame Saint Ange's letter. First an ironical smile played over his features, then his forehead lowered into a frown, and surveying Bartolomeo, he said, "What is all this nonsense?" These words were spoken in French, and in so high a tone that it seemed he wished them to be heard by two officers who were in the next apartment. Bartolomeo perceived Bonaparte's design, and felt a little nettled. He replied in Italian, though he could speak French very well, "Signor Napoleon, I do not understand you. You know that in Corsica we poor devils speak only our *patois*, as you call it here. Do me then the favor to speak to me in our dear native tongue."

Bonaparte surveyed the man with a look of surprise. "I left Corsica too young to be able to express myself easily in Italian," said Napoleon, turning on his heel; "besides, I see no necessity to speak your *patois* as you rightly term it, for Signora Catalina tells me in her letter that you have been living for fifteen years on the coast of Provence." "*Si, signor*," replied Bartolomeo. "Surely, then, you can speak French," said Bonaparte, with impatience. "What do you mean by this insolence, fellow?"

Peraldi was now a little confused, but speedily resuming his confidence, and putting on his red and blue bonnet, which he had taken off on his entrance, he addressed Bonaparte in the following words: "There is no need for all this jesting and calling me such names, M. Napoleoncino. Tell me what answer I am to take to the Signora Kalli." Bonaparte darted at him an inquiring glance. "Yes, sir, the Signora Catalina and the Signora Kalli are both the same. In short, Madame de Saint Ange. What am I to tell her?" "Know you the contents of this letter?" demanded the General, pointing to my aunt's epistle, which lay on the table at his side. Bartolomeo nodded assent. "Then," rejoined Bonaparte angrily, and in a very loud tone, "you are more impudent than I thought you. Here," continued he, addressing the officers in the next room, "this fellow has brought me a packet from one of my countrywomen, who wants

me to get some trumpery cloth sold to the Republic. It is true she allows me a commission. Here, pray read the letter, citizens." So saying, he took my aunt's letter, to which there was attached a small bit of paper, with patterns of the cloth and linen, and their prices marked. "You see," continued he, "that she offers me the piece marked No. 2 as a bribe, and if she seduce me, it will not be, as you perceive, by the splendor of the present."

The two young officers laughed immoderately when they looked on the pattern, which was coarse and brown, and scarcely fit for soldiers' shirts. I cannot conceive what my poor aunt was thinking of when she offered such a present to Napoleon. "Begone!" said he angrily to Bartolomeo; "it is lucky for you that you are only the bearer of this impudent message! Begone, I say!"

"I am going — I am going! Good God! what a piece of work! And all for what? Because good Madame de Saint Ange has sent him a few ells of cloth to make him half a dozen shirts. Eh! I have seen the day, and not long ago either," continued he, all at once changing his language, and speaking in good French — "I have seen the day when the half of this piece of cloth would have been gladly accepted by your mother, General Bonaparte, to make shifts for your sisters, though now they have the finest that can be procured in Marseilles — and not much to the credit of one of them." These last words he muttered between his teeth and then withdrew.

Napoleon was afterward sorry for having shown so much ill humor in this foolish affair. I am sure he never pardoned Bartolomeo Peraldi for the lesson he gave him before two officers, who, as they did not belong to his corps, conceived they had no reason to keep the secret.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Fair of Beaucaire — Atrocities Committed in the South — Mutilated Women — Short Stay at Bordeaux — Decline of My Father's Health — Return to Paris — Our Hôtel Rue de la Loi — Domiciliary Visit — My Father's Illness — Bonaparte's Daily Calls on My Parents — Commotions in Paris — The Convention and the Sections — The 13th Vendémiaire — Bonaparte at My Mother's on the 14th, and Their Conversation — Death of My Father.

TARASCON and Beaucaire are, as everybody knows, separated only by the Rhone, and the houses of the two towns line either bank of the river. On seeing those narrow streets, those houses with high Gothic gables, those windows with small sashes and close lattices, the irregular pavement formed of large flints from the river, you fancy yourself in the Middle Ages; for there is nothing about Beaucaire that reminds you of the age in which we are living.

The fair of Beaucaire is one of the most celebrated in Europe; it is on a par with those of Frankfort and Leipsic. Its originality is one of the causes that draw thither so many customers. The merchant of Bagdad there sets up his booth beside the manufacturer of London; the trader of Astracan repairs thither to deal with the weaver of Lyons; and the pearl fisher of the coast of Coromandel does business with the jeweler of Paris, through the medium of the garlic merchant of Marseilles. This may appear extraordinary at first sight, but it is nevertheless a fact; and whoever has been to the fair of Beaucaire will recollect the immense heaps of garlic.*

Had I not been formerly at the fair of Beaucaire I could not say that I knew anything about it, for this year was the first since the Revolution had overthrown all the customs of this kind; accordingly, signs of it were to be seen in the singular arrangement of the shops and goods. From the fear with which they displayed their

*They are from fifteen to twenty feet high, and proportionably wide at the base. The sum put into circulation for this commodity alone is estimated at upward of 600,000 francs, or about £24,000; at least, so I have been assured by the inhabitants of the town.

stuffs and exhibited their precious stones, you would have imagined that they dreaded a reaction, and were afraid lest their merchandise should become the property of others without the formality of a sale.

The South was actually in such a state as to excite great uneasiness in those who were merely traveling through it, and who could not hope for any aid from justice and the laws, since both were then absolutely powerless, in case they were attacked by one of those unruly parties which drenched the earth with blood by their quarrels and combats, and by assassinations. These parties assumed all colors, all watchwords were alike to them, and the most atrocious cruelty, the most refined horrors — if I may be allowed the expression — presided over these acts of cannibals, under pretext of avenging the province for the evils inflicted by the days of terror. They fancied that with blood they could wipe away blood — strange baptism! Women, aged men, and children had been thrown from the tops of the towers of the castles of Tarascon. In a cavity formed by the rocks, a little below the town of Beaucaire, we saw the mutilated bodies of two women, whom the current had carried into that cavern. There they remained, and the wind at times wafted from the spot a stench that made one sick at heart.

We stopped at Beaucaire no longer than was necessary to see the singular assemblage which the fair brought together. On this occasion, to my great regret, the *tarasque* was not paraded about as usual; it was justly apprehended that, at a moment when popular effervescence had reached the highest pitch, this procession might be attended with fatal consequences. The precise origin of the *tarasque* is not known, and the manner in which it is conducted throws no light upon this ceremony; still, like the beast of the Gevaudan, it must have had for its primary cause the destruction of some mischievous and dangerous animal.

The remembrance of it is thus perpetuated at Beaucaire: an immense machine of wickerwork, covered with oilcloth, and held together by large strong hoops, is shaped like a dragon or some other fantastic beast; this machine, from twenty to twenty-five feet long, is filled by a party of young men appointed by the town, when

the ceremony of the *tarasque* is decided upon. It was an honor to be admitted into this number. When they were in this strange sort of vehicle they set off, and, darting away at full speed, ran about the town, upsetting everything before them. Woe to the blind and the slow-motioned whom they encounter — they are sure to be thrown down. I saw this exhibition a few years afterward, and I must confess that I fancied myself among a people of maniacs. It is seldom that it is not productive of serious accidents.

On leaving Beaucaire we returned to Bordeaux. The news which my mother received from my father gave us so much uneasiness as to prevent our compliance with the wishes of several of our friends, who earnestly begged us to go to Marseilles, to Avignon, and to Arles. We returned by the same road we had come, stopping only at Toulouse and Castlenaudary, whence we proceeded to my aunt Saint Ange. We found her still a model for her sex; her virtue had so sincere a character that you were forced to admire it, and this feeling was experienced by all who approached her. My mother, as I have observed, was tenderly attached to her; but, as she herself said laughingly, she could never come up to her, if she must, for that purpose, rise at four in the morning and "eat leg of goose more than four times a year."

"If your virtue could permit you to rise at nine, and not eat so much salt, I could accommodate myself to it well enough, cousin; if you will agree to that, I will come hither with Loulou, and we will be your best workpeople."

"*Altro, altro, figlia mia,*" replied my aunt lifting my mother as she would have taken up a feather. "Let us each go on in our own way."

Dear and admirable woman! I saw her subsequently, when I dwelt in a palace. "Are you happier now than when you went with your cousins to strip the mulberry trees when you were a girl?" asked she, on seeing me come home at five o'clock to dress in haste, having scarcely time to kiss my children and get into my carriage again to perform what were called duties. I had a place at Court.

On leaving Saint Michel de Lunez we proceeded to

Bordeaux. My father awaited us at the Hôtel Fumele, where he had provided apartments for us. Prepared as we were by the accounts of Laudois and M. Emilhaud for the change in my father, we were shocked on seeing him. His paleness, his emaciation, his dim eyes, and his tremulous voice, everything about him indicated a person struck by death. His character had retained that gloomy and melancholy hue which tinged it at Toulouse. The solitude in which he had persisted in living had proved fatal to him.

Our meeting dispelled for a few hours that sullen reverie in which he was always plunged; but he soon relapsed, and seemed to attach no importance to the flight of Salicetti; but, after listening to our narrative of the manner in which we had saved him, he smiled with most expressive bitterness, and said to my mother: "You could do no less than offer him everything; it was not fit that he should accept, still less ask for anything."

When he was informed of the conduct of Bonaparte, it made such an impression upon him that he rose from his chair and paced the room several times without uttering a word, but with visible emotion. At length he returned to his seat, and taking my mother by the hand, "My dear," said he, "this conduct is admirable." This admission was a good deal for my father; for I never knew a person more sparing of commendation. "I said the same thing to Salicetti," said my mother, "and what answer do you think he gave me? 'Would you, then, have had him deliver me up?' said he to me contemptuously." My father shrugged his shoulders.

"I have almost always seen," he said, "that persons who regard noble and generous conduct in others as the simplest thing in the world, were themselves the most incapable of it."

My parents, having finished all their business, left Bordeaux at the beginning of September, 1795, and directed their course toward Paris with the intention of settling there again. We arrived the 4th of the same month, and alighted at the Hôtel l'Autriche, Rue de la Loi. My brother hastened to join us as soon as he knew of our arrival. He was deeply grieved on perceiving the state of my poor father, who was so fatigued with the journey as to be almost dying when we reached Paris.

Our physician, M. Duchannois, was sent for; he required a consultation. Two days afterward my poor father was very ill. A dangerous fever was superadded to his previous sufferings This was too much.

General Bonaparte, apprised by my brother, came immediately to see us. He appeared to be affected by the state of my father, who, though in great pain, insisted on seeing him. He came every day, and in the morning he sent or called himself to inquire how he had passed the night. I cannot recollect his conduct at that period without sincere gratitude. He informed us that Paris was in such a state as must necessarily lead to a convulsion.

The Convention, by incessantly repeating to the people that it was their master, had taught them the answer which they now made it in their turn. The Sections were in almost avowed insurrection. The Section Lepelletier, wherein we resided, was the most turbulent, and in fact the most to be dreaded; its orators did not scruple to deliver the most incendiary speeches. They asserted that the power of the assembled people was above the laws. "Matters are getting from bad to worse," said Bonaparte; "the counter-revolution will shortly break forth, and it will become the source of fresh disasters."

As I have said, Napoleon came every day; he dined with us, and passed the evening in the drawing-room, chatting in a low tone beside the easychair of my mother, who, worn out with fatigue, dozed for a few moments to recruit her strength, for she never quitted my father's pillow. I recollect that one evening, my father being very ill, my mother was weeping and in great tribulation. It was ten o'clock. At that time it was impossible to induce any of the servants of the hotel to go out after nine.

Bonaparte said nothing. He ran downstairs and posted away to Duchannois, whom he brought back with him in spite of his objections. The weather was dreadful; the rain poured in torrents. Bonaparte had not been able to meet with a hackney-coach to go to M. Duchannois; he was soaked through. Yes, indeed, at that period Bonaparte had a heart susceptible of attachment!

Meanwhile we became more and more alarmed every day by the dangers which manifested themselves around us. Paris rang with the tumult of the factions, which drew the sword, and each hoisted its standard. Against the Convention, then the only real authority, were arrayed the Sections, which for some days past had declared war against it. Our Section in particular was in full insurrection. Paris resembled a garrison town. The Sections had even a military organization. At night we heard the sentries calling to and answering one another, as in a besieged town; the strictest search was made for arms and ammunition; and the Section was furnished with lists of all the men capable of bearing arms. This measure even occasioned a distressing incident of which our house was the scene.

On the 2d of October, at two in the afternoon, my father was dozing a little. He had been exhausted by the effects of an emetic, and we had taken the greatest precautions to prevent his being disturbed by any noise. The doors were all at once thrown open, and three men, talking loudly, stamping with their feet to make someone hear, and having the manners of porters, entered the apartment, followed rather than conducted by the master of the hotel, who was a worthy, excellent man.

"What a deal of ceremony!" exclaimed one of these wretches with horrid oaths; "and why cannot we go into this room?" "Because there is a sick person in it," said my mother, coming forward to meet him, and shutting the double door of my father's bedroom, for it was necessary to spare him any emotion of this kind. "And who is this sick person?" inquired the same man, with an inflection of voice which showed that he did not believe a word that was said. "My husband." "Your husband. And why," said he, turning over the leaves of a stitched book which he carried with him, "has not your husband given in his name to the Section? He is, in fact, inserted in the list of arrivals at the hotel, but we have not seen him. What is the meaning of this conduct, at a moment when the nation needs all its defenders?" "And pray who are you," asked my mother, "who come thus to annoy my family? Do you belong to the Convention?" "I have probably sufficient author-

ity to talk to you as I do; but answer my question, and tell me why your husband has not been to the Section?»

My mother was going to cut him short, when the master of the hotel made her a sign which restrained her. «My husband was so ill on his arrival,» replied she, «that he took to his bed immediately, as the master of the house can certify.» The keeper of the hotel confirmed my mother's assertion, adding some civil words. The man of the Section then looked at the book.

«Why, I see,» said he, «that he arrived on the 28th of Fructidor (September 15), that is nineteen days ago. What sort of illness is it? I should have had time to die and come to life again three times over; but that is nothing to the point; where is this citizen Permon? I must see him.» «I have already told you that he is ill, citizen.» «It is no time to be ill, when the country itself is in danger. Come, open the door.» «You are either a madman or a monster!» exclaimed my mother, placing herself before the door of my father's room. «Wretch! stir not a step farther, or the consequences be upon your own head.»

At this sharp address the man receded a few steps: my mother's look must have frightened him as much as he had alarmed her. While he hesitated, my mother told me in Greek to go immediately through the other room to my father, and endeavor to counteract the effect which this noise must have had upon him. I found my father much disturbed at the tumult which he had heard; the very cries of the sentries, after dark, had already alarmed him.

The nurse, who had not dared to leave him, told me that for above a quarter of an hour he had been wanting to know what this noise was about. I told him that it was a man belonging to the Section, who had come to set him down in the lists of the National Guard, but that on being informed of his illness he had desisted. I was induced to say so, because I heard no further altercation. My father looked steadfastly at me. «Is that quite true?» he asked. Knowing that a true account of this scene would be liable to cause a fatal crisis, I answered in the affirmative, and my mother's maid, who heard the whole, came in and supported me. My father did not believe it. I heard him utter the words, «Wretches! my poor coun-

try!" At length he asked for my mother. I went to fetch her, but in what a state did I find her!

For some years past my mother had been subject to nervous paroxysms, of a character the more alarming inasmuch as she never lost her consciousness, but continued in a dreadfully convulsed state for one or two hours. At such times she disliked to have anybody about her. On reaching the drawing-room I found her in tears, and in one of the most violent spasms.

General Bonaparte was with her, endeavoring to soothe her; he would not call anyone, for fear of alarming my father. I hastened to bring a draught, which my mother always took in these fits, and which immediately calmed her. I rubbed her hands — I took her to the fire; and she was soon able to go to my father, who began to be extremely uneasy because she did not come.

General Bonaparte told me that on his arrival he found her on the point of attacking the assistant of the Section, to prevent his entering my father's chamber: fortunately, there was a double door. "I should be glad to spare your mother such scenes," said he. "I have not much influence; nevertheless, when I leave you, I will go myself to the Section; I will see the president, if possible, and settle the business at once. Paris is in a violent convulsion, especially since this morning. It is necessary to be very cautious in everything one does and in all one says. Your brother must not go out any more. Attend strictly to this, Mademoiselle Laurette, for your poor mother is in a sad state."

This was a dreadful night for my father. The disease made rapid progress, increased as it was by all that he heard, and that we could not keep from his knowledge. The next morning the drums were beat in the Section Lepelletier: it was impossible for us to deceive him in regard to that sound, with which he was but too well acquainted; and when M. Duchannois called to see him, he no longer concealed from us the danger of his situation.

My poor father perceived it before M. Duchannois had uttered a word: no doubt he felt it too. Be this as it may, he desired to see M. Brunetière, and M. Renaudot, his notary. They were sent for. The streets were already very unsafe, and those gentlemen were not to be

found. M. Brunetière was not in Paris, and M. Renaudot was from home. The tumult became very great at dusk: the theaters were nevertheless open. Indeed, we are a nation of lunatics!

On the morning of the 12th, Bonaparte, who had called according to custom, appeared to be lost in thought: he went out, came back, went out again, and again returned when we were at our dessert. I recollect that he ate a bunch of grapes, and took a large cup of coffee. "I breakfasted very late," said he, "at ——.* They talked politics there till I was quite tired of the subject. I will try to learn the news, and if I hear anything interesting I will come and tell you."

We did not see him again. The night was stormy, especially in our Section. The whole Rue de la Loi was studded with bayonets. General d'Agneau, who commanded the Sections, had called to see someone in the next house to ours, and one of the officers who were with him had expressed the most hostile disposition. Barricades were already erected in our street, but some officers of the National Guard ordered them to be removed.

The National Guard was the principal force of the Sections. Its grenadiers and its chasseurs, shopkeepers, and a few private individuals belonging to the party, these were the elements opposed to the troops of the line commanded by experienced generals such as Brune, Berruyer, Montchoisy, Verdier, and lastly Bonaparte.

On the morning of the 13th my father was very ill. It was impossible to expect M. Duchannois; our gratitude was the more ardent when we saw him arrive. He stayed nearly an hour with us: in anticipation of what might happen, he left directions as to what was to be done in case he should be out of the way when wanted; but he did not conceal from my brother and myself the effect which the events in preparation were likely to have on our unfortunate father.

"A few days ago," said he, "I began to have fresh hopes; but the affair of the day before yesterday, of which he was informed by his nurse" (the silly creature had related it to him after my departure, for the purpose of diverting his mind), "has brought on the fever again with redoubled violence. I dare not indulge the hope

*I believe it was at Bourrienne's, but I am not sure.

that he will be insensible to the commotion about to take place."

For some hours we flattered ourselves that matters would be adjusted between the Convention and the rebels; but about half-past four the firing of cannon began. Scarcely was the first discharge heard before it was answered from all quarters. The effect on my poor father was terrible and immediate. He gave a piercing shriek, called for assistance, and was seized with the most violent delirium.

To no purpose did we administer the draughts prescribed for him by M. Duchannois. All the scenes of the Revolution passed in review before him, and every discharge that he heard was a blow as if it struck him personally. What a day! what an evening! what a night! Every pane of glass was broken to pieces. Toward evening the Section fell back upon our quarter: the fighting was continued almost under our windows; but when it had reached Saint Roch, and particularly the Théâtre de la République, we imagined that the house was tumbling about our ears.

My father was in the agonies of death: he cried aloud; he wept. Never — no, never — shall I suffer what I did during that terrible night! When we heard barricades forming in the Rue de la Loi, we gave ourselves up for lost. Patrols passed to and fro in all directions: they belonged to all parties; for, in truth, on that disastrous day there were more than two.

We were forced to tell my father all. We had at first thought of passing it off as a festival, as salutes of rejoicing. As he was exceedingly debilitated by his long and painful illness, we should perhaps have made him believe this, but for the indiscretion of his nurse; in short, he knew all. I loved my father with extreme affection; I adored my mother. I saw one expiring from the effect of the thunders of the cannon; while the other, extended on the foot of his deathbed, seemed ready to follow him.

Next day tranquillity was restored, we were told, in Paris. It was then that we could perceive the havoc which a few hours had made in the condition of my father. M. Duchannois came in the morning. My father wished to speak to him alone. He then desired my mother

to be sent for. Suddenly I heard a violent scream. I ran to my father's chamber: my mother was in one of her most dreadful nervous paroxysms. She motioned to me to call Josephine, her maid, to take her away. Her face, always so beautiful, was quite distorted. Till that day she had flattered herself: her hopes had just been utterly destroyed.

I can scarcely give any account of the 14th. My father's state, which hourly grew worse, left me no other faculty than that of suffering and trying to impart a little fortitude to my poor mother. Toward evening Bonaparte came for a moment; he found me in tears. When he learned the cause his cheerful and open countenance suddenly changed.

"I should like to see Madame Permon," said he. I was going to fetch my mother, who entered at that moment; she knew no more than I how important a part Bonaparte had played on that great day. "Oh!" said my mother, weeping, "they have killed him. You, Napoleon, can feel for my distress! Do you recollect that, on the first of Prairial, when you came to sup with me, you told me that you had just prevented Barras from bombarding Paris? Do you recollect it? For my part," continued she, "I have not forgotten it."

I never knew what effect this address had on Bonaparte; many persons have alleged that he always regretted that day. Be this as it may, he was exceedingly kind to my mother in these moments of affliction, though himself in circumstances that could not but outweigh all other interests: he was like a son, like a brother.

My poor father languished for two more days. We lost him on the 17th of Vendémiaire.* To me he was more than a father: he was a friend, such as friendship very rarely furnishes — indulgent without weakness. My brother was overwhelmed with grief. He, too, had lost a friend still young in my father. He had been educated by him, and owed him a large debt of gratitude for having been so brought up. As for my mother, she was long inconsolable, in the real signification of the word; she had that affection for my father which causes one to mourn sincerely the loss of the person who has been the object of it.

* 8th of October, 1795.

CHAPTER XVII.

My Mother's House in the Chaussée d'Antin — Great Change in the Situation of Bonaparte — Ammunition Bread — Dreadful Dearth — Charities Bestowed by Bonaparte — The Dead Child, and the Slater's Widow — Comparison between Former Fashions and Those of the Republic.

MY BROTHER, as soon as he was certain of our definitive return to Paris, had set about seeking a house where we could all live together, and where we might be able to accommodate my sister when she should come to Paris. All these plans were destined to be cruelly frustrated. As soon as our new habitation was ready my mother hastened to leave the Hôtel de l'Autriche, to escape the painful recollections which are inseparable from a residence in a place where a distressing event has recently occurred. The house to which we removed was situated in the Chaussée d'Antin; it was the small hotel, or rather the small house (everybody knows that all the houses in this part of the Chaussée d'Antin were nothing more, anterior to the Revolution) of M. de Varnachan, formerly a farmer-general of taxes; it was commodious, and its small appearance was a recommendation at a time when all were striving to make as little show as possible, and to conceal their wealth.

We now learned with astonishment the good fortune which had befallen Bonaparte. My mother, absorbed by her grief, had not a thought to bestow on any singularity which the conduct of the young General might present when compared with his own words; she even saw him again without having the inclination to remind him of it. For the rest, a great change had taken place in Bonaparte, and the change in regard to attention to his person was not the least remarkable. One of the things to which my mother had a particular dislike was the smell of wet dirty boots put to the fire to dry; to her this smell was so unpleasant that she frequently left the room, and did not return till the boots had been thoroughly dried and removed from the fire; but this was followed

by another, namely, the creaking noise produced by the dry sole, to which I also have a great antipathy.

In those disastrous times, when it was a matter of luxury to ride in a hackney-coach, it may easily be conceived that those who had but sufficient to pay the price of a dinner did not take great delight in splashing others, retained sufficient philosophy to soil their shoes or boots by walking. My mother admitted the justice of the remark, but she nevertheless held her perfumed handkerchief to her nose whenever Bonaparte placed his little feet upon the fender. He at length perceived this, and, being at that time exceedingly afraid of displeasing my mother, he would prevail upon our maid to brush his boots before he came in. These trifling details, which are nothing in themselves, become interesting when we recollect the man to whom they relate.

After the 13th of Vendémiaire (4th of October) muddy boots were out of the question. Bonaparte never went out but in a handsome carriage, and he lived in a very respectable house, Rue des Capucines. In short, he had become a necessary and important personage, and all as if by magic; he came every day to see us, with the same kindness and the same familiarity; sometimes, but very rarely, he brought along with him one of his aids-de-camp, either Junot or Muiron; at other times his uncle Fesch, a man of the mildest manners and most even temper.

One of the persons who came very often with Bonaparte was named Chauvet. I do not recollect precisely what he was, but this I know, that Bonaparte was very fond of him, and that he was a man of gentle disposition and very ordinary conversation.

At this period famine prevailed in Paris in a greater degree than anywhere else: there was a real want of bread, and other kinds of provisions began no longer to find their way to the city. This was the effect of a plan of insurrection. The distress was dreadful. The discredit of the assignats increased with the general misery. Laboring people ceased to work, and died in their garrets, or went and joined the bands of robbers and vagabonds which began to collect in the provinces. In Paris itself we were not free from them.

Bonaparte was at that time of great assistance to us.

We had white bread for our own consumption; but our servants had only that of the Section, and this was unwholesome and barely eatable. Bonaparte sent us daily some ammunition bread, which we very often ate with great pleasure. I know not what Madame de Bourrienne means when she talks of a circumstance connected with a loaf of this sort, which happened at her house; but this I can affirm, because Bonaparte thought fit to associate me with himself in the good which he did, that at the period in question he saved more than a hundred families from perishing.

He caused wood and bread to be distributed among them at their own homes: this his situation enabled him to do. I have been charged by him to give these bounties to more than ten unfortunate families who were starving. Most of them lived in the Rue Saint Nicolas, very near our house. That street was then inhabited only by the most indigent people: whoever has not ascended to their garrets can have no conception of real wretchedness.

One day, when Bonaparte came to dine with my mother, he was stopped on alighting from his carriage by a woman who held a dead infant in her arms. It was the youngest of her six children. Her husband, a slater by trade, had been accidentally killed, three months before, while at work on the roof of the Tuileries. Nearly two months' wages were due to him. His widow could not obtain payment. Her poor little infant had just expired from want of nourishment; it was not yet cold. She saw a man whose dress was covered with gold, alight at our door almost every day, and came to ask him for bread, "that her other children might not share the fate of the youngest," she said; "and if nobody will give me anything, I must even take them all five and drown myself with them."

This was not an unmeaning expression, for suicides were then daily occurrences; indeed, nothing was talked of but tragic deaths. Be this as it may, Bonaparte that day came into my mother's with a look of sadness, which he retained all dinner time. He had, for the moment, given a few assignats to the unhappy woman. After we had left the table he begged my mother to cause some inquiry to be made concerning her. I undertook the office. All she said was true; and,

moreover, this poor mother was an honest and virtuous woman.

Bonaparte, in the first place, obtained payment of the arrears due to her husband, and a little pension was afterward granted to her. Her name was Marianne Huvé. She lived for a long time near our house. She had four girls, whom she brought up like a good mother. Two of them frequently came to do needlework for us: they always expressed the most profound gratitude to THE GENERAL, as they called him. If I have been so particular in this story, which is of little importance in itself, it is for the purpose of exhibiting this fact in opposition to that recorded by Madame Bourrienne, with reference to a dinner at her house, at which Bonaparte and his brother Louis were present.

It was some time before we were quite settled. My mother was quiet enough when she was in furnished lodgings, and a mere bird of passage, as it were, in a town; but when a permanent establishment was in question she became of all women the most difficult to please. She had formed a plan for furnishing her house half Asiatic, half French, which was the most delightful of inventions. She had already written to Leghorn for the carpets.

Notwithstanding my youth, my brother talked to me on a subject which could no longer be put off. This was our situation: it was frightful. The seals were removed; my father's papers were examined; nothing was found. My father had left absolutely no money.

"Left nothing!" said I to my brother; "and the money carried to England?" "There is no memorandum of it, no trace whatever. My father, since he came to Bordeaux, always paid for everything; he had money for current expenses. On removing to Paris he did not say a word to Brunetière. My mother, as you well know, never talked to him about money matters. As for me, if he said nothing about them in England, he was not more communicative here." My mother was my first thought. "Good God! Albert," said I, "she will not survive it: this state of destitution will put an end to her life!"

My brother and I then agreed to conceal from my mother, at least for some time, the dreadful state of our

affairs. We had still something in the Funds and some ready money. My brother had also some of his own, given to him by my father, that he might make the most of it. At that period everybody tried this method of making money. «Bonaparte is attached to us,» said my brother; «he will get me an appointment. All that I earn shall be for my mother and you; but for the present let us conceal from her what has happened; she has no need of new afflictions.»

When the political troubles broke out, and my father proposed to place his fortune beyond the reach of danger, he spoke to my mother, in confidence, on the subject. My mother received the communication in like manner, without comprehending anything of the matter; only at my father's death she made sure that, after the payment of my sister's dowry, we should have a decent fortune left; but as she had brought no dowry herself, she did not expect any share in the division of the property. «My children,» said she to us, «I had nothing when your father married me; to him I owe everything; of course, all is yours. Only,» added she, with her winning smile, holding out her arms to us, «you will give me a place by your fireside?»

It was no easy matter to complete my mother's establishment. She would not have thought herself properly lodged had she not possessed a number of accessories unknown at the present day, notwithstanding the catalogue of gewgaws which people agree to call curiosities. Removed to France at the conclusion of the reign of Louis XV., my mother had begun a new existence amid numberless luxuries, habits which had become for her wants of a second nature. Never had the French been more inventive than at that period; never had all sorts of gratifications of sense been so multiplied, in order to surround woman with their refined elegance. We fancy that we have made improvements in this way, and we are egregiously mistaken: a lady who had an income of forty thousand livres fifty years ago lived better than one at the present day who expends two hundred thousand. All that she then had about her cannot be enumerated: there was a profusion of charming trifles, the very uses of which are lost, and for which we have no substitutes.

The establishment of a lady of fashion never comprised fewer than two *femmes de chambre*, and almost always a *valet de chambre* for indoor service. A bath was indispensable, for an elegant woman did not pass two days without bathing; and then there were perfumes in abundance; the finest cambrics, the most costly laces for every season were on the toilet table, or in the amber-scented baskets in which the articles requisite for the toilet of a wealthy female were in the first instance deposited. This folly extended to everything.

The furnishing also constituted a material item in the expenses of a woman. The apartments were expected to be very cool, very fragrant with flowers in summer, and very warm in winter. As soon as the cold weather set in, Aubusson carpets, several inches thick, were laid down. A lady, on retiring at night to her bedchamber, found it warmed by a large fire; long draperies fell before the double windows; and the bed, surrounded by thick and ample curtains, was an asylum where she might prolong her night without danger of having her slumbers broken by the return of day.

When my mother was settled in her new habitation she took delight in arranging every object, and in furnishing her bedroom and drawing-room according to her own fancy. In vain did her upholsterer recommend kerseymere and muslin; she told him that she did not wish to look like the wife of a contractor to the Republic, who made up into furniture the bad cloth which he had not been able to dispose of.

I recollect that long after this time much was said in Paris of a house which Bertaud, I believe, had just fitted up. It was, we were told, the wonder of wonders. People went to see it without being known to the owner of the house. My mother, who was annoyed by this, one day told Admiral Magon, one of our intimate friends, that she was determined to go and see the house in question. The owner was his banker; the thing, therefore, was easy. We chose a day when the beautiful mistress was absent, and the Admiral escorted us. I was lost in astonishment; and I must confess that I admired both the taste and arrangement of all I saw; but my mother had no mercy. She looked round the apartment for those things which constitute the charm

of our dwellings, and which are strewn in orderly disorder over the furniture of the room. The value of these objects ought to make you forgive their presence. Thus a Chinese basket of ivory will contain female work. Scissors and thimble will lie beside it. These must be of gold, surrounded with enamel or fine pearls. "Rich smelling bottles, beautiful *nécessaires*, ought all to be here," said my mother. "Of course this room is never inhabited."

When we had reached home, I was astonished that, on finding myself in our own convenient habitation, I did not regret the fairy palace which I had just seen. As for my mother, it was never possible to make her confess that this house was an admirable thing. "It is a pretty knickknack, and that is all," she would reply. But when she was told what it had cost, she was ready to jump out of her easy-chair.

"I would fit up twenty houses like that," cried she, "and you should see what a difference there would be. What matters it to luxury, ornament, and convenience, to all those things indispensable in the furnishing and fitting-up of a habitation, that the furniture of a *salon*, in which you never live, should be of rosewood or mahogany? Would it not be better if the money which those armchairs have cost had been employed in giving them a richer cover and a new shape, since they must have one, and in rendering them more commodious, and not likely to break one's arms?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

My Mother's Mourning — Decline of Her Health — A Box at the Feydeau Prescribed by the Physician — Bonaparte Accompanies My Mother to the Play — Singular Overtures of Bonaparte to My Mother — He Proposes Three Marriages between the Two Families — My Mother Refuses to Marry Bonaparte — Stephanopoli, a Relative of My Mother's — Sharp Altercation between My Mother and Bonaparte — Definitive Rupture — Marriage of Bonaparte — He Is Appointed to the Command of the Army of Italy.

MY MOTHER'S mourning was deep: etiquette required absolute solitude, which preyed daily more and more upon her naturally delicate health. M. Duchannois told her one day that, in the circumstances in which she was placed, decorum might require her not to go into company, but that she ought to take some amusement. In consequence, he recommended her to hire a box at one of the theaters, and to go to it in the most profound incognito; she might listen to good music, surrounded by friends; and their attentions, and her soul wrapped in a soft lethargy, would cause her to forget her griefs for a few hours at least. My mother accordingly took a box at the Feydeau, where she passed an hour or two every evening. Bonaparte never missed coming thither. He was not fond of French music, and, to confess the truth, the notes of Madame Scio and Gaveaux-Bouche* were not calculated to give him a liking for it.

About this time Bonaparte had a strange conference with my mother, so strange, indeed, that even to this day I cannot suppress a smile whenever I think of it. One day Bonaparte told my mother that he had to propose a marriage which should unite the two families. "It is," added he, "between Paulette and Permon. Permon has some fortune." (It was not then known that we had found nothing at my father's death.) "My sister has nothing, but I am in a condition to obtain much for those belonging to me, and I can get a good place for her husband. This alliance would make me happy. You know what a pretty girl my sister is. My mother

* He had a very wide mouth, and was so called to distinguish him from Gavaudan.

is your friend. Come, say 'Yes,' and the business shall be settled." My mother said neither yes nor no; she replied that my brother was of age, that she should not influence him either one way or the other, and that all depended on his own will.

Bonaparte confessed that Permon was so remarkable a young man that, though only twenty-five, he had maturity and abilities which would qualify him for public employments. Thus far what General Bonaparte said was natural and suitable. It related to a match between a young female of sixteen and a young man of twenty-five. This young man was supposed to possess an income of ten thousand livres; he had an agreeable person; painted like Vernet, whose pupil he was; played on the harp much better than Krumpholtz, his master; spoke English, Italian, and modern Greek, as well as French; wrote verses like an angel; transacted business with a facility and intelligence which distinguished him among those who were connected with him in the Army of the South. Such was the man whom Bonaparte demanded for his sister, a beautiful creature, it is true, and a good girl, but nothing more.

To all that I have just said of my brother might be added that he was the best of sons, exemplary in his duties as a member of society, as well as in those of a friend, a brother, and a kinsman. I shall perhaps be charged with letting my heart run away with my pen, and listening too much to its suggestions. No, I am not swayed by prejudice; what I say of my brother is nothing but the strictest truth. There are still left many of his friends, of his relatives, to whom he was a great benefactor; let them answer the appeal of such as have not known him, and who wish to learn whether my eulogy of him is true; and let them do it without being restrained by that silly and ridiculous vanity which frequently prevents people from acknowledging, "There is the man to whom I owe everything!"

Such, then, was my brother when Bonaparte proposed to my mother a match between him and Mademoiselle Pauline Bonaparte, called by her family and all her friends, "Pretty Paulette." This proposal he followed up by the plan of a second alliance between me and Louis or Jerome. "Jerome is younger than Laurette,"

said my mother, laughing. "Indeed, my dear Napoleon, you are acting the high priest to-day; you are marrying everybody, even in their teens."

Bonaparte laughed too, but with an air of embarassment. He admitted that when he got up that morning a marriage-breeze had blown upon him; and, to prove it, he added, kissing my mother's hand, that he had made up his mind to ask her to commence the union of the two families by a marriage between him and herself, as soon as a regard to decency would permit.

My mother has frequently related to me this extraordinary scene, so that I am as well acquainted with it as if I had been the principal actress in it. She eyed Bonaparte for some seconds with an astonishment bordering upon stupefaction; and then burst into so hearty a laugh that we heard her in the next room, where there were three or four of us.

Bonaparte was at first much vexed at this manner of receiving a proposal which appeared to him quite natural. My mother, who perceived it, hastened to explain herself, and told him that it was she, on the contrary, who in this affair played at least, in her own eyes, a perfectly ridiculous part.

"My dear Napoleon," said she, when she had done laughing, "let us talk seriously. You fancy you are acquainted with my age. The truth is, you know nothing about it. I shall not tell it you, because it is one of my little weaknesses. I shall merely say that I am old enough to be not only your mother, but Joseph's, too. Spare me this kind of joke; it distresses me, coming from you."

Bonaparte assured her, over and over again, that he was serious; that the age of the woman whom he should marry was indifferent to him, if, like herself, she did not appear to be past thirty; that he had maturely considered the proposal which he had just made to her; and he added these very remarkable words: "I am determined to marry. They want to give me a woman who is charming, good-tempered, agreeable, and who belongs to the Faubourg St. Germain. My Paris friends are in favor of this match. My old friends dissuade me from it. For my own part, I wish to marry, and what I propose to you suits me in many respects. Think about it."

My mother broke off the conversation, telling him laughingly, that for her own part she had no occasion to think any further; but, as to what concerned my brother, she would speak to him about it, and communicate his answer on the Tuesday following — it was then Saturday. She gave him her hand, and repeated, still laughing, that though she had some pretensions, they did not aspire so high as to conquer the heart of a man of twenty-six, and that she hoped their friendship would not be interrupted by this little affair.

"At any rate, think of it," said Bonaparte.

"Well, well, I will think of it," replied my mother, laughing as heartily as before.

I was too young to be made acquainted with this conversation at the time when it occurred. It was not till my marriage that my mother related to me the particulars here detailed. My brother made a note of this singular affair. Had Bonaparte's overtures been accepted, he would never have become what he afterward was.

When Junot heard of it he told us that the thing appeared less extraordinary to him than to us. About the 4th of October Bonaparte had got himself appointed to some committee of war: I know not what the appointment was, but it was no great thing. His plans, his schemes, had all one object, one direction, which tended toward the East. The name of Comnena might have a powerful interest for an imagination that was eminently creative; the name of Calomeros joined to that of Comnena might be of great service to him. "The great secret of all these matches lay in that idea," thought Junot; and I think so too.

A cousin of my mother, named Dimo Stephanopoli, had shortly before arrived from Corsica, and applied to her to assist him in obtaining employment and promotion. This carries me back to a period of which I cannot help having a disagreeable recollection, since it reminds me of an unpleasant scene, which set Bonaparte at variance forever with my mother — a circumstance which I cannot forbear deploring whenever the consequences of this circumstance, so simple in itself, occur to my memory.

It was, as I have said, on a Saturday that Bonaparte had the conversation which I have just detailed with my

mother. On the preceding Wednesday, when my mother had a party to dinner, she had spoken to General Bonaparte in behalf of her cousin Stephanopoli, begging that he would get him admitted into the Guard of the Convention. He was five feet nine inches high (French measure); his head was rather too small for that tall stature, but he had handsome features. In short, there was certainly not a regiment but would have been glad to make such an acquisition. This Bonaparte admitted when my mother remarked it, on introducing her cousin to him: he promised a speedy and, above all, a favorable answer.

On Friday my mother asked the General if he had thought of her recommendation. "You cannot doubt it," replied Bonaparte. "I have the promise of the Minister of War: there is but one step more to take, which I purpose doing to-morrow, and then I will bring you the commission."

The next day was the unlucky Saturday. My mother asked where was the commission; "for," said she, "I look upon it as MINE." He answered under the influence of what had just passed between them, and though there was no asperity in his words, still, he did not appear to be so well disposed as on the preceding day.

"Napoleon," said my mother laughingly, "there are two persons in you at this moment. Continue, I entreat you, to be the man whom I love and esteem, and, above all, do not let the other get the better of you." Bonaparte was at the table at this moment by the side of my mother. He frowned, and pushed his plate sharply from him. "Why be angry?" said my mother mildly.

"You mistake the real cause of my anger," replied Bonaparte. "I am angry with myself. This is Quintidi, and nothing done. But rely upon me for to-morrow." Out of delicacy my mother did not insist upon that day, though she had a good mind to do so. The same evening she spoke to my brother on the subject of the morning's conversation. My brother answered "No." Reasons foreign to these memoirs prevented his accepting the proposal.

On Monday morning General Bonaparte called to see my mother: he was on horseback, and surrounded by a numerous staff. He appeared in high spirits, and said a

number of amiable and even flattering things to my mother. That very morning Dimo Stephanopoli had written his cousin a long and ridiculous letter (I beg his pardon), in which he complained bitterly of the delay of his appointment, which he seemed to lay to the charge of my mother. At the moment when General Bonaparte was kissing her hand, and praising its whiteness, she snatched it from his with violence, and asked whether the commission was at last made out. The General replied that it was not, but that it was promised him for the MORROW.

This was an unlucky expression; my mother would not have been so much vexed by it if he had not twice repeated it since the commencement of the affair. "What does this mean?" she asked, contracting her two little brows into a frown, and looking at Bonaparte with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks. "What does this mean? Is it a wager, is it a hoax, or is it ill-will? In that case it would have been much more simple to refuse me at first. I dare say I should have found friends who would have served me."

"Nothing of the kind you have mentioned, Madame Permon," replied Bonaparte; "important business has taken up every moment of my time."

"Every moment of your time! Don't tell me such absurdities! And what can be the important business which prevents you from keeping your word? Is this the custom which you have nowadays adopted in your new military code?"

Bonaparte turned crimson, which he was not in the habit of doing. "You are rather too severe, Madame Permon."

"Not half severe enough. You want a good shake to waken you from the dream into which the grandeurs of your Republic have lulled you."

The conversation, which had at first been general, was suspended, and the most profound silence prevailed; both of them were ruffled. Chauvet, who, owing to his friendship for both, could do more than any other to restore peace, made an attempt and addressed two or three words to my mother; but she was in such a passion that she did not hear what was said. She declared that "she felt herself affronted."

Twenty times had General Bonaparte given his word (this is quite true) that the commission had been granted, and that some trivial formality depending on himself was the sole cause of the delay. She had explained to him how important it was, for family reasons, that Dimo Stephanopoli should have his commission. General Bonaparte knew all this, and day after day, promise after promise, the time had run away and nothing was done. "Could an enemy have served me worse?" continued my mother, becoming more animated as she spoke. "In this manner he prevented the steps which I might otherwise have taken. I trusted to him, in short, and——"

"You are too warm just now not to be unjust, Madame Permon," said General Bonaparte, taking up his hat to go away. "To-morrow I hope to find you more calm, and consequently more reasonable."

Bonaparte approached my mother, and took her hand to kiss it, but she was so irritated that she drew it from him with violence. In this movement she hit him upon the eye with such force as to give him pain.

"You cannot make reparation for what is past," said she haughtily. "What is done, is done; with me words are nothing, actions everything. But fare you well. Recollect that if I be not a Corsican by family, I was born in Corsica."

"The remembrance of that will always be agreeable to me, Madame Panoria. But I have no apprehension on that account. Give me, therefore, your hand, and let us be reconciled." He advanced and whispered to my mother, at the same time stooping to take her hand, "Those young folks are laughing at us. We look like two children."

My mother drew back her hand, and folded her arms with a disdainful smile. Bonaparte looked at her for a moment, as if to solicit a change which he evidently wished for. When he saw that she showed no disposition to relent, he made a motion, which was rather an expression of impatience than a bow, and hastily withdrew.

"For God's sake," said Chauvet," don't part thus! Let me call him back, Madame Permon, I entreat you. You have hurt his feelings. It was wrong to talk to him in that manner before his aids-de-camp. See how slowly

he goes downstairs; he expects, I am certain, to be called back."

My mother's disposition was excellent, and she had an advantage that is very rare in a woman: when she was in the wrong she would admit it. But whether, at this moment, her self-love was too deeply wounded, or whether she actually thought she was not in the wrong on this occasion, she would not allow Chauvet to call back Bonaparte.

"See how obstinate he is on his side!" said my mother. "He is wrong, but nothing would induce him to recede a single step. Why, then, would you have me take that retrograde step?" A servant presently came to say that the General wished to speak with M. Chauvet. "Go, my dear Chauvet," said my mother giving him her hand; "go. Do not condemn me; I am not to blame."

My brother was absent during this unfortunate scene. Had he been there, I am sure that it would not have happened, or that he would have given a different turn to the affair. When I related the particulars to him in the evening, by desire of my mother (for she could not yet talk of it without being in a passion), he was exceedingly vexed.

I know not whether it was the same day or the following that we saw Fesch. His disposition was kind, mild, and extremely conciliating; he too was much grieved at this quarrel between my mother and his nephew, and endeavored to reconcile them; but there were two obstacles, the more difficult to be removed inasmuch as one of them was known only to my mother and Bonaparte, and the other to himself alone. The latter was perhaps the more important of the two. It arose, as Chauvet had anticipated, from what he had suffered on finding himself treated like a schoolboy who had just left Brienne, in the presence of officers who as yet knew but little about him. Had there been none present but Junot, Chauvet, or some others, he would have been the first to laugh at a thing which now severely mortified him.

The other point, which had also a very active part in the whole affair, was the state of ill humor and hostility in which Bonaparte had been ever since the preceding

Saturday. However, be this as it may, the rupture was complete. We were several days without seeing him: he then called one evening when he knew that we were at the theater, and at last he stayed away altogether. We learned shortly afterward from his uncle and Chauvet that he was going to marry Madame de Beauharnais, and that he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy. We saw him once more before his departure, on a distressing occasion.

CHAPTER XIX.

Recollections of Toulouse — M. de Regnier, Commandant — Introduction of M. de Geouffre to My Mother — Mutual Passion — Marriage of M. de Geouffre and My Sister Cecile — Melancholy Presentiments of My Sister — Her Death — Visit of Condolence Paid by Bonaparte to My Mother — Destruction of Our Fortune — Comte de Perigord, Uncle of M. de Talleyrand — Admirable Conduct of a Valet de Chambre During the Reign of Terror — Death of Comte de Perigord — My Brother Joins the Army of Italy — Decline of My Mother's Health — Journey to the Waters of Cauterets — The Pyrenees.

I HAVE mentioned the reasons which induced my mother to entertain company during our residence at Toulouse. One day when she had invited several persons, among whom was M. de Regnier, Commandant of the place, one of the most assiduous of our friends, he sent, about half an hour before dinner time, to excuse himself. He wrote to my mother that "one of his friends, charged with a mission to him, had just arrived; that he was obliged to do the honors of the staff of the place, and could not leave him." My mother's answer will easily be guessed; she begged him to come and to bring his friend along with him.

"An Adjutant General, a friend of Regnier," said my mother, "that must be some old buffer like himself, who will be very dull. Farewell to our plan of music, my young friends" (my brother had just then leave of absence to come and pay us a short visit); "but we have one resource, and that is, to make him play at *reversi*. An old officer of infantry is sure to know how to play at cards — ay, and how to cheat, too."

My mother was the more surprised when she saw M. de Regnier followed by a young man of genteel appearance, having a handsome face, and the manners of very good society, which at the period in question was an uncommon thing. After dinner the music, so far from being abandoned, was, on the contrary, carried into execution at the request of M. de Geouffre, who was already persuaded that none but celestial sounds could issue from the mouth of my sister.

Since leaving the convent of the Dames de la Croix, my sister had become a charming creature. Her features were not regular when examined separately; indeed, there was nothing pleasing in them; but they formed altogether a whole so sweet, so graceful, so much in harmony with the rest of her person, that on seeing her it was impossible to help exclaiming, "What a delightful girl!" Large dark blue eyes, with long thick eyelashes, rosy cheeks, teeth perfectly white, the finest auburn hair I ever saw, a slender elegant figure — these advantages, which are by no means exaggerated, greatly outweighed Cecile's external defects, and caused you to overlook too wide a mouth, too long a nose, and hands and arms too large for her height.

But my sister had, moreover, what is invaluable in a woman — namely, a charm diffused over her whole person by an air of mild melancholy which rendered her adorable. She possessed an excellent temper and good understanding. All these things combined to form a halo, which enveloped that bright sweet face of sixteen, on which you were quite surprised never to catch more than a transient smile. Cecile would have been distinguished in the world had it been fortunate enough to retain her.

The day on which M. de Geouffre was introduced was one of her SMILING days, as we called them. I see her still, notwithstanding the many years that have since fled, dressed as she was on that day. She wore a frock of rose-colored crape, laced behind, showing to perfection her slender waist, and floating around her like a roseate cloud. The sleeves were tight, and trimmed at the bottom with white blonde, forming ruffles. Her shoulders and bosom, which were delicately fair, were seen through a fichu of Chambery gauze, likewise trimmed with white blonde. A pink ribbon passing through her hair formed

a bow on one side. On seeing her thus attired, it was impossible to avoid being struck by the graceful harmony between her bright youthful face and this costume, equally bright and youthful. It made a deep impression upon M. de Geouffre. In the evening we had music. My sister, a pupil of Herrmann, was an excellent performer on the piano; she played two duets with my brother: she sang, and the evening passed away as by enchantment.

M. de Geouffre was not proof against her charms. He became so enamored of my sister that before he left our house he felt that his future happiness depended on one of its inmates. M. de Geouffre remained at Toulouse, and forwarded his dispatches by an officer to the headquarters of General Dugommier, by whom he was sent. He called upon us next day, and again the day afterward: my mother, who immediately perceived the drift of his visits, dared not say anything, but she was uneasy.

At length M. de Geouffre prevailed upon M. de Regnier to speak for him, though the latter felt extreme repugnance to do so, for he was acquainted with my father's sentiments, and though my mother was infinitely more moderate, yet M. de Regnier did not conceal from his friend the certainty that there would be a tacit agreement between them not to give their daughter to an officer of the Republican army. As he had foreseen, my father's first word was a refusal, as well as my mother's.

"And what have you to object against him?" said Regnier; "he is of a good family. I have proved to you that he belongs to the Geouffres of the Limousin; several of that family served in Champagne and Burgundy, and have emigrated. He possesses a good fortune and a fine estate near Brives-la-Gaillarde; he holds a distinguished rank for his age; he is highly respected in the army, and Dugommier promises to do great things for him. He is, besides, a handsome man, which is no drawback in an affair of marriage. Lastly, he is a man of sound understanding. Come, Madame Permon, be persuaded."

My mother admitted the truth of all this, but still said No; nor did she change her mind. Soon after M. de Geouffre arrived at Toulouse to take the command of the military division. It was General Dugommier who, out of friendship for him, and wishing to facilitate his mar-

riage, thus placed him in a situation to follow up his suit more effectually. Accordingly, when he was at Toulouse, his personal solicitations were joined to those of M. de Regnier. He also interested in his behalf a family with whom we were very intimate, that of Peytes de Moncabrié.

Madame de Moncabrié was the first to project a plan which nobody had thought of, how strange soever it may appear, excepting perhaps M. de Geouffre — still, it was nothing more than conjecture. This excellent woman wrote immediately to Madame de St. Ange, who came without delay. She said nothing to my mother, but watched Cecile. She soon perceived that my sister was attacked by a nervous disease which might prove fatal.

« Panoria, » said she one morning to my mother, « when do you marry Cecile? » « What a question! » replied my mother. « You know perfectly well that I have refused. » « Have you noticed the girl? have you seen how she is altered? do you know that you are accountable for what she suffers? » « Kalli, » said my mother, who was strongly excited, « I leave you to manage your family as you please; let me beg you not to interfere with mine. » « Is that the tone you assume? Well, then, I will tell you, with my habitual bluntness, that you are not a good mother. » « Kalli! » « Yes, you are not a good mother. Send for your daughter; ask Loulou how her sister passes the night, and you will alter your tone a little. »

I was questioned, and obliged to confess that my sister wept a great deal; but she had so strictly forbidden me to mention it that I had been forced to be silent. My mother burst into tears in her turn: my sister was called. The fact is, that the poor girl loved as well as she was loved, but she dared not say a word about it before my mother, of whom she was exceedingly afraid, because, though a good mother, she was to her a very severe one.

My father was too ill to be talked to on the subject; my brother was far from us; I was too young for such a topic of conversation. Madame de Moncabrié was, in her virtuous kindness, the angel who guessed the secret that would ultimately have killed the poor girl. « You wish for this marriage? » said my mother: « well, then, it shall take place. » Accordingly, in a month, my sister,

having become Madame de Geouffre, was settled at the Hôtel Spinola, the headquarters of the military division which her husband commanded.

It is difficult to conceive a happiness more complete than that of my sister during the first months of her marriage. She was formed to feel it, and accordingly she fully enjoyed it. It was disturbed by one thing only, and that was the idea that her husband might be called from her into the field. It was to no purpose to tell her that the elevated rank which he held he owed solely to his presence in the field of battle, and to several wounds from which he had recovered; she replied to it all by tears only, and begged in a timid voice that her husband would send in his resignation. He demonstrated to her with a smile that the thing was impossible; that his army was engaged in active warfare, and that it would be compromising his honor.

At length peace between France and Spain was signed, and my sister, who was about to become a mother, made a fresh attempt, which was more successful. Her husband, who was passionately fond of her, solicited his dismissal with as much ardor as at that time others solicited appointments. All his friends dissuaded him from this step, which, in fact, blasted his future prospects. It was from this same Army of the Eastern Pyrenees that, a few months afterward, Bonaparte selected the multitude of superior officers who formed the nucleus of the Army of Italy, and all of whom were comrades of my brother-in-law. Such were Augereau, Lanusse, Lannes, Marbot, Bessières, Duphot, Clausel, etc. His destiny would not have been different from theirs; but he yielded to the entreaties of his wife, and they retired to their estate at Objat, near Brives-la-Gaillarde. Thus, at the age of only twenty-four, he returned to civil life, and shut himself out forever from a career which he had so brilliantly begun.

When my sister left Toulouse she was five months advanced in pregnancy. At her departure she asked my mother's blessing in the most affecting manner. She felt convinced, she said, that she should not survive her accouchement. Her presentiment was, alas! but too well founded. My sister was brought to bed toward the end of January, 1795, soon after the death of my father.

My brother-in-law had communicated to us this event, which is always attended with apprehensions for a young wife who is confined for the first time, with a joy proportionate to his happiness. Cecile had given him a fine boy, and intended to nurse him herself. "My wife is so well," wrote M. de Geouffre, "that she is already talking about carrying her Adolphe to her mother to receive her blessing. She is more charming than ever, with a color like that of a rose. You may conceive, my dear mamma, the intense joy of all around her, so dearly is she loved." The rest of the letter contained the particulars of the event, which had been fortunate in every respect. It took place on the 23d, and the letter reached us on the 27th of January.

On the 1st of February my mother and I were with my brother, who had the second floor to himself. He had caught a violent cold, and we had dined in his room, that he might not expose himself to the cold air. My mother was seated on his sofa: she had placed my brother in a large easy chair, and was laughing like a child at the thought that, if my brother was married, as she wished him to be within six months (she had a very good match in view for him), I might also be some time afterward. "Now the game is begun," said she, "I see no reason why I may not be grandmother to twenty or thirty children." At length she ceased laughing. "Cecile must be a charming young mother," said she with emotion; "I should like to see her in her new functions."

My mother was very changeable in her impressions. When talking of herself as a grandmother, the idea had tickled her so much that she had laughed till she cried. But the moment her imagination presented to her affectionate soul the picture of the infant who had made her a grandmother, pressed to the bosom of her daughter, and imbibing life at that source, her eyes ran over, and she fell into a kind of reverie, which my brother and I took good care not to interrupt. It was nine o'clock: all was quiet, for at that period equipages were rare in Paris, and our quarter, independently of that, was then very lonely. We all three kept silence, which was broken only by a soft and monotonous tune, which my mother hummed in a low tone: you would have supposed

that she was lulling an infant to sleep. She was thinking of Cecile and her little Adolphe.

All at once there was a knock at the gate, given with such force as to make us start. My brother and I burst out into a laugh. "That knock makes me ill," said my mother, pressing her hand to her forehead. "What unmannerly person can be knocking in that way at this time of night?" We heard the gate shut, and presently heavy steps on the pavement. My brother rang the bell, and a letter which the postman had just brought was put into his hand. "Ah!" said Albert, "news from Cecile! It is from Brives, and Geouffre's handwriting." "Whom can he have lost?" I exclaimed, the black seal of the letter having caught my eye. In asking this question, to which I attached no importance, I raised my eyes to my brother: he was pale and excessively agitated. "What says Geouffre in that letter?" said my mother, rising and going up to my brother, whose sudden emotion revealed to her a disaster. "My sister has been ill, but she is better now," replied Albert, in a tremulous tone. My mother snatched the letter, cast her eyes on it, gave a frightful shriek, and sank upon her knees. My poor sister was dead!

None can form any conception of our anguish but those who have lost objects whom they dearly loved in a manner equally unexpected: neither can language describe or express it. My mother was very ill for several days. The death of my sister would at any time have deeply afflicted her; but at the moment when she had become a mother, at the moment when the tomb had scarcely closed over our father! And then that mirth, those songs, amidst which this death had been announced! Poor mother! she was unhappy, very unhappy; for to all these causes of grief was superadded another, which my brother and I had alone been acquainted with, and which wrung her heart when it came to her knowledge.

Cecile was regretted by all who knew her. The family into which she had been adopted, her mother-in-law, her father-in-law, mourned her like ourselves. She was gentle and pious as an angel; endowed with talents, virtues, graces — those attractive charms which are not to be imitated, and which win everybody's love. Bonaparte sent the very next day after we heard of this new calamity which

had befallen my mother, and called himself to see her. He talked to her in a tone of the sincerest friendship. My mother was so overwhelmed that she could scarcely prevail upon herself to admit him. He set out immediately afterward for Italy. He was already married to Madame de Beauharnais.

My brother-in-law came almost immediately to Paris. His interview with us was agonizing. My mother felt her misfortune still more keenly when she saw M. de Geouffre. She said to me, when going to bed at night, that perhaps she might not be able to see him again the next day. His presence reminded her of the time when she had withstood all solicitations to unite him to my sister. Cecile loved him, and my mother exclaimed, with tears, "Poor Cecile! thy life was so short, and I have abridged it of six months' happiness!"

M. de Geouffre did not remain long with us. He returned to the Limousin, whither he was recalled by the only interest that was left him. He was impatient to be again with his child, whom he had consigned to the care of his mother. On taking leave of him we made him promise to bring Adolphe to us very soon.

We had been obliged to apprise my mother that our situation was no longer such as she might suppose it to be. The blow was less painful than I had apprehended. There were in her heart so many bleeding wounds that it was scarcely affected by matters of that kind. She was perfectly sensible of the necessity of making retrenchments in our household, which had been kept up on too expensive a scale for our almost ruined fortune.

My brother, who thought only of our welfare, without caring about himself, resolved to turn his attention to commerce, and had the good luck to succeed in his first speculations. He was about to devote himself entirely to this career, but was afraid to enter into an engagement which would have bound him for fifteen years. He would have been obliged to go to India, to expatriate himself, and leave us without protection. All this deterred him. He thanked our friend Magon, who had procured him this chance of making his fortune, and confined himself to what he was then doing.

My mother had again met with some old friends. The prisons were open ever since the downfall of the Direc-

torial *régime*, and people began to breathe with more freedom. We had again fallen in with persons to whom we had bidden a painful adieu. This produced a singular impression, a mixture of delight and uneasiness; and it was a long time before we could enjoy the satisfaction of seeing them again at liberty. But how was this satisfaction embittered in regard to many of them! Among these was the dearest of my mother's friends, he whom I loved in my childhood as one loves a grandfather — I mean the Comte de Perigord. Having escaped the sanguinary proscriptions, he returned to society without happiness, without joy. He was already far advanced in years, ailing, afflicted with gout, wholly destitute of fortune, and absolutely isolated. His two sons had emigrated. His daughter, the Duchesse de Mailly, was dead: there were left behind only a few friends as unfortunate as himself, and whose deplorable situation prevented them from rendering him any assistance.*

When we first saw him again my mother could not help starting with sad surprise. So great was the change that the eye of friendship could scarcely recognize him. There was the same kindness in his tone, but he was no longer the same: his eye was dim, and it was evident that the springs of life were worn out.

How could I say that he was alone! how could I have forgotten a man as noble as any titled hero, devoting himself to his master's service, and saving his life by his admirable management! The Comte de Perigord had in his household a valet named Beaulieu. This man had always been an excellent servant; he proved that interest had not been his stimulus. From the moment that his master was apprehended all his attention was directed to him. He carried to him whatever he thought would be good for or agreeable to him. In short his devotedness was entire and exclusive.

The Comte de Perigord, like all the innocent persons who were then thrown into prison, was persuaded that by wearying the Committee of Public Safety by petitions he should obtain prompt and complete justice. Nothing could be more false than this reasoning, as Beaulieu

* From this number must be excepted the Comte de Montchenu, who, having preserved his fortune, did for Comte de Perigord all that devoted attachment can do for a needy friend.

learned from one of the relatives of the man in whose house Robespierre lodged. Repeated petitions occasioned the death of most of the prisoners. In many instances, the writer had never been thought of. The first petition produced ill-humor; the second aggravated it; and very frequently the wretches brought the poor victims to trial to avoid the annoyance of a third petition.

Beaulieu, on hearing of this mode of rendering justice, determined that his master should not obtain it in that manner. Now, poor Comte de Perigord was one of the very persons who cherished the conviction that they could get out of prison only by dint of importunity. In consequence, a petition was daily addressed either to *ce bon Monsieur de Robespierre*, or to *cet excellent Monsieur de Collot-d'Herbois*, or again to *Monsieur Fouquier-Tinville*. "How very odd it is!" at length exclaimed Comte de Perigord, "nobody answers me. I cannot understand it."

There was a very good reason why his petitions remained unanswered. Beaulieu threw them all into the fire. In this manner he caused his master to be forgotten. He bribed the turnkeys handsomely; and, then, as soon as the Comte de Perigord began to be known in one prison he obtained his removal to another. In short, a son could not have shown a more affectionate and, above all, a more active solicitude for his father. When he had the good fortune to recover his liberty, M. de Perigord went to lodge at the house of a friend, M. de Montchenu. Beaulieu was still about him, bestowing on him the most delicate attentions and sacrificing for this purpose all that he had.

As a proof of the kind disposition of M. de Perigord, one of his servants in livery, a class of domestics whose sentiments are in general less honorable and less elevated, on hearing that his master was again out of prison, went and offered him his services. This man's name was Boisvert. I know not what became of him or Beaulieu at the death of M. de Perigord, which happened shortly after his liberation; but I hope that the Prince de Chalais has duly provided for them; merit so extraordinary has a right to be rewarded.

The Comte de Perigord had a clubfoot; I do not recollect whether it was so from birth, or the consequence

of a hurt; but there are reasons to believe it was a family defect. He came every Thursday to spend nearly the whole of the day with us, and this was sure to give rise to a smart altercation between him and Beaulieu. He insisted upon coming on foot; Beaulieu would not let him, and told him with truth that he could not. His infirmity, in fact, prevented him from walking. He suffered great pain.

One day he received a letter from M. de Chalais, who was then in England. He told his father that he was starving, that the emigrants in England were reduced to the extremity of want, and that he was completely wretched. M. de Perigord happened to dine at my mother's on the very day when this letter arrived. The change which it had wrought in him was striking; he had persuaded himself that the account of his son's misery was literally true. During the whole dinner he could not help repeating, "Good God! they are perishing with hunger!" and the viands remained untouched upon his plate.

At length several persons urged that this could not be possible, since he knew himself that M. de Chalais had carried resources away with him. "He may have lost them," said the poor father. The very next day he learned to a certainty, from a person who had returned to France (for there were some who had returned so early), that his son was still rich; at any rate that he possessed property which placed him beyond the reach of want. "The emigrants are not all so well off as he is," said M. de N.

The Comte de Perigord was more easy, but a blow had been given to a constitution worn out by the four years of revolution which had elapsed. The death of the King and Queen, the captivity of the young King and the Princess, the misfortunes of the monarchy, which had affected him as family calamities, all this work of destruction had inflicted a mortal stroke; the least shock, therefore, was sufficient to put an end to him. Eight days afterward the place which he occupied at our table was vacant, and two days later he was no more.

His death was a new calamity for my mother; she fell ill. Her lungs were affected. Sleeplessness, an obstinate

cough, slight fever, and other alarming symptoms, induced her to consult a physician; she was ordered to the waters of Cauterets.

Meanwhile my brother received a letter which was destined to produce a great change in our situation. He was summoned to Italy to take upon him administrative functions. I am sure that Bonaparte was no stranger to this appointment, though he appeared to have nothing to do with it.

The parting was painful. So many misfortunes had burst upon us, so many wounds had been inflicted on the heart of my poor mother, that she dreaded everything. She was on the point of begging my brother not to leave her. Had she been alone he would, no doubt, not have done so. But no sooner did her eyes rest upon me than she felt that it was my brother's duty to perform the promise which he had made to my father on his deathbed. My mother therefore consented to his departure.

I was left alone to attend her; and, notwithstanding my youth, I was also charged with the management of all her concerns. "God will give you the strength and judgment necessary to enable you to perform your noble task, my dear girl," said my brother to me, clasping me in his arms at the moment of his departure. "Have confidence in God, confidence in yourself, and all will go on well. I will often write to you; and you must inform me of everything. Whenever my mother shall express a wish which the means I leave you are inadequate to gratify, write to me immediately, and that God in whom I put great faith will not forsake two children whose sole aim is the happiness of their mother."

My brother proceeded to his destination, and we, on our part, set out for the Pyrenees. At a later period I revisited those beautiful mountains. I skirted and crossed their long chain; but it was not till my third journey to Cauterets that I could indulge my ardent wish to explore the mountains which I saw before me. Those noble pine forests which encircle, as it were, the Vignemale, the loftiest of the French Pyrenees, beheld me pursuing alone the tracks trodden by the caprice of pedestrians.*

* Queen Hortense made the same tour the year before; her journey has no resemblance to mine. My guides lost their way; but though her

La Cerisay, Maourat, le Pont d'Espagne, the Lac de Gaube, and even Esplemousse, were the favorite points of the excursion which I took with my mother, not on foot (for she was unable to walk), but in the odd vehicle of the country. It is a kind of sedan, formed by a small straw stool, to which are attached two strong poles, and which is covered with white cloth, supported by three very slight hoops; and a small piece of wood, two inches broad, for the feet to rest upon, is attached by two bits of pack thread. When you are seated in this species of cage, two sturdy mountaineers, hawk-eyed and chamois-footed, carry you off with an agility that is at first alarming. There is something romantic in the velocity with which you are hurried along the brink of a dark precipice, the depth of which the eye cannot measure, or in an ascent not less rapid through an ocean of clouds to which the sun communicates every shade of crimson and purple.

CHAPTER XX.

Our Return to Paris — The Emigrants — Sketches of Parisian Society — Public Balls and Well-Known Characters — Ball at the Thelusson Hotel — Madame de D. — M. d'Hautefort — Madame Bonaparte — Madame Tallien — Madame Hamelin.

MY MOTHER'S health was nearly re-established when we returned from the waters. Her grief, too, was much softened by change of scene, and still more by the hope of again meeting at Paris a great number of intimate acquaintances commonly called FRIENDS, and who, though not real friends, gave a peculiar charm to the commerce of life. This charm is unknown to the society of the present day, which is become harsh and ill-natured; none will admit that in the daily intercourse of life each ought to furnish his contingent of complaisance and affability. Accordingly, we now see none of those assemblages of forty or fifty persons meeting daily at the houses of five or six of their number.

Independently of the pleasures which this way of liv-

tour was not attended with perilous risks like mine, she presented her guides with a gold medal, inscribed *Voyage au Vignemale.*

ing afforded, more important advantages resulted from it. A person who possessed no influence always found a support in the company to which he belonged. If you were not swayed by a feeling of good nature, you were afraid of meeting every day a person whom you had refused to oblige; you would have seen a discontented face. It was therefore obligatory on him who had it in his power to oblige those about him. I admit that then, as still, there existed abuses, and that many of them originated in favor; but I will ask if, under a form more rude, more uncertain for the parties concerned, less agreeable in its results, there are not at this day, as there were at the time of which I am speaking, children of favoritism and immense abuses of power. If I had time to throw away I could make out a fine list of obscure names which the country knows only from their being inserted in patents and grants of pensions.

Be this as it may, when my mother heard of the return of the greater part of her acquaintances her joy was extreme. France then wore the appearance of tranquillity, and the emigrants returned in crowds with a confidence which proved very fatal to them a few months later (in Fructidor), but which seemed at that time to be perfectly well founded. The enchantment of the women, especially, was quite infectious. At length they again beheld that dear native country, beautiful France, the remembrance of which imparts double bitterness to every land of exile, how hospitable soever it may be.

I recollect that at the first meeting between my mother and Madame Martois, with whom she had been intimately acquainted, that lady (who had been but two days in Paris, and was still quite overcome with joy at the mere sight of the Barriers) threw herself into my mother's arms, burst into tears, and was more than a quarter of an hour before she could overcome her emotion. Her daughter told us that the same thing occurred with all the friends whom she again met; in this there was on her part neither affectation nor acting; it proceeded from an ardent soul, which enjoyed in its plenitude all the happiness attached to the term NATIVE COUNTRY. But how many disappointments awaited the unhappy exiles on their return to their native land! Poverty, isolation, death, were the lot of most of them.

One of the most painful situations, and to which I was frequently witness, arose from the diversity of shades of opinion. This produced discord in the most united families. The destruction of principles had led, as a natural consequence, to one of a similar nature in the most ordinary habits of life. Thus all those delightful reunions which formerly constituted the charm of intimate acquaintance no longer existed, or were poisoned by politics, which engendered contradiction, anger, or quarrels, frequently terminating in ruptures between husband and wife, brother and sister, or father and son.

Private individuals were afraid of appearing wealthy by receiving company habitually, and they contented themselves with frequenting public assemblages where, at that time, the best society was to be found. It would scarcely be believed at the present day that the most elegant women went to dance at the Thelusson* and the Richelieu† balls; but persons of all opinions, of all castes, were there intermingled, and laughed and danced together in the utmost harmony.

One day at the Thelusson ball a droll adventure befell Madame de D., who sometimes took her daughter with her.

Madame de D. had arrived very late. The great circular room was quite full, and it was impossible to find two places. Nevertheless, by dint of elbowing and entreaties, these ladies penetrated to the center of the room. Madame de D., who was not of an absolutely timid character, looked about on all sides to see if she could at least discover one seat, when her eyes encountered a young and charming face, surrounded by a profusion of light hair with a pair of large dark blue eyes, and exhibiting altogether the image of the most graceful of sylphs. This young female was conducted back to her seat by M. de Trénis, which proved that she danced well; for M. de Trénis invited none to the honor of being his partners but such as deserved the character of GOOD DANCERS.

The graceful creature after courtesying with a blush to the Vestris of the ballroom, sat down by the side of

*At the Hôtel Thelusson, at the extremity of the Rue Cerutti, facing the Boulevard, there was at that time an immense arcade. Murat purchased it during the Consulate.

†Held in like manner at the Hôtel Richelieu.

a female who appeared to be her elder sister, and whose elegant dress excited the notice and envy of all the women at the ball. "Who are those persons?" said Madame de D., to the old Marquis d'Hautefort, who escorted her. "What! is it possible that you do not recognize the Viscountess Beauharnais? It is she and her daughter. She is now Madame Bonaparte.* But stay, there is a vacant place by her; come and sit down; you may renew your acquaintance with her."

Madame de D., without making any reply, took the arm of M. d'Hautefort, and drew him, whether he would or not, into one of the little saloons which preceded the great rotunda. "Are you mad?" said she to him, when they had reached the room. "A pretty place, truly, by the side of Madame Bonaparte! Ernestine would of course have been obliged to make acquaintance with her daughter. Why, Marquis, you must have lost your wits." "No, 'faith! What harm can there be in Ernestine's making acquaintance, or even forming a close friendship with Mademoiselle Hortense de Beauharnais? She is a charming girl, sweet-tempered, amiable." "What is all that to me! I will never connect myself with such persons. I do not like people who disgrace their misfortunes." M. d'Hautefort shrugged his shoulders and held his tongue.

"*Eh! mon Dieu!* Who is that beautiful woman?" inquired Madame de D., pointing to a female who entered the ballroom, and on whom all eyes were instantly fixed. This lady was above the middle height, but a perfect harmony in her whole person took away all appearance of the awkwardness of too lofty a stature. It was the Venus of the Capitol, but still more beautiful than the work of Phidias; for you perceived in her the same perfection of features, the same symmetry in arms, hands, and feet, and the whole animated by a benevolent expression, a reflection of the magic mirror of the soul, which indicated all that there was in that soul, and this was kindness.

Her dress did not contribute to heighten her beauty, for it consisted of a plain robe of India muslin, with

* At this period Madame Bonaparte was not much known in the world, nor had she been presented at the Court of Marie Antoinette. The real fact was, that Madame de D. did not know her.

folds in the antique style, and fastened by a cameo on each shoulder; a gold belt encircled her waist, and was likewise fastened by a cameo; a broad gold bracelet confined her sleeve considerably above the elbow; her hair, of a glossy black, was short, and curled all round her head, in the fashion then called *à la Titus;* over her fair and finely-turned shoulders was thrown a superb red cashmere shawl, an article at that time very rare and in great request. She disposed it around her in a manner at once graceful and picturesque, and formed altogether a most enchanting figure.

"That is Madame Tallien,"* said M. d'Hautefort to Madame de D. "Madame Tallien!" exclaimed she. "Good God! how could you bring me to such a place, my dear friend?" "I defy you to find in all Paris a place where better company is brought together." He then muttered some of the civil things which he had at the service of those who displeased him.

At this moment a very strong scent of attar of roses suddenly pervaded the apartment. A crowd of young men, of the class then called *incroyables*, rushed toward the door to meet a young lady who had but just arrived, though it was exceedingly late. Her figure was not good, but her little feet danced to admiration. She was dark, but her black eyes sparkled with expression. Her face beamed with intelligence, and expressed at the same time all the kindness of the simplest person. She was a good friend, and the most amusing of women.

In short, she pleased; she was a toast of the day. All the remarkable men surrounded her as soon as she appeared. M. Charles Dupaty, M. de Trénis, and M. Lafitte, immediately asked her to dance with them; she answered each with an expression of good-humor and intelligence, smiling in such a manner as to exhibit her ivory teeth; she continued to advance, shedding fragrance throughout the whole room.

Madame de D., who was annoyed by the perfume, and who, like all busybodies, found fault with what others liked, began to fidget about on the bench upon which she had found a seat, and at length said aloud, "Upon

*I have lived at Bordeaux; I have had friends who owed their lives to Madame Tallien. I have been told all the good she has done, and I cannot say too much on that subject.

my word, I think that must be either Fargeon's wife or his daughter.* 'Tis enough to make the strongest man faint." "It is Madame Hamelin," said M. d'Hautefort.

Next day he told us that nothing had amused him more that evening than being in attendance on Madame de D., and having to name the persons who were real bugbears to her. "Madame Hamelin!" she exclaimed— "Madame Hamelin! Come, Ernestine," added she, in a voice tremulous with anger, "put on your *palatine*, and let us go." All that could be said served only to hasten her departure. "And that Marquis," repeated she, in a tone of indignation, "to assure me that I should here meet with my former society! Yes, indeed; for this hour past I have been falling out of the frying pan into the fire. Come, my dear, let us go."

This scene passed a few paces from the bench on which my mother and I were sitting. We were well acquainted with the Marquis d'Hautefort, who was very satirical, and who frequently made us laugh by the account of his adventures at this ball.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Army of Italy — Triumphs of Bonaparte — My Brother at Massa-Carrara — Lucien-Brutus and Saint Maximin-Marathon — Lucien Bonaparte and Christine Boyer — Excursion to Versailles — Leoben and Campo-Formio — Adventures of My Brother — Rivalship of Lannes and My Brother — Elopement of Madame Felice — General Lannes and M. Felice — Bonaparte at Paris and General Enthusiasm — Hatred of the Directory for Bonaparte — Ball at M. de Talleyrand's.

THE Army of Italy surprised us every day by the prodigies communicated in its bulletins. The Directory, which disliked General Bonaparte, would fain have thrown a veil over the glory of the young hero; but the country, which he had saved from Austrian invasion, the soldiers, whom he led to victory, had

* Fargeon was a celebrated perfumer, before the Revolution. His son, who succeeded him, and who lives in the Rue de Roule, is also eminent in the same line of business.

thousands of voices to proclaim it, and the only resource left to the ridiculous Government which we had been silly enough to give ourselves, was to injure him whom it would gladly have thrown down after it had exalted him.

My brother was then in Italy; he had repaired to headquarters, and Bonaparte had been most kind to him: my brother had carried with him a letter of recommendation from Joseph Bonaparte.

"What occasion is there for this letter?" said the General. "Whence arises so great a distrust of yourself?" continued he, looking more seriously at Albert. My brother replied that the slight altercation which had occurred between him and my mother had caused him to fear that the General would bear it in mind. "You are mistaken," said Bonaparte; "that scene was immediately effaced from my memory. I apprehend, indeed, that Madame Permon bears a much stronger grudge on account of it than I do; and that is but natural," added he, laughing; "those who are in the wrong are sure to be most angry."

The very reverse was the case on this occasion, for it was Bonaparte who never forgot that unfortunate altercation. More than ten years afterward he spoke to me on the subject with asperity. Be this as it may, he was very kind to my brother, received him in the most flattering manner, gave him all the support he could expect, and procured for him a very good appointment.

While General Bonaparte hurried on through Italy from victory to victory, his family was collecting at Paris, and forming a colony there. Joseph Bonaparte, after having been Ambassador of the French Republic at Rome, had returned to Paris, bringing with him his wife's sister, Mademoiselle Désirée Clary, who was then in the deepest mourning for the tragical death of the brave but unfortunate Duphot, who had been murdered at Rome, almost before her face, at the moment when he was going to marry her. Her first grief had abated somewhat of its violence; but there was still enough left to excite much pity. Luckily, she was yet young, and very agreeable.

Lucien announced his arrival. He had just obtained a post (I know not where) in Germany, and he was passing through Paris to see his family, nearly the whole of which

was at that moment assembled there. At this period Lucien had been playing a silly trick, at which the General-in-Chief, who now considered himself as the head of the family, was excessively mortified.

Lucien Bonaparte is a man who, no doubt, has been known to many persons, but understood by few. I have known him long and intimately, and saw him as he was, without restraint or formality. He was endowed by Nature with rare talents; his mind was comprehensive; his imagination brilliant, and capable of grand designs. It has been said that he was a man whom reason did not always influence in important affairs; this, however, is not true. His heart was kind, and although sometimes hurried away by his passions, no serious charge can be brought against him; and as to his conduct toward his brother, the Emperor, it was always honorable.

In 1794 or 1795 Lucien obtained the appointment of storekeeper at Saint Maximin, a small village in Provence. At that time folly was the order of the day, even with the wisest. It was therefore necessary to sacrifice to this mania of the moment; not that I mean to excuse Lucien's folly by asserting that he was forced into it; on the contrary, I am of opinion that he acted not only with his own free will, but even from inclination, when he assumed the name of Brutus, and also changed, while he was about it, the name of Saint Maximin into Marathon. Brutus and Marathon did not agree over and above well together: but the names were high sounding, and that was sufficient.

The village of Saint Maximin-Marathon is not a magnificent residence. Lucien-Brutus soon found this out, and *ennui* would have overpowered him had not love come to his aid. Lucien-Brutus became enamored, desperately enamored, of Mademoiselle Christine Boyer, whose father was at the head of the little public house of Saint Marathon.

Lucien was then young, about twenty-three; he was in love for the first time, and he loved an angel of gentleness, virtue, and candor. Christine saw herself adored by an ardent, hot-headed young man, employing against her rustic simplicity all the stratagems, all the resources, with which his short experience of the world had made him acquainted, and which his love taught him to use skillfully; and Christine was not proof against such an attack.

She loved as she was loved, but she forgot not her duty, and Lucien was obliged to marry her in order to be happy; he loved her too fondly to think of all the unpleasant feelings which this alliance was likely to excite in his own family. In fact, no sooner was General Bonaparte apprised of this marriage than he declared that he would never recognize the wife, and never meet his brother again. A post was then given to Lucien in Germany, and the young couple came to Paris for a short time.

It was at this period that I saw Lucien Bonaparte for the first time, and that I became acquainted with Christine. There are women whose portraits it is easy to sketch. We say that they have large eyes, beautiful hair, a complexion blending the lily and the rose, and that is all. But is it only on account of her person that a woman is to be valued? Has she not within her divine qualities to be described? a profusion of kindness, affection, and love? All these were to be found in the heart of the excellent Christine. I knew her, and no sooner knew than loved her. Subsequently, when surrounded by the touching halo of maternal love, new treasures of tenderness manifested themselves in her, and constrained you to love her still more.

During the short stay of Lucien Bonaparte and his wife in Paris they made an excursion to Versailles, and they allowed my mother no peace till she had consented that I should be of the party. As I had never seen Versailles, I joined my solicitations to theirs and accompanied them.

I cannot describe the terrible impression which this widowed and dismantled Queen produced upon me. On beholding those immense *salons* stripped and deserted, those dark corridors, and apartments still covered with gilding, apparently awaiting some stately ceremony, all seemed to me so dreary and desolate that, though very young, I retained so vivid an impression of it, that when, in 1821, I went to reside at Versailles, I had a perfect recollection of the feelings produced by the melancholy and scandalous neglect of the residence of Louis XIV. I inquired in what state the palace was, and when I learned that it was precisely what it had been under the Directory, I did not care to enter that royal habitation, will-

fully forsaken by its natural guardians: I should have suffered much more from witnessing its forlorn condition in 1821 than I had done in 1796. The garden was the only object of my walk.

My mother had a great affection for Lucien, and received him as his mother would have done. Christine was welcomed by her with equal cordiality. Joseph, who had then returned to Paris, and whom, in fact, each of the younger brothers considered as the head of the family, opened his arms to the young couple, and they were happy. A few days afterward they set out for Germany.

Lucien was but a short time absent. I never knew what had been the object of this tour. His wife had accompanied him, as well as one of her cousins, named Boyer. On their return they lodged in Rue Verte, in the Faubourg Saint Honoré. Madame Bacciochi (Marianne Bonaparte) also lodged, I believe, in Rue Verte. Madame Leclerc, who had recently come from Milan, where she had been married, took a house in Rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. Louis and Jerome, too young to be left alone, were, the latter at the College of Juilly, and the other with his brother Joseph.* As for the latter, he had bought a house at the extremity of Rue du Rocher, almost in the fields, at least at that time. Since then so many buildings have been erected there, as everywhere else, that the site of Joseph's house is now almost in the heart of a new quarter.

The Treaty of Leoben was signed, that of Campo-Formio had followed it, the Congress of Rastadt was in preparation, when we were informed that General Bonaparte would soon return to Paris. My mother appeared to wait the moment with extreme impatience, I knew not at the time why, but I afterward learned that the reason was as follows: My brother was agent for the contributions at Massa-Carrara, and had for his colleague M. Gabriel Suchet, brother of the Duke of Albufera. He is a kind, excellent man, a cordial friend of Albert, and became ours too.

My brother lodged at the house of a Monsieur Felice, whose wife was a charming woman. General Lannes,

*And with his sister-in-law Madame Bonaparte, Rue Chantereine. He lived with both of them by turns. It was about this time that Josephine began to think of marrying Hortense.

whose division was near Massa, if not at that place, had remarked, as my brother also had done, that Madame Felice was handsome, and that it was not impossible to please her; he therefore took measures to insure success. But the future Duke of Montebello stormed a town more easily than a woman — even an Italian.

Albert played delightfully on the harp, sang likewise, spoke and wrote Italian as fluently as French, and made sonnets and *canzoni* on Madame Felice, not quite equal to Petrarch, and yet so good as to cause the heart of his fair landlady to surrender quietly at discretion; while General Lannes, who was also well aware that it was necessary to form a plan of attack, thought to play off the most irresistible of seductions by relating his battles and his victories; and, to tell the truth, this might have been more than enough to win a heart that was free, but Madame Felice's had struck its colors to all the accomplishments of Albert, and had surrendered more especially to his love, for my poor brother's head was completely turned. At length one day the lovers persuaded themselves that they could not live any longer annoyed in this way; on the one hand by a jealous and rejected swain, and on the other by an Italian husband, whose character was so ill-regulated that it displeased him to find his wife fond of any other man than himself. The result of this cogent reasoning was, that they took post and left Massa, trusting to love for the consequences of that measure.

Next morning, when the forsaken husband discovered his forlorn condition, he began to weep, and ran to acquaint General Lannes with his mishap. On hearing it the General gave such a bound in his bed as had well-nigh knocked off the canopy. "Gone!" he cried — "gone! And together, say you?" "*Si, signor Generale.*" "And which way are they gone?" "Ah, General! how can I possibly know that?" "*Eh, parbleu!*" replied General Lannes, leaping out of bed, and slipping on his pantaloons, at the same time eyeing Felice with looks of fury. "Blockhead that you are, go and find out what road they have taken!"

The poor husband sallied forth to make inquiries, and learned without much trouble that the fugitives had directed their course toward Leghorn. As soon as he had

communicated this information to General Lannes, "Come along!" cried he; "to horse — to horse! *Morbleu!* we shall catch them in a couple of hours. You shall shut up your wife; and as for this Corydon of a Frenchman, who has the impudence to run away with our wives, I'll get him removed. Come along, Felice — come along, my friend! Take heart. What the devil ails you? You are as pale as a sheet of parchment." "Yes, General; many thanks. I WILL take heart."

While giving this assurance that he would TAKE HEART, his teeth chattered like castanets, as General Lannes himself afterward told me. The fact is, that the poor fellow had no stomach for fighting my brother,* and that the General had frightened him out of his wits by asking what weapon he would take with him. At any rate, the scoundrel would have done better to fight than act as he did afterward. General Lannes took the command of the party, and the husband, with his brother-in-law, a cousin, and I know not how many more, marched off under the protection of the banner of General Lannes. "*Ah, cugino Pasquale!*" said Felice to a little cousin — "Ah, cousin Pasqual! what a friend, what a brave General, and what a charming man!"

The fugitives were overtaken about midday. The stray sheep was carried back to her fold, and inhumanly separated from her companion. I believe that my brother returned to Carrara, and that Madame Felice was removed to another town. Thus far the affair had been gay enough; but now this Monsieur Felice, impelled by some demon or other, preferred a criminal complaint against poor Albert. It was this affair, of which I was then ignorant, though my mother knew of it, that tormented her exceedingly. She wished to know if General Bonaparte had any accusatory documents relative to this charge. My mother was always easily affected, and any fears which she might reasonably entertain were sure to be doubled by her imagination.

It would be very difficult to convey even a slight idea of the enthusiasm with which Bonaparte was received when he arrived at Paris. The French people are vola-

* My brother was a first-rate swordsman; my father, a pupil of Saint Georges, had been his master, as well as Fabien. My brother possessed a formidable advantage — he was left-handed.

tile, not very capable of constancy in their affections, but keenly alive to the sentiment of glory. Give them victories and they will be more than content; they will be grateful.

The Directory, like all authorities that are too weak and impotent to produce and to direct, though it was called the EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY, regarded with jealousy, which soon became hatred, that feeling of worship and gratitude manifested by the French people for their young hero. A single movement seemed to set in action those five men, not one of whom was capable of comprehending Bonaparte. Incapacity, corruption, and an unbounded ambition, under a Republican exterior, were the elements of the power which then ruled us, and which desired no glory but that of its immediate creatures. Bonaparte had emancipated himself since he had been sent to Italy, and his laurels and those of his army were PERSONAL PROPERTY, as much as anything can legally be.

Barras left him unmolested to enjoy his renown; Moulins dared not venture to call to mind that he had ever been a general to run a race with him for fame. Roger-Ducos thought on all points like a good-natured man as he was; and Sièyes, habitually reserved, as everybody knows, did not deem it necessary to let loose his tongue expressly to anathematize. According to this view of things, what I have said above will appear rather contradictory. But to proceed.

On this occasion one of the five Directors governed singly the sentiments of the other four. He possessed, not more talent, but more intelligence, than his colleagues, and boundless ambition, though he declared that he had none — a mere figure of speech, to which nowadays no value whatever is attached. This man was Gohier. At this period we had every day the bulletin of the Directorial interior, because M. Brunetière, our friend and my guardian, was equally intimate with Gohier and visited him daily.

My mother sometimes inquired the reason of his aversion for General Bonaparte, for, in regard to him, she was rather amusing. She assumed the right of saying what she pleased about him, but she did not like others to attack him, and the malicious things which M. Brune-

tière heard said of Bonaparte, and which he reported to us every day, roused my mother's anger against him and the Directory, which she cordially detested.

From this time the hatred of Gohier for Bonaparte displayed itself in all his words and actions. He would have patronized to his prejudice the most incapable of men; that is to say, a recommendation from Bonaparte would have been a sufficient reason with Gohier for excluding the person so recommended from an appointment had it depended on him. There certainly was a positive cause of this hatred, which the 18th Brumaire (November 8th) strengthened and rendered implacable. What was it? I believe simply this: Gohier would have thought it highly conducive to the welfare of France, and more particularly to his own, to get rid, with the aid of the society of the Manège,* of the four puppets associated with him at the head of the Government, and to make himself President, not of the Directory, as it was on the 18th Brumaire, but of the French Republic. This scheme the eagle eye of Bonaparte had detected. He had most probably warned Sièyes, and the admirable subtlety of the latter had foiled the plans of Washington the younger. Gohier was not deficient in talent, but that talent, which might have some merit before a tribunal, was reduced to a cipher in the extraordinary situation which fortune had permitted him to attain.

One may now venture to speak out: on looking at the list of the Directors of that period, if we except Carnot, a virtuous man, and a man of eminent abilities, and Sièyes, who, though his political career has not been quite straightforward, yet possessed merit, what were the chiefs who steered our poor vessel? Gohier felt, therefore, that he was superior to the Directory as it was composed after the events of Fructidor; and thought that he might seize the reins, which all other hands had suffered to fall, and even to trail in the dirt. His plan was detected; and this was the cause of his violent hatred of Bonaparte. The reader will presently be convinced of

* A name given at the time of the Directory to a party formed out of the remains of the Jacobins who were accustomed to meet in the Riding School of the Tuileries; hence the appellation given above. The Sittings were discontinued on 7th Thermidor, an vii (July 7th, 1799).

this when I relate the conversation which M. Brunetière had with Gohier after the 18th Brumaire.

Had Bonaparte's vanity been ever so great, it must have been satisfied; for all classes joined, as I have said, to give him a cordial welcome on his return to his country. The populace shouted, "Long live General Bonaparte! Long live the conqueror of Italy, the pacificator of Campo-Formio!" The shopkeepers said, "May God preserve him for our glory, and deliver us from the yoke of the Directors!" The higher class, UNGAGGED and UNBASTILLED, ran with enthusiasm to meet a young man who in a year had advanced from the battle of Montenotte to the Treaty of Leoben, and from victory to victory. He may have committed errors, and even grave ones, since that time, but he was then a Colossus of great and pure glory.

All the authorities gave him magnificent entertainments; the Directory exhibited itself in all its burlesque pomp of mantles and hats with feathers, which rendered the meeting of the five members of the supreme power sufficiently ridiculous. But in other respects the *fêtes* were fine, and they had in particular the charm attached to things which are supposed to be lost, and which are recovered. Money circulated, and the result of all this was that everybody was pleased.

One of the most magnificent entertainments, and above all one of the most elegant, was that given by M. de Talleyrand at the Foreign Office. He always displayed admirable skill in the arrangements of the entertainments which he gave; indeed, when a man possesses good sense he shows it in everything he does. He then resided at the Hôtel Galifet, Rue du Bac, and, though the rooms were small for the company assembled there that evening, the *fête* was admirable. All the most elegant and distinguished people then in Paris were there.

My mother was absolutely bent on going. She was not quite well; but when she was dressed and had put on a little rouge she looked enchanting; and I can affirm that I saw that night very few women who surpassed her in beauty. We were both dressed alike, in a robe of white crape trimmed with two broad silver ribbons, and on the head a garland of oak leaves with silver acorns. My mother had diamonds and

I pearls. That was the only difference between our dresses.

In the course of the evening my mother was walking through the rooms, arm-in-arm with M. de Caulaincourt on one side and me on the other, when we found ourselves face to face with General Bonaparte. My mother saluted him and passed on, when the General advanced a few steps and spoke to her. My mother was, in my opinion, rather too dry: her ill-humor was not yet quite dispelled, but in her excellent heart there was nothing like rancor. It was the reverse with the General. Be this as it may, he appeared to look at my mother with admiration. Indeed, that evening in particular she was truly captivating.

The General spoke in a low tone for some seconds to the Turkish Ambassador, whom he held by the arm. The Turk uttered an exclamation, and fixed upon my mother his large eyes, to which, when he chose, he could give a look of stupidity, and then made a sort of obeisance. "I told him that you are of Greek extraction," said Bonaparte to my mother, saluting her by way of adieu. Then, holding out his hand, he pressed hers in a friendly manner, and left us after a short conversation, which nevertheless attracted the attention of the company, though it lasted but a few minutes.

CHAPTER XXII.

Illness of My Mother — Domestic Details — M. de Baudeloque and M. Sabatier — A Treble Fright.

SHORTLY before the 18th Fructidor* I was exceedingly alarmed on account of the state of my mother's health. She was attacked by a disorder which is dangerous at any age, but particularly so at her time of life. M. Sabatier, M. Pelletan, and Baudeloque came all three to see her almost every day for the fifty-two days that the danger lasted.

My affection for her gave me preternatural strength. Such an instance was never heard of as that of a girl of

*September 4th, 1797.

fourteen being able to go through the watching, fatigues, and alarms of fifty-two successive nights. The three skillful physicians whom I have just named could not believe it, though they were daily witnesses of it. For a moment I was afraid I should not have strength to support the burden. I was alone; my brother was still in Italy. I saw my mother turn her languid eyes to me, and the agonizing expression which momentarily animated them indicated but too plainly how keen a sense she had of her situation. Her daughter was likely to be left an orphan, and alone! I had written to my brother, but had not received any answer. Every now and then my mother called to me in a faint voice to ask if letters had not arrived from Italy. I was obliged to answer in the negative, and I perceived that this reply distressed her exceedingly. All the agony of mind and body that nature is capable of enduring was felt by my poor mother.

We had many friends; I have no doubt that until my brother's arrival a dozen houses would have received me; but, I repeat it, the thought never entered my mind. When I saw my mother so ill as to be unable to leave her bed, my grief was at first violent; but when the symptoms of her painful disease became so aggravated as to threaten her life, my despair overpowered me to such a degree that I had no energy and presence of mind beyond what was requisite to make me the most intelligent of nurses.

I could not bear my mother to take a spoonful of medicine or a basin of gruel from any hand but mine. She had an Alsatian *femme de chambre*, who was an excellent creature, and exceedingly attached to her. She was a clever nurse. But I was not satisfied with her attendance, though I could rely upon her. I could not sleep if I left her alone with my mother. If I lay down for a few hours anxiety kept me awake, and I returned at four in the morning, unable to finish the night in my bed.

At length the danger became so imminent that the physicians thought it no longer their duty to conceal the fact. It was, however, difficult to tell a girl who had no other support but her mother that she must die! Nevertheless, I heard this sentence, and I had strength to ask if there was nothing at all that could save her. "Nature

and incessant attention, not only every minute, but every moment, may do much," replied Baudeloque; "and therefore you must eat and sleep, that you may have strength."

Sabatier was the one who understood me best. He did not say to me, "eat and sleep," but he almost forced me to bathe two or three times a week. He recommended to me a generous and strengthening regimen, and he studied in particular to calm my poor head, which was no longer capable of bearing the weight of so many anxieties.* My poor mother was saved. The unceasing attentions paid to her at length triumphed over a disease which the whole faculty of Paris pronounced mortal.

On the day that hope was restored to me a singular circumstance occurred. It was noon when the physicians informed me that my mother was out of danger. I wrote immediately to my brother, who was then in Italy; I was mad with joy. I could not take any rest either in the morning or during the remainder of the day. In vain my mother begged me to go and lie down. "To-night I will," was my invariable reply.

At length, when the beloved patient was properly wrapped up for the night, when she had taken her meat jelly, and her drawn curtains admitted only the faint light of a night lamp, when I had kissed her brow, pale and cold as marble, and received her blessing, I retired to my little chamber, and prepared to go to bed for the first time for nearly two months, after thanking God with a grateful and deeply-affected heart. I lay down. No sooner was my head upon my pillow than I was overpowered with a stupor rather than real sleep; I was in a kind of lethargy; not even a dream disturbed this state of complete quietude. I know not whether I have succeeded in conveying an idea of what I then experienced; but the reader may judge how violent the shock must have been which I received when I felt myself shaken by the arm, and heard a tremulous voice stammering in my ear: "*Mademoiselle! mademoiselle! ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* MADAME — MADAME HAS JUST EXPIRED IN MY ARMS!"

*I shall never forget his kind attentions; and when, thirty years afterward, his daughter became my niece, I could not help expressing, though very briefly, my attachment to her father. A longer phrase than that which I used would have been in bad taste.

I shrieked, and instantly was as wide awake as at the same hour the preceding night. I pushed aside the trembling Josephine, flew to my mother's room, drew back with violence the curtains of her bed, threw myself upon her, called her, and my poor mother was awakened by me as I had myself been by Josephine. She had been fast asleep!

My mother was beginning to recover from an illness which did not leave her, I verily believe, above four ounces of blood in her veins. Her paleness, her emaciation, were truly frightful: she was naturally extremely fair, and her complexion was now of an alabaster whiteness, without the slightest rosy tinge. Lying thus between the white sheets, her face surrounded by cambric, the reflection of which added to her paleness, my poor mother had, indeed, a look that was rather alarming to any but her own child.

My poor mother trembled for above an hour with the fright which I had given her on entering her chamber. At length, toward morning she fell asleep again. As for me, it is easy to imagine how I finished the night. I would not return to my bed, but placed myself in a large easy-chair, which habitually served me to sleep in; and there, though more composed, I could not get so much as an hour's nap. The shock had had such an effect upon me that Sabatier and Pelletan declared I had narrowly escaped two calamities, which might have been the consequence of Josephine's indiscretion — epilepsy and death.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Portrait of Marshal Augereau — Consequences of the 18th Fructidor and Deportations — Cruelty of the Directory — Bonaparte the Author of the 18th Fructidor — Joseph Bonaparte in the Five Hundred — Madame Joseph — Mademoiselle Clary, Queen of Sweden — Bernadotte's Marriage — Portrait of Joseph Bonaparte — The Bonaparte Family — Bonaparte in Paris — Preparations for the Expedition to Egypt — Portrait of Louis Bonaparte — Portrait of Lucien — Bonaparte Makes Himself Head of the Family — Arrival of His Mother and Sister Caroline at Paris — Portrait of Caroline Bonaparte — Madame Bacciochi — Madame Leclerc and Paulette.

At length came that terrible day, the 4th of September. I call it terrible, because the establishment of a republic in France, such as the fond dreams of our hearts represent it, may be impracticable, but still we had one of some kind even in the Directory. After the institution of this dictatorship, or of this royalty in five volumes, tatters of this republic had daily fallen under the blows of the Directory itself and the anarchists; at any rate, some part of it was yet left. This solemn day utterly destroyed it. The republic, whose foundations had been cemented by the pure and glorious blood of the martyrs of the Gironde, had vanished, was dispelled like a dream; the blood of the victims alone had left reprobatory recollections.

The conduct of the Directory on this occasion displayed ability. That body acted at first with a cunning, and afterward with a boldness, worthy of a better cause. In fact the army of Italy exercised over us, even already, some of the ascendency to which we bowed at a later period; and General Augereau did but execute prescribed and circumstantial orders. He was a man who might possess that daring spirit which hurries along thousands of soldiers in its train, but, for directing a political movement, for organizing the simplest machination, he was a mere cipher. Not only was he a soldier, but his manners were those of a soldier; everything about him betrayed the uneducated man. His vanity was, nevertheless, inordinate.

We met him sometimes at a house where my mother visited a good deal, that of M. Saint Sardos. I confess that his manner not only excited in me that disgust which must be felt by a young girl accustomed to see none but well-bred people, but there was superadded the jealousy which I experienced as a warm admirer of General Bonaparte on account of his campaigns in Italy; it put me out of temper to think that this booby, as I called him, should presume in his pride to dispute the palm of glory with Bonaparte. My mother, who was not always of my way of thinking relative to Bonaparte, agreed with me on this subject.

As to the conseqences of that cruel day, they were such as might have been expected. The Directory triumphed as it had fought, in a cowardly and barbarous manner. It was well aware that royalty had been called for, not so much out of love to the royal family, as out of hatred to itself; the Directory knew this and took a base revenge.

The consequences of the 4th of September gave us cause for deep regret in the proscription and exile of several of our friends. During many days we dared scarcely inquire about persons for whom we felt an interest, and a new terror, as it were, reigned in Paris. Almost every family mourned a relative or a friend. My mother was greatly distressed, and both her opinions and her affections were wounded.

The signal for the events of the 4th of September came from Italy; it was the hand of Bonaparte that gave it; he was determined to crush the Royalist party in the assembly. The Clichyans, by refusing Joseph (and I believe Lucien), had incensed him; and from that moment Junot told me, he swore that the men of the guilty party, as he called it, should not see the close of the year while on their curule chairs.

After the departure of the unfortunate proscripts, Joseph Bonaparte was nominated deputy of the Liamone to the Council of Five Hundred. He then completed the fitting-up of his pretty house in the Rue du Rocher, and prepared to receive company. He was expecting his mother and his youngest sister Caroline. Mademoiselle Désirée Clary had just married Bernadotte. We were at the wedding, which took place in a very plain manner in

Joseph's house. Mademoiselle Clary was rich, and extremely pleasing in person and manners; Bernadotte made a very good match.

Of all Bonaparte's brothers none have been so misrepresented, and that generally, as Joseph. I have read a multitude of memoirs, and everywhere found a caricature, by which he has been judged, substituted for his real aspect. Joseph, moreover, is not the only one of the family that I shall replace in his proper light; and this I can do with the greater facility, because all its members are as well known to me as my own relations, in consequence of an intimate association of many years, and at a less exalted period of their lives.

My brother was particularly intimate with Joseph. I know not when this friendship commenced; but I believe that it was at the time when my brother, in order to escape the requisition, was at Marseilles and Toulon with Salicetti.

Joseph Bonaparte is one of the most excellent men that can be met with. He is good-natured, intelligent, a student of French and Italian literature, and unaffectedly fond of retirement. Much has been said, but to no purpose, relative to the weak conduct of Joseph at Naples and in Spain. I know not what he did, or what he could have done at Naples; but this I know, that in Spain he could do no better, because he went there against his inclination, and it distressed him exceedingly to be obliged to go to that unhappy country, filled with troubles and discussions, where the dagger or the blunderbuss threaten you every moment — a country where all the good that he did, and I am certain that he did a great deal, was accounted only as a duty performed. No, no; the man who has been good, honorable, virtuous, for a series of years does not change at once and become cowardly, and even wicked.

Joseph is handsome, very like the Princess Pauline. They have both the same delicate features, the same winning smile, the same kind look. Joseph has always been a great favorite with our family. At Montpellier, after his father had breathed his last in my mother's arms, Joseph came to live with his uncle Fesch in the house of my parents. I mention this because Joseph never forgot it; on the contrary, he always tendered me

his hand to testify his gratitude for what my mother had done for him.

Madame Joseph Bonaparte is an angel of goodness. Pronounce her name, and all the indigent, all the unfortunate in Paris, Naples, and Madrid, will repeat it with blessings; yet she was never at Madrid, and knew nothing of that foreign land but from the accounts of it that were given to her. Never did she hesitate a moment to set about what she conceived to be her duty. Accordingly, Madame de Survilliers* is adored by all about her, and especially by her own household; her unalterable kindness, her active charity, gain her the love of everybody, and in the land of exile she has found a second native country.

She was fondly attached to her sister, the Queen of Sweden. The latter is an inoffensive, and in my opinion an excellent, creature; but she has one defect which her present situation renders almost a vice — she is a mere cipher. Her character has no color. Nay, more, she may easily be persuaded to do any person an ill turn, merely because she is not aware of the drift of the procedure. The Queen of Sweden was prodigiously fond of everything that was melancholy and ROMANTIC.

When she married Bernadotte she had a face of which I shall say nothing, because we were then thought to be exceedingly like each other. She had very fine eyes, and a most pleasing smile. Lastly, she had not too much *embonpoint* as at the time of her departure for Sweden, and she was altogether a very agreeable person. She was fond of her husband, which was natural enough; but that fondness became a downright annoyance to the poor Bearnese, who, having nothing of a hero of romance in his composition, was sometimes extremely perplexed by the part. She was continually in tears when he had gone out because he was absent; when he was going out, more tears; and when he came home she still wept because he would have to go away again, perhaps in a week, but at any rate he would have to go.

Louis Bonaparte was engaging at eighteen, subsequently his infirmities gave him the appearance of an old man before his time; this rendered him morose in

*The name afterward assumed by King Joseph. The Queen also used it in Germany, where she then resided.

appearance, and miserable in reality. He resembled the Queen of Naples when he was young and in health; there was the same cast of countenance, and the same expression when the features of the Queen of Naples were at rest; but as soon as they were animated by her smile or her look all resemblance vanished.

Louis is a mild, easy, good-natured man. The Emperor, with his whim of making kings of all his brothers, could not find one who would fall in with it. His sisters, on the contrary, seconded him, for they were devoured by ambition; but on this point the men have always shown a firm and determined will. Louis told him as much when he was setting out for Holland. "I will do what I like," said the young King to his brother. "Let me act freely, or let me remain here. I will not go to govern a country where I shall be known only by disaster."

The Emperor was inflexible in his will. He sent Louis to Holland; the unfortunate young man went to experience a slow and cruel agony among its canals and marshes. The greater part of his present ailments proceed from that damp atmosphere, particularly unhealthy for a child of the South like him. He obeyed, and his wife was destined there to feel the keenest anguish — her maternal heart was wrung by the death of her first-born.*

Lucien and his wife arrived at Paris at the same time, I believe, as did Madame Lætitia and Caroline Bonaparte. The General came to Paris, and afterward set out again for Toulon. The Egyptian expedition was in preparation. Applications from all quarters poured in from young men, who, in ignorance of its destination, but hoping that it might be for Constantinople or England, enrolled themselves in crowds.

At the period I am speaking of (that is, in 1797), Lucien might be about twenty-two years of age; he was tall, ill-shaped, having limbs like those of the field spider, and a small head, which, with his tall stature, would have made him unlike his brothers had not his physiognomy attested their common parentage. Lucien was very near-sighted, which made him half shut his

*The eldest of the children of Louis and Hortense Beauharnais died of croup, at the Hague, in 1804.

eyes and stoop his head. This defect would have given him an unpleasing air if his smile, always in harmony with his features, had not imparted something agreeable to his countenance. Thus, though he was rather plain, he pleased generally. He had very remarkable success with women who were themselves very remarkable, and that long before his brother arrived at power. With respect to understanding and talent, Lucien always displayed abundance of both.

In early youth, when he met with a subject that he liked he identified himself with it; he lived at that time in an ideal world. Thus, at eighteen, the perusal of Plutarch carried him into the Forum and the Piræus. He was a Greek with Demosthenes, a Roman with Cicero; he espoused all the ancient glories, but he was intoxicated with those of our own time. Those who, because they had no conception of this enthusiasm, alleged that he was jealous of his brother, have asserted a willful falsehood, if they have not fallen into a most egregious error. This is a truth for which I can pledge myself. But I would not with equal confidence assert the soundness of his judgment at this same period, when Bonaparte, at the age of twenty-five, laid the first stone of the temple which he dedicated to his immortality.

Not naturally disposed, by the grandeur of his genius, to view things in a fantastic light, and attaching himself solely to their reality, Bonaparte proceeded direct to the goal with a firm and steady step. He had in consequence the meanest idea of those who kept traveling on, as he expressed it, in the kingdom of fools. From this rigorous manner of judging persons of ardent imaginations, it may be supposed that Lucien was smartly reprimanded whenever he addressed to him any of the philippics or catilinaria of the young Roman. Napoleon forgot that he himself, a few years before, while still in Corsica, had given proof of equally violent exaltation.

Madame Lucien was tall, well-shaped, slender, and had in her figure and carriage that native grace and ease which are imparted by the air and sky of the South; her complexion was dark, and she was pitted with the smallpox; her eyes were not large, and her nose was rather broad and flat: in spite of all this she was pleasing,

because her look was kind, her smile sweet, as well as her voice: she was graceful, in short, and good as an angel. Her love for her husband rendered her quick in adapting herself to her position; in a few weeks she became an elegant woman, wearing to admiration all that issued from the hands of Leroi, Mademoiselle Despaux, and Madame Germon.

On his first visit to Paris Lucien made but a short stay there; on his return from Germany he and his wife settled in Paris, and lived at this period in Grande Rue Verte, Faubourg Saint Honoré.

Madame Bacciochi resided, like Lucien, in the Rue Verte. Madame Leclerc, who arrived from Italy soon after the period which I have just mentioned as that of the meeting of the family, took a house in the Rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. We formed, of course, nearly the center of the Corsican colony, in the heart of Paris; thus, not a day passed on which some of the brothers or sisters did not visit us, or we them.

Caroline Bonaparte, who was called Annunziata, and who came with her mother from Marseilles, was then twelve years old. Handsome arms, small hands, delightful in form and whiteness, small well-turned feet, and a brilliant complexion — such were the characteristics of her beauty, with the addition of fine teeth, rosy cheeks, very fair but round shoulders, a figure rather too robust, and a manner not very elegant. Caroline was in other respects a very good girl, and we were as much together as my more intimate acquaintance with Mademoiselle de Perigord and Mademoiselle de Caseux permitted.

Caroline was placed in a boarding school at St. Germain, with Madame Campan, not to finish her education, for it had not even been begun. Of Madame Leclerc we saw more than of any other in the family. She came every day to my mother, who was very fond of her, and petted her — that is the right word — by passing over with more indulgence than her mother the thousand and one whims which were bred, gratified, and abandoned in a day. Many people have extolled the beauty of Madame Leclerc; this is known from portraits and even statues of her; still, it is impossible to form any idea of what this lady, truly extraordinary as the perfection of beauty,

then was, because she was not generally known till her return from St. Domingo, when she was already faded, nay withered, and nothing but the shadow of that exquisitely beautiful Paulette, whom we sometimes admired as we admire a fine statue of Venus or Galatea. She was still fresh on her arrival at Paris from Milan; but this freshness was of short duration; by the time she had lived a year in Paris she began to be a very different person from the Paulette of Milan.

At this period she was an excellent creature; it has been said since that she was malicious, and this report has been spread even by persons of her household; I know not whether greatness changed her disposition.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Attention of Bonaparte to the Establishment of His Family — Amours of Bonaparte, and a Box at the Feydeau — Coldness between My Mother and Bonaparte — Levity of Josephine — Marquis de Caulaincourt — The Two Brothers, Armand and Auguste — Madame de Thelusson and Madame de Mornay — Fashions — Bonaparte at Paris — Long and Interesting Conversation between Bonaparte and My Brother — Projected Expedition — Implacable Hatred against England.

General Bonaparte was anxious to see all his family comfortably settled at Paris before he left Europe, but knowing that the Republican generals were charged with rapacity, he did not wish his family to live in such splendor as might afford cause for malicious interpretations. Nothing was more simple than the style of Joseph's house, though, at the same time, it was respectably appointed. Bonaparte had also laid down rules for the guidance of Madame Bonaparte's conduct in this respect; had they been followed, this conquest over Josephine's spirit of dissipation would have surpassed the conquest of Egypt which he was about to undertake.

General Bonaparte, though younger than Joseph, and though his mother was still living, assumed from this moment the ascendency and authority of a father and head over his family. The instructions which he left

for their guidance were truly remarkable, and surprised my mother; she had not seen him at her house since her decided quarrel with him on account of my cousin Stephanopoli.* Naturally proud, she was now as glad to avoid Bonaparte as a few years before she had been anxious to meet him. The behavior of the young General had deeply hurt her, and the indifference which he had shown in excusing himself completely incensed her against him; but subsequently her excellent understanding made allowances for all that might then have occupied the head of such a man. Bonaparte was about this time as fond of his wife as his nature allowed him to be when his faculties were wholly devoted to the vast projects he had himself conceived. No doubt he loved Josephine, but those who have asserted that he loved her more than he ever did any other woman, have not followed him through his early life, nor discovered him in the character of a romantic lover; they have not seen him redden, turn pale, tremble — nay, even weep. At the old Feydeau theater there was a box, No. 11, in the first tier, which knew much more about this matter than they do.

His love for his wife was not of the same nature. He loved her, no doubt, but without making of her one of those divinities which dazzle the acutest understanding, and prevent it from perceiving any imperfection, moral or personal, in the beloved object. Besides, there was a counterpoise in the gratitude which, more particularly about the time of his return from Italy, everyone said that Bonaparte owed to his wife.

Madame Bonaparte showed a total want of prudence, not only in not imposing silence on those who spread this report, but also in giving it weight by her confidences to a host of flatterers, and, above all, of intriguers, who never kept the secret more than an hour. I know that Bonaparte had been informed of the AUTHORITY, if I may be allowed the term, which Madame Bonaparte gave to the absurd report which the enemies of Napoleon, and he had many already, circulated respecting him. It may easily be conceived how his spirit must have been wounded when he saw himself the object of

*He died at Neuilly, in consequence of having cut a corn on his foot.

a contemptuous look, when he heard the expression: "It is his wife's influence that upholds him." This was false and ridiculous, but it was said, and whoever knew Bonaparte well must be aware that nothing more was required to produce an extraordinary effect upon him.

Bonaparte was acquainted with the indiscretion of his wife; accordingly, he recommended her to abstain above all things from talking about politics — a subject which she knew nothing of, and which could not fail to lead to conversations liable to compromise him. "What you say is supposed to come from me," he would frequently observe to her; "keep silence, and then my enemies, and you are surrounded by them, will not have it in their power to draw silly inferences from your words."

My mother had found again an old friend in her neighborhood, M. de Caulaincourt, whose hotel, in the Rue Joubert, was not above a hundred paces from our house. To name him is sufficient to call to the minds of those who knew this excellent man all that is good, honorable, and honored. The Marquis de Caulaincourt was likewise a friend of Madame Bonaparte; he had rendered her very great services. Of what nature I know not, but my mother knew; they must have been very important, for, subsequently, on the day that his two sons were presented to the First Consul, when M. de Caulaincourt described to my mother the truly remarkable reception which Bonaparte had given to himself and his sons, "Indeed, I can easily believe it," said my mother; "if even the merits of Armand and Auguste had not required this distinction, the gratitude which his wife owes you would have imperatively commanded it." M. de Caulaincourt approached my mother's bed, for she was lying down at the time, and whispered to her for a few moments. "No, no," said my mother, "'tis not enough. Consider besides that your sons may aspire to everything. Where do you find men possessing their qualifications, and who, moreover, have at their age their military renown?"

M. de Caulaincourt was therefore a frequent visitor at the house of Madame Bonaparte. He gave her advice, which she listened to without following. He had a genuine friendship for her, and he proved it unequivocally; but Madame Bonaparte was excessively frivolous and

fickle, with the appearance of good nature. M. de Caulaincourt soon became disliked, though he was far from suspecting it; and subsequently, when, in consequence of my marriage, I formed one of the select circle at the Tuileries, I did not wound his heart by telling him that he was called the DOTARD.

M. de Caulaincourt was like a living tradition of a period which our fathers themselves considered as belonging to another age. His sons did not resemble him. Armand, afterward Duke of Vicenza, had much of the look of his mother; Auguste was not like anybody, neither was Madame de Saint Aignan, formerly Madame de Thelusson. Madame de Mornay* was a fine woman, and had much of the elegant carriage and manners of Armand.

M. de Caulaincourt was a man of such an original stamp that I should look around me in vain at the present day for anyone resembling him. His features had been very delicate in his youth, and, though short in stature, he was perfectly made. He had dark expressive eyes, to which, however, he seldom gave a severe expression. Many years have since passed, and yet my recollection of M. de Caulaincourt is so strong that methinks at this moment I can see him alighting from his horse at my mother's door on his return from Madame Bonaparte, Rue Chantereine.

Never shall I forget that pretty pony, which fashion led him to choose: he paid all his visits upon horseback, like a country apothecary. Having formerly been a cavalry officer, highly esteemed in his corps, he had retained, in spite of time, reform, and revolution, the clumsy jack-boots, long queue, coat with large metal buttons, and waistcoat with flaps. Below these flaps hung two immense watch chains, with such a collection of trinkets that, when I did not hear the usual noise made by the horse and himself, their jingle, as soon as he began to ascend the stairs, apprised me of his approach.

He was thoroughly convinced that the most graceful fashion of the day could not stand a comparison with his; and, to speak the truth, I should be puzzled to tell which was most laughable, he or a young *incroyable* of that time, buried in a muslin cravat two yards wide, with

*Afterward Madame d'Esternau.

a coat the skirts of which reached a little lower than the hips, while pantaloons, ample enough to make a gown, gave to the lower part of his person the appearance of a woman. Add to this capricious costume hair falling in long thick corkscrews over the immense cravat, and a hat so extremely small that it was difficult to keep it upon the head, which it scarcely covered.

M. de Caulaincourt called me his daughter, and I called him my LITTLE PAPA. Armand, afterward Grand Equerry to the Emperor, and I were long accustomed, even at Court, to call one another brother and sister. The portrait of the Duke of Vicenza has not been favorably drawn by prejudice and envy. He was not liked. He was perhaps rather too much convinced of his superiority over most of those who formed the military circle of the Emperor, and this conviction gave him an air of reserve which superficial persons took for haughtiness. He was clever, and had as much the manners of a gentleman as any man in France. His brother was far from being equal to him. Auguste's temper was by no means agreeable, and I have frequently heard my mother reprimand him severely for unpoliteness, even to the friends of his father. At this period both brothers were with their regiments.

General Bonaparte, after staying but a few weeks at Paris, when on the point of leaving Europe with the chance of never returning, had been influenced by a feeling of violent irritation. My brother, who in Italy had always kept upon the best terms with the General, had called to see him at Bonaparte's request. Albert went several times, and always came back more and more certain that Napoleon was excessively mortified by the course of events. "I plainly perceive," said Albert, "that his great spirit is too much compressed in that narrow center, within which those needy Directors wish to confine it: it is a free flight in untrammeled space that such wings demand. He will die here; he must begone. This morning," added Albert, "he said to me: 'This Paris weighs me down like a cloak of lead!' And then he paced to and fro."

"And yet," replied Albert, "never did grateful country hail more cordially one of its children. The moment you appear, the streets, the promenades, the theaters,

ring with shouts of '*Vive Bonaparte!*' The people love you, General."

While my brother thus spoke, Bonaparte, he said, looked steadfastly at him. He stood motionless, his hands crossed behind him, and his whole countenance expressing attention mingled with the liveliest interest: he then began walking again with a pensive look.

"What think you of the East, Permon?" he abruptly asked my brother. "You seem to have had an excellent education: for your father, I believe, originally destined you for the Diplomatic Service, did he not?" My brother replied in the affirmative. "You speak modern Greek, I believe?" Albert nodded assent. "And Arabic?" Albert answered in the negative, adding that he could easily learn to speak it in the course of a month.

"Indeed! Well in that case I ——" Here Bonaparte paused, as if fearful that he had said too much. He nevertheless reverted to the subject a moment afterward, and asked Albert if he had been at M. de Talleyrand's ball. "That was a delightful *fête*," he added; "my Army of Italy would be very proud if it knew that its Commander had received such high honors. Yes, the Directors have done things nobly. I should not have supposed that they had such skill in paying compliments: what luxury!" He walked about for a considerable time without speaking, and then resumed: "It was more magnificent than our royal entertainments of old. The Directory ought not thus to forget its republican origin. Is there not pretension in appearing in such pomp before those who, in fact, can counterbalance its power? I represent the army!" added Bonaparte; "yes, I represent the army, and the Directors know whether the army is at this moment powerful in France."

Nothing could be more true than this last insinuation of Bonaparte. At this period the army actually possessed great influence, and a distant expedition was already much talked of in public. Bonaparte asked my brother several questions relative to this subject. Albert answered that it was generally believed that the projected expedition was destined against England.

The smile that now played upon Napoleon's lips, as Albert afterward told us, had so strange, so incompre-

hensible an expression, that he could not tell what to make of it.

"England!" he then rejoined. "So you think in Paris that we are going to attack it at last? The Parisians are not mistaken; it is indeed to humble that saucy nation that we are arming. England! If my voice has any influence, never shall England have an hour's truce. Yes, yes; war with England forever, until its utter destruction! Permon, if you choose, I will take you with me; you speak fluently English, Italian, Greek. Yes; I will take you with me."

The conversation detailed here is the summary of what passed at five or six interviews. My brother heard in all quarters a variety of surmises concerning the projected expedition. The secret was long kept, but at length it was divulged; for Bonaparte, covetous of all kinds of glory, resolved to surround himself with the splendor which the arts and sciences impart to everything. He laid the Institute itself under contribution. An immense battalion accompanied the new Alexander to the banks of the Nile, whence it was destined to bring back a trophy more brilliant than any that blood can give to posterity.

As soon as my brother learned that the expedition was destined for so distant a country his resolution was taken; he arranged his affairs, and prepared for his departure. My mother, when she knew it, threw herself in a manner at his feet, entreating him not to forsake her. Albert needed no second supplication; he remained.

CHAPTER XXV.

Family of Junot — His Education — His Character — The Battalion of the Côte d'Or — Junot a Grenadier — Promoted to Sergeant — The Siege of Toulon — First Meeting of Junot and Bonaparte — Extraordinary Scene — Junot Is Bonaparte's First Aid-de-Camp — Curious Correspondence Between Junot and His Father — Remarkable Dream — Muiron and Marmont — Death of Muiron — Wounds of Junot — Inexplicable Errors in the Memorial of St. Helena — Politeness of Junot — Adventures of Madame de Brionne at Dijon — She Presents Junot with Her Portrait — Baron de Steyer.

AMONG the young officers whom Bonaparte had introduced to my mother, when he was appointed to the command of the Army of the Interior, she distinguished one, as well on account of his manners, blunt without rudeness, and his open countenance, as for the extreme attachment which he manifested for his General. This attachment bordered upon passion. He evinced an enthusiasm so touching that my mother, whose elevated soul and loving heart were capable of appreciating all exalted sentiments, had immediately distinguished Colonel Junot, and from that moment she felt the sincerest friendship for him. I was then quite a girl, and never dreamed that the handsome Colonel, with light hair, elegant dress, engaging countenance, and yet serious look, would come three years afterward and, out of love, solicit the hand of the little girl whom at that time he scarcely noticed.

Of all the officers composing Bonaparte's staff Colonel Junot had the most adventurous and the most fortunate destiny. He bore, in recent scars, the glorious marks of a valor which his bitterest enemies have not attempted to deny him. The General-in-Chief had known how to appreciate it, and with the origin of his fortune were connected several remarkable acts, not only of courage, but also of honor and generosity. It was at the siege of Toulon that the General had become acquainted with him, and in a manner which, for its singularity, deserves to be related at length.

Junot was born at Bussy-Legrand, in the department of the Côte d'Or, on the 24th of September, 1771, and it may be observed, by the way, that he received for a

Christian name that of the saint whose festival happened to fall on the day of his birth; hence he had the most singular name perhaps in France — it was Andoche. What trouble this unlucky name gave in the sequel to the masters in the art of pleasing, who took it into their heads to celebrate the ruling powers!

Junot's parents were respectable *bourgeois;* his family was in easy circumstances. His mother's two brothers were, the one a physician at Paris, where he was deservedly esteemed, and the other first Canon of the cathedral of Evreux, possessing good benefices, which he meant to leave to the elder of his nephews, M. Junot, who died Receiver-General of the Upper Sâone. The Abbé Bien-Aimé was a worthy priest, whose memory I revere. He died Bishop of Metz, in 1806, regretted by his whole diocese, the poor of which called him *le Bien-Nommé.*

As, prior to the Revolution of 1789, the class of the *bourgeoisie* never put their sons into the army, Junot was destined for the bar. His education, begun at Montbard under an excellent man named Heurté, of whom he frequently spoke with gratitude, was completed at the college of Châtillon-sur-Seine.* Here he first became acquainted with Marmont, who was a pupil at the same college, and here they contracted that friendship which nothing ever diminished, though both of them pursued the same career. This friendship ended only with Junot's death in 1813.

* «When General Junot returned from the Egyptian expedition, he went into Burgundy to see his relatives and friends, and to show them that prosperity had not altered his sentiments toward them. At Montbard where he had received what little education he possessed, he called on his schoolfellows, whom he saluted with great cordiality; but his emotion was much greater when he met with his former preceptor, whom he had believed to be dead. He threw his arms around the old man's neck, and kissed him. Surprised to receive such testimonies of regard from a stranger, especially from one so richly habited, the schoolmaster looked foolish, and was unable to utter a word.

«'Do you not know me?' inquired the young officer. 'I have not that honor, sir.' 'What! not know the idlest, the most dissolute, and the most worthless of your scholars?' 'Am I, then, speaking to M. Junot?' inquired the old man with the utmost *naïveté.* The General laughed, again embraced his tutor, and on going away settled on him an annual pension.» — «The Court and Camp of Napoleon» (1836), p. 194.

Junot was a man of very extraordinary character, which was not always duly appreciated by those about him, because he himself sometimes threw an obstacle in the way, in consequence of a defect which really was a drawback from his many good qualities — I mean an extreme irritability, easily excited in him by the mere appearance of a fault. Whenever he had reason to suspect anyone, more especially a person under his command, of neglect in matters connected with the service, he could not help reproving him for it, and the more harshly, as, in the like case, he would have been just as severe toward one of his own relations. On such occasions his frankness did not allow him one circumlocutory word.

Junot had lofty ideals; he was a stranger to falsehood, and was endowed with a generosity which his enemies have endeavored to represent as a vice, but which his numerous family, who for fifteen years had no other support than him, a great number of crippled soldiers, of widows encumbered with children, who received pensions and relief from him, will never call anything but the virtue of a noble heart.

He possessed in an eminent degree the qualities of a good son, a warm friend, and an excellent father. I recollect Mr. Fox telling me one day how he was struck the preceding evening, when leaving the opera house, on seeing Junot paying as much attention and respect to his mother as he could have done to the first peeress of England.* How many college friends, how many indigent relatives, has he succored and saved! How many ungrateful persons are there to whom he was a patron, a brother, and whose fortunes he made!

Junot doted on his children. Who can know, as I have done, all that anxiety, so strong and so tender, which he felt even in the midst of personal danger? What letters he would write me! How affecting they were for their candor and ingenuousness! At one time he would inquire whether his boy had cut his tenth tooth. At another he would say: "But when shall you wean little Rodrigue?" And then his girls, what were they doing?

*Mr. Fox meant by no means to satirize France by appearing to think it admirable that a son should give his arm to his mother. It was the extraordinary care and attention that struck him, as he himself acknowledged.

Were they grown? Did they work at their needle? These details may appear trivial, but the letters were written under the fire of the enemy, amid the snows of Russia, or perhaps an hour after receiving a wound, which had not even been dressed. I preserve all those invaluable letters, which shall descend as a sacred inheritance to my children.

Having begun life with the Revolution, Junot was absolutely one of its children. He was scarcely twenty when the first roll of the drum was heard. A war cry rang throughout the kingdom; the most discreet panted for combat; all were tired of repose. Had not Junot been my husband, I should tell how he became all at once a young Achilles. Suddenly smitten with a passion for arms, he wholly forgot the luxurious and indolent life which till then he had led. It was then that he entered into that celebrated battalion of volunteers of the Côte-d'Or, so renowned for the number of generals and great officers of the Empire who sprang from its ranks. Its commander was the amiable and unfortunate Cazotte.

After the surrender of Longwy, the battalion was ordered to Toulon to join the forces collected to retake it from the English. This was the most critical moment of the Revolution. Junot was sergeant of grenadiers, which rank had been conferred on him upon the field of battle. Often, when relating to me the circumstances of the first years of his adventurous life, did he speak of that event as the most extraordinary that had befallen him. He said, with that accent which persuades because it is true, that, in the whole course of his career of honors, nothing ever threw him into such a delirium of joy as that which he experienced when his comrades, all of them as brave as himself, appointed him their sergeant, when their commander confirmed their appointment, and he was lifted on a tremulous platform supported by bayonets still dripping with the blood of the enemy.

It was about this time that, being one day on duty at the battery of the Sans-Culottes, a commandant of artillery, who had come a few days before from Paris to direct the operations of the siege, in so far as the artillery under the command of Cartaux was concerned, applied to the officer of the post for a young subaltern,

possessing both courage and intelligence. The Lieutenant immediately called *La Tempête*—Junot stepped forward. The Commandant scrutinized him with an eye that seemed already to look through the man.

"Pull off your coat," said the Commandant, "and carry this order yonder," pointing to the most distant part of the coast, and explaining what he wished him to do. "I am not a SPY," said he to the Commandant; "seek somebody else; I shall not take your order." He was retiring. "So you refuse to obey?" said the superior officer in a sharp tone: "do you know to what punishment you render yourself liable?" "I am ready to obey," said Junot, "but I will go in my uniform or not at all; and that is honor enough for those rascally English." The Commandant smiled, as he looked steadfastly at him. "But they will kill you," replied he. "What is that to you? You don't know me well enough to fret after me; and as for myself, 'tis all one to me. Well, I may go as I am, may not I?" He then put his hand into his cartridge box. "Well, with my sword and these pills, at any rate the conversation shall not flag, if those fellows have anything to say to me." He then set off singing.

"What is that young man's name?" asked the superior officer, as soon as he was gone. "Junot." "He is sure to get forward." The Commandant then noted down his name in his pocketbook. This was already an opinion of great weight, for the reader will easily have guessed that the officer of artillery was Napoleon.

A few days afterward, being at the same battery of the Sans-Culottes, Bonaparte asked for someone who could write a good hand. Junot stepped out of the ranks and offered his services. Bonaparte recognized in him the sergeant who had already attracted his notice. He told him to place himself somewhere to write a letter, which he would dictate. Junot chose the corner of the battery. Scarcely had he finished the letter when a bomb, fired by the English, burst at the distance of ten paces and covered him as well as the letter, with mold and dust. "Capital!" said Junot, laughing; "we wanted some sand to dry the ink."

Bonaparte fixed his eyes on the young sergeant; he was quite calm, and had not even started. This circumstance

decided his fortune. He continued with the Commandant of the artillery, and did not return to his corps. Afterward, when the city was taken and Bonaparte appointed General, Junot asked no other reward for his good conduct during the siege but to be appointed his aid-de-camp,* preferring an inferior rank to that which he might have had by remaining in the corps; but in this case he would have been obliged to leave Bonaparte, and Junot could not make up his mind to that.

Junot was soon attached to his General with a devotedness that became adoration. Without taking the full measure of the giant who was before him, his penetrating mind set him down for a great man. I subjoin an extract from a letter, the original of which is in my possession; it was written in 1794, when Junot's father, alarmed at the resolution of his son, asked him for information concerning the man to whose fortunes he had attached himself. "Why have you left the Commandant Laborde?† Why have you left your corps? Who is this General Bonaparte? Where has he served? Nobody knows him here."

Junot answered his father, and explained to him why he had preferred the service of the staff, especially that active service which he was likely to have with his General, to the more tardy results that would have attended his remaining with his battalion. He then added: "You ask me who is this General Bonaparte. I might answer in the words of Santeuil:

"'*Pour savoir ce qu'il est il faut être lui-même;*'

but this much will I tell you, that as far as I can judge he is one of those men of whom Nature is sparing, and whom she throws into the world but once in a century."

When Napoleon set out for Egypt he passed through Burgundy on his way to Toulon. He stopped at Dijon,

*Junot and Muiron, the latter of whom afterward perished so unfortunately, were the first aids-de-camp that Bonaparte ever had.

†Afterward General of Division and Commandant at Lisbon at the time of the Conquest. It was Laborde who commanded in Oporto when Marshal Soult suffered himself to be surprised by the English, conceiving that it was the Swiss regiment which was crossing the river.

where my father-in-law then was, and the latter showed him the letter which I just quoted.

"Monsieur Junot," said the General, "this only serves to confirm me in my conviction of your son's attachment to me. He has given me strong proofs of it, which have deeply touched me. You and he may therefore rely upon it that I will use all my power and influence to advance him in our adventurous career."

My father-in-law had then no occasion to ask who THIS GENERAL BONAPARTE was. A quarter of an hour after this conversation, what Bonaparte had said to him was written in his pocketbook, and put into his left pocket, as near as possible to his heart. His adoration of Napoleon became from that moment almost as profound as that of his son.

Bonaparte kept the promise which he had made to Junot's father: he was to him a kind and useful patron; but, then, there were important obligations on the other side. We have already seen that Junot, deeply concerned at the arrest and accusation of Bonaparte, wanted to share his captivity; that he was repulsed from the prison by Napoleon himself, who convinced him that he might be of more use to him by remaining at liberty. We see, in fact, that the defense of Napoleon, addressed to the representatives of the people, Albitte and Salicetti, who had caused him to be apprehended, was Junot's writing: there are merely a few notes to it in Bonaparte's hand. After the liberation of the General, Junot accompanied him to Paris. There he constantly shared his poverty, and always divided with him what he received from his family.

"The galleons are not yet arrived," Bonaparte would say to my mother, when he called to see her, with a long face, and a gray frock coat, which has since become so famous, but was then a very shabby concern; "the Burgundy diligence has not yet arrived. If it do not come to-night, we shall have no dinner to-morrow — at least, if you don't give us one, Madame Permon." What Napoleon called the galleons was a remittance of two or three hundred francs, which Junot's mother now and then sent to her son. This he divided with the General. "And I always have the larger share," said Bonaparte.

When Napoleon, after the 4th of October, was invested with the command of the Army of the Interior, he took other aids-de-camp. Marmont was one of them; and at this period he, Junot, and Muiron were the privileged persons of his staff. Junot and Muiron were on the most intimate terms. They were for some time the only two officers attached to General Bonaparte. Their friendship was not affected by the addition of Marmont to their little staff, and, as I have already observed, Junot and he had been educated at the same college.

It was a very remarkable point in Junot's character, or rather in his heart, that he was weak and superstitious in regard to his dearest friends as he was rash and reckless of his own person; so that whenever a battle was at hand, he was distressed about the fate of his friends till he saw them again. On the evening before the Battle of Lonato, after having been on duty the whole day, and riding perhaps fifty miles, carrying orders in all directions, he lay down exhausted with fatigue, but without undressing, that he might be ready at the shortest notice.

During the day he had thought a great deal about Muiron and his situation. Muiron had formed plans for his future establishment, which he had communicated to Junot. He meant, at the end of the campaign, to apply for leave of absence, that he might go to Antibes, for the purpose of marrying a young widow residing there, of whom he was enamored, and who possessed some fortune. It would therefore have been natural enough that Junot's slumbers, receiving a tinge from the impressions of the day, should present to him similar joys, but in a different form.

But no sooner was he asleep than he dreamed that he was on a field of battle, covered with dead and dying. He was met by a powerful masked knight on horseback, with whom he fought; this knight had, instead of a lance, a long scythe, with which he struck at Junot several times, and wounded him deeply on the left temple. The battle was long; at length they closed. In the conflict the tall rider's visor or mask fell off, and Junot beheld a death's-head; the armor then disappeared, and Death, with his scythe, stood upright before him. "I could not take you to-day," said he; "but I will take one of your best friends. Beware of me!"

Junot awoke bathed in perspiration; day began to dawn; the bustle which precedes a day such as that which was preparing was already heard; he tried to sleep again, but could not; he was so much agitated, and this dream produced an uneasiness which increased every moment; yet, singularly enough, his apprehensions were not directed to Muiron, and on that day his anxiety was exclusively about Marmont.

The engagement began. Junot received two wounds on the head, one of which left that fine scar which was long seen on the left temple, the other was near the nape of the neck; neither of these wounds appeared very dangerous, but there was a chance that the one on the temple might become so in the state of mind in which he then was.

The moment he came to himself he inquired after Marmont. He was not to be found. When the officer who had been to look for him returned, and imprudently told Yvan, who was dressing Junot's wound, that he could not find him, Junot, calling to mind his dream, was seized with a kind of delirium, which alarmed the surgeons the more because his blood had been for several days past highly inflamed. A messenger was sent to acquaint the General-in-Chief with what had happened; he went himself to his favorite aid-de-camp and strove to soothe him; but Junot would not listen to anything, and had not Marmont at that moment arrived from executing a commission given him by the General-in-Chief (he had been, I believe, to Massena's headquarters), Junot would probably have been attacked by tetanus. As soon as he saw his friend he became composed, and seemed to think that he had nothing more to apprehend.

"Ah, there you are!" he exclaimed, taking him by the hand; "there you are!" He then examined him with the only eye that was uncovered to see whether he had received any wound, and smiled with satisfaction on perceiving no other traces of the battle but disordered hair, and clothes covered with dust and Austrian blood. All at once he was struck by the extreme gloom on Marmont's countenance; the image of Muiron presented itself to his mind. "Where is Muiron?" cried he; "where is Muiron?" Marmont cast down his eyes, and the surgeon

gave Heldt, Junot's *valet de chambre*, a significant look to enjoin silence. Junot understood them. "The wretch," cried he, "has kept his word, then!" Muiron had actually fallen.

During the whole of the campaigns in Italy, Junot accompanied Bonaparte in those fields of glory, and was not sparing of his blood; he was in all the brilliant days of Arcola, Lodi, Castiglione, Lonato, the Tagliamento, etc. He served his General and his country on the field of battle with all the zeal that could be expected from an attachment such as his. Bonaparte, who knew and duly appreciated him, employed him during the campaigns in Italy in other duties besides those of an officer of the advance guard. The occupation of Venice, which required both great subtlety and extreme firmness, was intrusted to him; he brought back with him colors which his arm had assisted in taking, and his mission had, as we shall see, an entirely diplomatic object.

I have already observed that Junot lavished his blood for the glory of his country. I shall here mention a few instances. During the campaign in Italy, at the Battle of Lonato, he received, as we have just seen, a wound on his left temple; but the most frightful of his wounds was a gunshot wound received in Germany when only a volunteer; it must have been terrible, to judge from the scar, which made one shudder. The pulsation of the brain might be perceived there; this scar was at least an inch long, and seven or eight inches in depth. At frequent intervals during the three or four years succeeding that campaign, this wound would break open afresh in a manner equally singular and alarming, and, the blood flowing profusely from it, Junot ran the risk every time of bleeding to death.

One day, at Milan, being at the house of Madame Bonaparte, where they were playing at *vingt et un*, Junot was sitting at a round table with his back toward the door of the cabinet of the General-in-Chief. The General opened his door without being heard; he made a sign to be silent, and, coming up softly, laid hold of the fine light head of hair which the young aid-de-camp then had, and pulled it sharply. The pain was so acute that Junot could not suppress a faint cry; he smiled, but his face turned pale as death and then alarmingly red.

The General withdrew his hand; it was covered with blood!

To a brilliant and creative imagination Junot joined an acute understanding that was most prompt in seizing any new idea the moment it presented itself to him. He learned everything with inconceivable rapidity. He was very ready at composing verses, was an excellent actor, and wrote wonderfully well. His temper was warm, sometimes passionate, but never was he coarse or brutal; and, during the thirteen years of our union, I never witnessed such a scene as that which is described in the Memorial of St. Helena; the Emperor could not have made such an assertion, or, in absence of mind, he must have mentioned one name instead of another. The picture of Junot running about in his handsome hotel, as he is alleged to have done in the Memorial, sword in hand, to pay his creditors, is absolutely ludicrous to all who were acquainted with Junot and knew how anxious he was to act in conformity with the elevated post which he occupied.

This post, formerly so eminent under the Bourbons, was infinitely more important under the Emperor. The Governor of Paris had the command of nearly 80,000 men; he was the only Governor who ever had such great power, extending to Blois, and, I believe, even to Tours. All officers of distinction, foreign or French, who passed through Paris, were received by him. Every person of any renown who came to France was admitted to the hospitalities of the Governor of Paris; and, from the first day of his nomination Junot strove to imitate the Duc de Brissac, if not in his two queues and his white scarf, at least in the politeness of his manners. The desire of standing well in his intercourse with the social world dates even much further back, notwithstanding Junot's fondness for the Republic and his aversion to ancient customs.

I will give an example. When all the world was emigrating and the revolutionary tempest began to roar, Madame de Brionne was stopped when attempting to leave France at a town (I believe Châlons) where Junot happened to be with his regiment. It was said that Madame de Brionne was carrying with her the Crown diamonds; she was the mother of the Prince de Lam-

besc,* whose name was held in abhorrence by the people for his affair at the Tuileries; she belonged, moreover, to the house of Lorraine, and that was enough to render her suspected. She was therefore detained, but, thanks to Junot, this measure, which might have assumed a most serious character, was productive of no other unpleasant result than the mere fact of her apprehension.

Madame de Brionne was conveyed to the best inn in the town, and Junot persuaded the Mayor's officers to go themselves and examine her. "She is a woman," said he; "you do not arrest her by virtue of a warrant, since you have no commission to do so, but you act out of patriotism; you have received information upon which you act: so far all is right. Consider, however, that your information may be false, and that your action then becomes the more vexatious, inasmuch as there is no just cause for it: you must act then as if you doubt whether you be right; and, besides, she is a woman and we are Frenchmen."

They replied to Junot with cheers, and, in consequence of this harangue, it was resolved to proceed to the noble traveler, who, not having been forewarned, had well-nigh marred everything. She had thrown herself on a bed upon pretext of fatigue, but probably to avoid the ceremonial of bows and courtesies; she shrunk from the idea of desiring people such as she then saw to sit down in her presence.

By a very simple accident, however, her stratagem was thwarted. The Mayor being absent from the town, there came in his stead an extremely vulgar fellow, who, on entering the room, threw himself into an armchair, saying: "I beg your pardon, *citoyenne*, but I am heavy, you see (he was full two hundredweight), and by your leave I will sit down."

At this intrusion Madame de Brionne half raised herself on the bed, and lifted up her head with an expression which gave her a most gigantic stature of twenty cubits. "By what right, sir, do you interrupt my journey?" said she to the fat man who acted the part of Mayor. "Is this the liberty people now enjoy in France? I insist upon your suffering me to proceed this instant."

* And of the Prince de Vaudemont.

The fat man made no other reply to this application than to ask Madame de Brionne who she was and whence she came.

In relating this scene to me, Junot said: "Never shall I forget the expression of Madame de Brionne's face; it was not indignation; it was an almost unknown sentiment; it was stupifaction, madness. She, Madame de Brionne, to be interrogated! Not only her name to be asked, but who she was! 'After all,' said the man of the Commune, 'we must know what is your profession.' Madame de Brionne returned no answer, but it was evident how severely she suffered from the constraint. A young woman who was near her seemed in a whisper to be striving to soothe her.

"At length, when she had been questioned for the third time as to her name and quality, she raised herself with that dignity which never fails to awe when it is inspired by the feeling of what one really is, and exclaimed, 'Marie Louise de Rohan, Comtesse de Brionne! As to the charge which you have the stupidity rather than the infamy to allege against me—— Show them my luggage,' continued she, turning to a *valet de chambre;* 'they will see that the house of Lorraine possesses wealth without having occasion to rob the house of France.'

"I was exceedingly pained at this scene," said Junot, "and when the clumsy booby had thoroughly convinced himself that Madame de Brionne had nothing with her that could even cause her to be suspected, I said sharply that she might be allowed to take some rest before she resumed her journey, which she wanted to do immediately. At any rate that woman had a noble and dignified courage which excited a lively interest in me, and I strove to screen her from the inconveniences of her situation."

Madame de Brionne was too much accustomed to good society not to be immediately aware of the attentions paid to her by Junot, which never ceased till her departure; and at a moment when she thought she should not be overheard, she said to Junot, "It must be very painful to you, sir, to wear that dress and to live with such people. It is no doubt your father whose opinions —— Alas! in these disastrous times it is no uncommon

thing to see persons belonging to our class joining the rabble."

"Madame," said Junot, interrupting her with a smile, "I ought to prevent you from proceeding, and assure you that my father and myself are of the same opinion; and I must confess that I am a plebeian and a stanch Republican."

The young soldier bowed. "Well, then," said Madame de Brionne to the young lady who had previously spoken to her, "there are many of our young coxcombs at Versailles who would not have been either so polite or so attentive to a woman of my age."

"I heard it distinctly," said Junot, "though she spoke in a whisper; and you will hardly believe that one of the things which most engaged my thoughts, after she had spoken of it herself, was to inquire her age. She was still a superb woman; her arms and hands were admirably beautiful."

[Madame de Brionne was about fifty at the time of this adventure; if anything rather more than less.]

"Sir," said she to Junot at the moment of her departure, "accept this token of remembrance; I hope that it may serve to remind you of one who, on her part, will never forget what you have had the kindness to do for her." This token of remembrance was a snuffbox of white shell, with a portrait of Madame de Brionne. Junot received it with warm expressions of thanks, and always kept it, notwithstanding his wandering life. A singular adventure, not a sequel to but a consequence of that which I have just related, occurred some years afterward.

Some time after the victory of the Tagliamento, shortly before the Treaty of Leoben, Junot, being at Clagenfurth with the General-in-Chief, received a visit from a young German officer taken prisoner in the battle. He was handsome and a man of polished manners, but spoke French very ill. In other respects he was quite a gentleman, for he introduced himself as a relative of Madame de Brionne, in whose name he solicited Colonel Junot's good offices.

From what Baron de Steyer told Junot, it appears that Madame de Brionne had always kept her eye upon him, and that the newspapers, in which his name frequently occurred, had furnished her with honorable intelligence

concerning him. She had recommended to the Baron, in case he should meet with such a misfortune as to be taken prisoner, to mention her name to Colonel Junot, and solicit his influence. The confidence of Madame de Brionne was not disappointed. Junot received the young officer in the most cordial manner; he asked and obtained for him his liberation on parole before the exchange of prisoners. My husband was much pleased with this mark of remembrance on the part of Madame de Brionne, and justly so; for what is more amiable than to procure you an opportunity for doing a good action, and to prove that one has relied upon you?

This little story is not foreign to what precedes it, as the reader may perceive. The young man to whom it relates was the same who, from his fiery courage and impetuosity of character, obtained a few months afterward in the field of battle the appellation of *La Tempête* from his brave comrades. It is to be presumed that this politeness, which must have been innate in Junot, for it could not have been taught him, was in the sequel rather developed than stifled by the remarkable circumstances in which he was placed.

The preceding story, like many others, is not quite in its proper place. But this is a fault — if it be one — inherent to these Memoirs. They are recollections awakened by recollections. Touch one chord, and ten others vibrate, differing in sound, but combining in one harmony. So do not be surprised if I sometimes break off one story to begin another.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Departure of Junot for Egypt — A General at Twenty-seven — Mutual Relations of the Generals of the Army of Egypt — Parties — Quarrel between Lanusse and Junot — Duel by Torchlight on the Bank of the Nile — Remarkable Observations of Napoleon — His Horror of Duels — Letter from Bonaparte to Junot — Junot in Egypt after the Departure of Bonaparte — Letter from Klèber — Departure of Junot — Junot and General Dumuy Taken by the English — Indignities from an English Captain, and Noble Conduct of Nelson — Lady Hamilton's Oranges — Intimacy of Junot and Sir Sidney Smith — Junot Returns to France, and is Appointed Governor of Paris.

JUNOT was appointed General in Egypt. This promotion, which is generally a desirable thing, especially at Junot's age (he was then twenty-seven), was NOT so for him. He had to leave the man to whom he was affectionately attached, and was even removed from under his observation; the army was not numerous, the general officers had not the choice of their cantonments, and they were obliged to go whithersoever the service required.

Many generals have been strongly attached to the Emperor; many of them, by the ascendency of a mighty genius, though they were Republicans, continued to love him even after his coronation, and to serve him faithfully; but nothing ever approached that blind, that passionate devotedness which several of his officers, at the head of whom was Junot, cherished for him. It was a fault in Napoleon not to believe the reality of this sentiment, and a still greater to show that he disbelieved it.

It is well known that there was a schism between the chiefs of the Army of Egypt; it was the camp of Agramant. Napoleon's party was the most numerous, but this division was extremely prejudicial. The personal danger of each party rendered it more irritable, more inflexible, especially toward the opposite faction. Klèber, Damas, and a great number of generals of extraordinary merit in other respects, affected to withdraw themselves from the authority of the General-in-Chief.

Among the generals who had placed themselves in

hostile opposition to the General-in-Chief was Lanusse, the brother of him who lately commanded at Besançon. One day an expression so horrible, and at the same time so alarming for the safety of the army, was reported to Junot, that the favorable prepossessions with which the bravery of Lanusse had inspired him were from that moment utterly destroyed. "I hated him at last," said Junot to me when relating the circumstances of their quarrel. Amicable appearances were nevertheless outwardly kept up, but their hearts were estranged.* One day Murat, wishing to reconcile the two generals, invited them to dine with him, together with Lannes, Bessières, and I believe Lavalette, who was then aid-de-camp to the General-in-Chief.

Dinner passed off agreeably, and the party afterward went to play. During a game at *bouillotte* the conversation turned on a military operation which the army was about to make, when Lanusse suffered a sarcastic smile to escape him; it exasperated Junot. Bessières, who sat next to him, kept him quiet for a few moments. Lanusse, misinterpreting the tranquillity which prevailed around him, continued talking about the state of the army in very indecorous terms.

In the midst of his observations he stopped short, and addressing Junot: "Junot," said he, "lend me ten louis; I am bankrupt." "I have no money to spare," replied Junot dryly. As he had a heap of gold before him, Lanusse, eyeing him steadfastly, rejoined: "How am I to take your answer, Junot?" "Just as you please." "I asked you to lend me ten of the louis that are lying before you." "And I answer that, although there is money before me, there is none for a traitor (*traître*) like you." "None but a scoundrel could use such an expression," cried Lanusse, overcome with rage.

In a moment all were on their legs. "Junot! Lanusse!" cried they, endeavoring to soothe them, for, at the epithet employed by Lanusse, Junot had become furious. All at once he appeared calm. "Hearken, Lanusse," said he in a voice the mildness of which formed a strange contrast with his choleric trembling, "hearken

* They had previously been intimate, and I know that Lanusse had even laid my husband under obligation. I take pleasure in acknowledging this.

to me; I called you a traitor; I don't think you are so.* You called me a scoundrel; you don't think me one, for we are both brave. But, look you, we must fight; one of us must die. I hate you because you hate the man whom I love and admire as much as God, if not more.† We must fight, and that immediately. I swear that before I go to bed to-night this affair shall be settled!"

All the witnesses of the scene were sensible that such words as had been exchanged demanded blood, and even life. But what was to be done? The General had proscribed duels; he would not have any in his army. If the affair were to be deferred till the next day he would know of it, and then it would be impossible to settle it. Murat's garden was spacious; it sloped down to the Nile. Torches were lighted, and there they might fight that very instant. It was nine o'clock and quite dark.

"What weapon shall we take?" said Junot. "A pretty question!" said Lanusse. "Pistols, to be sure." Everyone looked at him in astonishment. He had been insulted; according to the laws of dueling he had a right to choose the weapons that should be employed. All were therefore surprised that he should prefer one which, in Junot's hand, was sure to prove fatal. It is well known that he was the most expert marksman with the pistol, not only in France, but almost in Europe. At twenty-five paces he never missed an ace, and could cut the ball in two, and that exactly in the middle, against the blade of a knife. "I will not fight you with pistols," said he coolly to Lanusse; "you are no marksman, you could not hit a barn door. We ought to fight upon equal terms. We have our swords; let us go."

Bessières, who was Junot's second with Murat, whispered to him that he was a foolish fellow, as Lanusse was a capital swordsman, and he might perhaps stand no chance with him. "Consider, too," said Murat, "that it is for life or death." Junot would not listen to anything. They proceeded to the garden, and by the way Lanusse

* Lanusse was remarkable for bravery, and one of the most distinguished officers of the Army of Egypt.

† I have been advised to omit this expression, but I have not done so, because it was actually used by Junot, and, being acquainted with his religious creed, I know how to estimate it. He was not pious, but he was a believer.

again raised his voice and employed some very offensive expressions with reference to Junot and the General-in-Chief.

"Lanusse," said Junot, "you are acting now like a man without heart, and yet you are a brave man; one would suppose you were trying to screw up your courage." Lanusse replied with a volley of abuse.

Lannes silenced him. "Come along, Lanusse," said he in the energetic manner with which he adorned all he said; for at this period, and even much later, I never heard him speak two words but the third was an oath. "Come along; hold your tongue; you are going to cut one another's throats — what the devil would you have more? All that you say to him now is positively thrown away."

When they were on the ground the seconds examined it, and they had a good mind not to suffer the affair to take place on that spot. The Nile, after its periodical inundation, had left inequalities which were enough to trip a person up at every step. "If it were but daylight!" said Murat, "but you cannot fight here." "Come on," said Junot, "this is child's play." Pulling off his coat, he drew his sword, and Lanusse did the same.

Junot was a good fencer. He was nimble, brave, and perfectly cool; but wishing to finish the affair, and taking his opportunity, he made a stroke at Lanusse, which cut the crown of his hat and spent itself on his cheek. Had he been without a hat he must have been killed. Taking advantage of the movement which had left Junot exposed, he gave him a back-handed cut, which laid open the abdomen and made a wound, the scar of which was more than eight inches long. Junot was removed with great difficulty. The nature of the wound was most serious in a country where inflammation of the intestines is the chief thing to be dreaded. But he was surrounded by persons whose talents and friendship quickly alleviated his alarming situation.

The General-in-Chief was furious the next morning when Desgenettes, at Junot's desire, informed him of the occurrence. "What!" cried he; "are they determined to cut each other's throats? Must they go into the midst of the reeds of the Nile to fight among the crocodiles, and leave behind for them the body of the one that shall

have fallen? Have they not enough, then, with the Arabs, the plague, and the Mamelukes? You deserve, Monsieur Junot," said he, as though his old aid-de-camp had been present—"you richly deserve putting under arrest for a month when you get well."

Such were the very words of Bonaparte. He went to see Junot a considerable time after the affair—that is to say, when Junot was almost convalescent—for at first Napoleon would not see him, saying that he was more culpable than Lanusse. However, the very next day, when apprised of the result and cause of the duel, he exclaimed: "My poor Junot! Wounded for me! But, then, the idiot! why did he not fight with pistols?"

When Bonaparte left Egypt, Junot was at Suez, where he commanded. It is well known how secret the departure was kept. How kind and affectionate is the letter which he sent on this occasion to Junot! It is as follows:

"*Bonaparte, General-in-Chief, Member of the Institute, to the General of Brigade, Junot.*

"I am leaving Egypt, my dear Junot, and you are too far from the place of embarkation for me to take you with me. But I shall leave orders with Klèber to let you set out in the course of October. Be assured that, in whatever place and in whatever situation I may be, I will give you positive proofs of the affectionate friendship which I have vowed to you.—Health and friendship.

"BONAPARTE."

Klèber wished to keep Junot, but he would not stay. He could not meet with a vessel to return to Europe, and it was painful to him to be far distant from his country and from the man who alone had enabled him to endure the separation. At length he spoke out with such energy and feeling that Klèber gave him permission to depart in the following letter:

"*Klèber, General-in-Chief, to the General of Brigade, Juneau.*"*

"The feeling of gratitude which you express so well, and which attaches you to General Bonaparte, only augments the esteem which I entertain for you. You shall go, General, and I have ordered General Damas to furnish you with a passport immediately; it grieves me exceedingly that I cannot give you in any other way the assurance of my sincere and cordial attachment.

"KLÈBER."

* An orthographical blunder would be nothing more than one might expect of Klèber, who did not pride himself on being able to write French; but it is surprising that he did not know how to spell Junot's name.

Notwithstanding the apparent frankness of this letter, Klèber caused his departure to be attended with unpleasant circumstances. A report was circulated in the army that Junot was carrying away the treasures found in the Pyramids by the General-in-Chief. "He could not carry them away himself" (such was the language held to the soldiers), "and so the man who possesses all his confidence is now taking them to him."

The matter was carried so far that several subalterns and soldiers proceeded to the shore, and some of them went on board the merchantman which was to sail with Junot the same evening. They rummaged about, but found nothing. At length they came to a prodigious chest, which ten men could not move, between decks. "Here is the treasure!" cried the soldiers; "here is our pay that has been kept from us above a year. Where is the key?"

Junot's valet, an honest German, shouted to them in vain, with all his might, that the chest did not belong to his *chenerâl*. They would not listen to him. Unluckily Junot, who was not to embark till evening, was not then on board. The mutineers seized a hatchet, and began to cut away at the chest, which they would soon have broken up had not the ship's carpenter come running quite out of breath. "What the devil are you at," cried he, "madmen that you are? Hi! stop! Don't destroy my chest; here is the key." He opened it immediately, and lo! the tools of the master carpenter of the ship.

A scene like this wounded Junot to his heart's core. To be suspected of such baseness was to him a deep injury; but to suspect his General of a CRIME of which he was less capable than any other — he, the father of the soldier! Junot deemed the charge beneath both of them. He could have proved that he had been obliged to borrow a thousand crowns for his return to Europe, but he should soon see again his own dear country, the man who was not less dear, and his family. In short, the feelings that crowded upon his ardent soul (so well fitted to enjoy all the happiness that he anticipated) neutralized his indignation; he quitted that ancient Egypt, from which he carried away nothing except glory, without regret and without remorse, and, turning his face toward Europe, thought of nothing but France.

The odious calumny, the stupid invention, relative to the treasures of the Pharaohs, had meanwhile found believers elsewhere, as well as in the army. The English, for example, had been simple enough to give credit to this story. A ship was even cruising off Alexandria, and the merchantman in which Junot had sailed was obliged to bring-to at the first summons of the "Theseus" man-of-war, Captain Steele; while Junot and his aid-de-camp, Captain Lallemand, had not the power to make the least resistance, how well disposed soever they might have been to do so.*

Captain Steele was the most impertinent of men, and everybody knows that when the English take up the profession of impertinence they are adepts in it. Junot was a prisoner, and an unhappy prisoner; all that could aggrevate the pain of his disagreeable situation was probably studied overnight in the head of the captain, that it might be put in practice the next morning. Junot had with him General Dumuy, the oldest General of Division in the French army; he was no longer young, and was invested with a rank which ought to have insured him not only respect, but honor, especially among military men.

Well, poor General Dumuy was not only ill-used, which was cruel, but hoaxed, which was infamous. Junot would not put up with any jokes, and I have no need to observe that it would have been dangerous to make the experiment with him. Captain Lallemand, on his part, was not more complaisant; one day he well-nigh threw overboard a petty officer who had amused himself by playing him a TRICK, as he called it. Accordingly Junot and he were at least respected.

At length, after enduring for four months a treatment which daily became more harsh and insupportable, Junot spoke out, and with such effect that Captain Steele was obliged to tack about and carry his victims to Jaffa, to be delivered up to Commodore Sir Sidney Smith. I shall speak of Sir Sidney by and by; at present I shall only say that he was most polite to the prisoners, and particularly to Junot, but he could not keep them, and forwarded them by way of Cyprus o Arnetta, to be thence

*They left Alexandria at eight in the evening, and were taken about midnight by the English. "We were waiting for you," said the latter.

dispatched to Toulon in the ship "*Le Vaillant;*" but it was necessary that an English officer should first go to Palermo to receive the orders of Nelson, who was there with Lady Hamilton.

The day after "*Le Vaillant*" had anchored in the harbor of Palermo, a very elegant barge, manned by a dozen rowers dressed in white, and wearing black velvet caps ornamented with a silver leopard, came to reconnoiter the frigate. Junot was in his cabin at the moment with General Dumuy. The Captain of "*Le Vaillant*" went down to them and told them with the more arrogance, because he fancied that he was backed, "Come up on deck, gentlemen; our hero, the great Admiral Nelson, wishes to see the French prisoners." Junot eyed the Captain, then, turning his head, he appeared to be looking round about him.

"Am I to understand that it is to me and the General that you are speaking?" said he. The Captain bowed. "And have you the courage to execute this commission? Well, take back this answer, at least as far as I and my officers are concerned; go and tell your Admiral—who to me is neither a hero nor a great man, for I am accustomed to a measure that would be far too large for him—go and tell him that I am not his prisoner, but the prisoner of his Government; that if I were I would not obey an order given with the brutality with which you would treat strange beasts that you might have brought from Egypt, and of which you were the keeper. If Admiral Nelson wishes to see me he knows where to find me. Say further, he is my superior, his rank is higher than mine; had he civilly expressed a desire to see me I would have gone to him that instant. Now the insult is offered it is too late for him to recede. I do not seek to impose my opinions upon anyone," continued Junot, turning to General Dumuy, who, from the commencement of the discussion kept close behind him, jogging his elbow, and pulling a face that was enough to make the merriest cry or the most sorrowful laugh. "I have said what I thought, and what I would do, that is all; you are at liberty to act as you please." The good man, if he had had his own way, would have gone up on deck, and walked about somewhat after the manner of a white bear in his den.

The Captain delivered Junot's answer to Nelson, who had the spirit to feel the full force of it. Junot, in his spleen, had said what he was far from thinking, for he admired Nelson, and did not conceal it; but how can you abstain entirely from offensive language when a victorious enemy would insult you?

It is to be presumed that Junot's conduct was appreciated by Nelson; for the same evening he sent him a large basket filled with fruit, preserves, and some bottles of claret. Lady Hamilton had added some oranges to the present. Junot rightly thought that it would show bad taste to refuse it; he therefore accepted it, and expressed his thanks with a gratitude which he really felt. After all, if what he had said to the Captain was faithfully reported to the Admiral, this tacit reparation of his affront, or perhaps of that offered by the Captain of the "Theseus," argues great magnanimity in his character.

Nelson, however, canceled Sir Sidney Smith's orders for the return of the prisoners to France, and they were conveyed to Port Mahon, there to await the answer of the Admiralty. That answer could not be doubtful, but it might be delayed some time, and to remain longer under the yoke of the Captain of the frigate was beyond the bounds of human patience.

Sir Sidney Smith appeared to Junot under an aspect which, though different from that of Nelson, was not more encouraging in regard to social life, and the intercourse which there must be between two men living, if not under the same roof, on the same deck, and which was about to be established between them. General Bonaparte was not mistaken in regard to the real cause of the disasters consequent upon the long resistance of St. Jean d'Acre. In his mind, Sir Sidney Smith and those disasters were inseparable.

Those around him, who so easily caught the reflection of his enmities and his friendships, when, like Junot in particular, they lived in his life, beheld in Sir Sidney a man to whom General Bonaparte had a strong dislike, and to whom, of course, they took a dislike also. "Nevertheless," said Junot to me one day, "the Emperor always regarded Sir Sidney Smith as a man of honor, and he said as much; only he thought him mad;

and he could not comprehend, he said, how a sensible man could attempt such insane things."

The first moments were of course irksome; but this did not last long. Sir Sidney and Junot, when they became acquainted, conceived a high esteem for one another. Junot said that Sir Sidney was chivalry personified, with all its bravery and generosity. They passed together about two months, which would have appeared short to Junot had he not been anxious to return to France. Every consideration was absorbed by that desire, which became a real homesickness. Sir Sidney perceived it, and strove to expedite his return to France, as if he had been his own brother. It was to the active influence of Sir Sidney Smith that Junot was indebted for the cartel of exchange, the original of which I have carefully preserved. It is scarcely necessary to remark that ten English prisoners were released in exchange for him.

Junot continued to cherish the most affectionate regard for the Commodore. Notwithstanding the war, they wrote and sent presents to one another. In spite of all his efforts, however, Sir Sidney could not obtain the entire exchange of Junot, who could not serve against England till the business was finally settled.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Returned Emigrants — Portraits from Nature — MM. de Bouillé and Madame de Contades — Drawing-Room Scenes — My Mother's Ball — The Rival Beauties — Madame Leclerc's Ears — My Mother's Conversation with Paulette — MM. de Perigord — Despréaux's Assemblies.

AMONG the ladies who had recently returned to France, and who were frequent visitors at my mother's house, there was one who is still vividly present to my recollection as though I had seen her only a few days since. This was Madame de Contades, the daughter and sister of the MM. de Bouillé who distinguished themselves at the affair of Varennes.

Madame de Contades was a person whose appearance never failed to make a profound impression at first sight.

She was not remarkable for beauty, but there was something very pleasing about her. There was an expression in her look and smile which I never observed in any but one woman besides herself. She was not gloomy, far from it; and yet one could scarcely venture to laugh in her presence unless she first set the example. When she turned round her goddesslike head, crowned with luxuriant black hair, and cast a glance at anyone, that look was a command which exacted obedience.

Her hatred of Bonaparte was exceedingly amusing. She would not grant him the merit of deserving his military fame. "Pshaw!" she would say when my mother spoke of his victories in Italy and Egypt; "I could do as much with a look." She was no less diverting when Bonaparte's sisters came under her review. She would not acknowledge the beauty of Madame Leclerc any more than the glory of her brother. Her eccentric opinion on this subject once gave rise to a tragi-comic incident at my mother's house.

Bonaparte had just departed for Egypt; and the different members of his family, bright with the reflections of the glory he had cast upon them during his brief stay in Paris, had already commenced their novitiate of royalty. Madame Leclerc, who had a taste for absolute power, was nothing loath to unite the influence of her brother's reputation to that of her own beauty. That beauty, indeed, appeared so perfect that nobody ever thought of disputing it. As her dominion as yet consisted only of her beauty, she spared no pains to make the most of it; and in this she certainly succeeded, when she did not, as unfortunately too often happened, display the airs of an insufferable, spoiled child.

One evening my mother gave a ball at her residence in the Rue Sainte Croix. She had invited, according to her custom, the most select society of the Faubourg St. Germain. As to the other party, the only individuals belonging to it were the Bonaparte family, and a few gentlemen, who, like M. de Trenis, were fine dancers, and were for that reason regularly invited by the few families who gave parties at that time.

Madame Leclerc informed us that she had prepared for the occasion a dress which, to use her own expression, she expected would IMMORTALIZE HER. This dress

was a subject of the most serious consideration with her, at least a week before she was destined to wear it, and she enjoined the strictest secrecy on Madame Germon and Charbonnier.* She requested permission to dress at our house, which she frequently did in order that she might enter the ballroom with her dress completely fresh and in all its beauty.

Only those who knew Madame Leclerc at that time can form any idea of the impression she produced on entering my mother's drawing-room. The headdress consisted of *bandelettes* of a very soft fine kind of fur, of a tiger pattern. These *bandelettes* were surmounted by bunches of grapes in gold; but the hair was not dressed so high as it is now worn. She was a faithful copy of a Bacchante, such as are seen in antique statues or cameos; and in truth, the form of Madame Leclerc's head, and the classic regularity of her features, emboldened her to attempt an imitation which would have been hazardous in most women.

Her robe of exquisitely fine India muslin had a deep bordering of gold; the pattern was of grapes and vine leaves. With this she wore a tunic of the purest Greek form, with a bordering similiar to her dress, which displayed her fine figure to admirable advantage. This tunic was confined on the shoulders by cameos of great value. The sleeves, which were very short, were lightly gathered on small bands which were also fastened with cameos. Her girdle, which was placed below the bosom, as is seen in the Greek statues, consisted of a gold band, the clasp of which was a superbly cut antique stone. She entered the drawing-room without her gloves, displaying her beautiful white round arms, which were adorned with gold bracelets.

It is impossible to describe the effect her appearance produced. Her entrance seemed absolutely to illumine the room. The perfect harmony in every part of the beautiful whole elicited a buzz of admiration, which was not very complimentary to the other ladies present. The gentlemen all thronged round her as she advanced toward a seat which my mother had reserved for her, for Paulette was a particular favorite of my mother's, who, indeed, regarded her almost as her own child.

*A milliner and a hairdresser at that time much in favor.

The ladies were all much piqued at the beauty and the elegant dress of Mademoiselle Bonaparte, the wife of General Leclerc. They whispered to one another, but loud enough to be heard by Paulette, that such an impudent display of extravagance was exceedingly unbecoming in a woman who had been almost starved only three years before. But these expressions of female envy were speedily drowned by the admiration of the other sex.

The beauty of Madame de Contades was entirely eclipsed, and soon after Madame Leclerc's entrance she found herself abandoned by her circle of admirers; or if any of them approached her, it was only to make some provoking remark complimentary to the charms of Paulette. "Give me your arm," said she to a gentleman near her, and the next moment the Diana-like figure of Madame de Contades was seen moving across the drawing-room and advancing toward Madame Leclerc.

The latter had withdrawn to my mother's boudoir, because, she said, the heat of the drawing-room and the motion of the dancers made her ill; though, I believe, the true reason was that a long sofa in the boudoir afforded her the opportunity of displaying her graceful figure and attitudes to the best advantage. This manœuver, however, proved unlucky for her.

The room was small and brilliantly lighted; and as Madame Leclerc reclined upon the sofa a stream of light descended full upon her head. Madame de Contades looked at her attentively; and instead of making any of the ill-natured observations which had fallen from the other ladies, she first admired the dress, then the figure, then the face. Returning a second time to the *coiffure*, she expatiated on its taste and elegance; then suddenly turning to the gentleman on whose arm she was leaning, she exclaimed, "Ah, *mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* how unfortunate that such a pretty woman should be deformed! Did you never observe it? What a pity it is!"

Had these exclamations been uttered in the drawing-room it is probable that the sound of the music and the dancing would have drowned Madame de Contades's voice, though she generally spoke in a pretty loud tone; as it was, every word resounded through the little boudoir, and the scarlet which suffused the face of Madame Leclerc was much too deep to improve her beauty.

Madame de Contades fixed her eyes of fire on Paulette, as if she would look her through, and the tone of compassion in which she uttered the words, "What a pity!" sufficiently informed Paulette that her triumph was at an end. All this (which perhaps I have described with rather too much prolixity) took place in the space of little more than a minute; but these details are necessary to show the mode in which the attack was managed, and the success with which a woman of ingenuity may avenge her wounded vanity.

"What is the matter?" inquired some one who stood near Madame de Contades. "The matter!" said she. "do you not see the two enormous ears which disfigure either side of her head. I declare if I had such a pair of ears I would have them cut off, and I will advise Madame Leclerc to do so. There can be no harm in advising a woman to have her ears cut off."

All eyes were now turned toward Madame Leclerc's head, not, as before, to admire it, but to wonder at the deformity with which its beauty was disfigured. The truth is, that Nature must have been in one of her most capricious moods when she placed two such ears on the right and left of a charming face. They were merely pieces of thin white cartilage, almost without any curling; but this cartilage was not enormous, as Madame de Contades said; it was merely ugly, by contrast with the beautiful features which accompanied it.

A young woman but little accustomed to society is easily embarrassed; this was the case with Madame Leclerc when she read in the faces of her surrounding admirers the effect produced by the remarks af Madame de Contades. The result of this scene was that Paulette burst into tears, and on the plea of indisposition retired before midnight. Next morning my mother went to see her. She, of course, said nothing about the ears, which were then concealed beneath a nightcap trimmed with lace; for Madame Leclerc was in the habit of receiving visits, even the most formal ones, in bed. She took her revenge by assailing Madame de Contades, whom she certainly did not spare. My mother allowed her to go on for some time, for she was aware that she had been deeply piqued.

"I cannot imagine," said Madame Leclerc, "what can

make that great tall Maypole such a favorite with all the men! I am sure there are many women much more attractive in the circle of your acquaintance. There was one who sat near her last evening in your drawing-room, whom I think much handsomer; and she was very well dressed, too. She had a robe and Grecian tunic, just like mine. But," added she, in as serious a tone as though she had been speaking of the most important affair in the world, "hers was embroidered in silver, and mine in gold. That did not become her: she is not fair enough for silver."

Patience was not my mother's virtue; and on hearing this she rose from her chair, evidently displeased. "Paulette," said she, "my dear girl, you are crazy — absolutely crazy!" The person of whom Madame Leclerc was speaking was a little fat woman with a short neck and turned-up nose, and so extremely shortsighted that she was continually winking her eyes. In a word, she was the very reverse of Madame de Contades.

"I assure you, Madame Permon, I think Madame Chauvelin an elegant woman; she is clever, too, without being satirical." "Whether Madame Chauvelin be elegant or not is a matter of very little consequence," replied my mother; "as to her cleverness, I know she has a good deal. But, my dear Paulette, you are strangely mistaken if you live in the belief that she is not satirical when anything of a ridiculous kind presents itself to her notice. She can observe, shortsighted as she is." This affair set Madame Leclerc for a long time in violent hostility to Madame de Contades; though I am sure the latter lady never thought of it from the moment she put on her shawl to leave my mother's party.

About this period M. de Talleyrand had persuaded a great portion of his family to return from emigration. His two brothers, Archambaud and Bozon de Perigord, came to France. The former had been forced to fly to save his life, and left behind him a wife and three children. His wife died shortly after his departure. M. Louis Perigord, the eldest of his three children, was a man whose rare qualities rendered him an ornament to society. He enjoyed the favor of Bonaparte, who knew how to appreciate merit.

There was a lady, a friend of my mother, who like

her had the courage to receive company and give balls at this time. This was Madame de Caseaux, wife of the President of the Parliament of Bordeaux. She was a distant relation of M. Talleyrand. She had an only daughter, Laure de Caseaux, who was then the richest heiress in France. The fortune of M. de Caseaux was estimated at eight or nine millions of francs. Madame de Caseaux occupied the Hotel de Perigord in the Rue l'Université, which now belongs to Marshal Soult. There she gave, in the suite of apartments on the ground floor, the first splendid balls which took place in Paris after the Revolution. But these balls represented the Faubourg Saint Germain in all its purity; and I do not recollect having seen the face of any individual of the opposite party except Junot, and that not until after our marriage.

There was another house in Paris at which good company and agreeable parties were to be met, though money was paid for admittance. This was the house of Despréaux, the fashionable dancing master. I was his pupil, and at first these assemblies consisted only of his pupils; but they soon became so fashionable that Despréaux was obliged to remove to a larger house in order to receive all who wished to subscribe to them.

It was there I first met Mademoiselle Perregaux, before she was married to General Marmont. She used to be accompanied by a sort of governante, who, instead of having any control over her, appeared to be entirely submissive to her authority. Mademoiselle Perregaux was pretty, but my mother could never reconcile herself to the freedom of her manners. Madame Bonaparte sometimes brought her daughter to Despréaux's assemblies. Hortense de Beauharnais was then a charming girl, but I will take another opportunity of drawing her portrait; it deserves to be more than a light sketch.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The 18th of Fructidor — Hoche — Probable Manner of His Death — Madame de Re——c and Madame Tallien — Flags Presented to the Directory by Junot — Madame Bonaparte — Junot Escorts Her to Italy — Mademoiselle Louise.

AN EVENT which took place immediately after the 18th of Fructidor overwhelmed us with grief, for we were intimately acquainted with the relatives and friends of the victim who was sacrificed. I here allude to the death of Hoche, which may be regarded as an event in the history of our Revolution. The loss of Joubert and Hoche have usually been regarded as military misfortunes, like the fate of Marceaux, and subsequently of Desaix, but the case was different. With his military talent Hoche combined extensive abilities of various kinds, and he was a citizen as well as a soldier. When he was sent to La Vendée he quelled dissension, more perhaps by his talents and conciliating manners than by his sword, though he could use it well. Like Joubert, he loved and revered his country.

I did not know much of General Hoche personally, but since his death I have been furnished with some curious details respecting him. When his death was made known, the public voice rose in an accusing outcry against the Directory. I am satisfied that Hoche was the constant object of the hatred of a party then unfortunately powerful, though acting in the shade. It was discovered that the sum of 800,000 francs had been embezzled, and it was alleged that the Commander of the Army of the Sambre and the Meuse had divided it among the officers of his staff. A lady for whom Hoche cherished a deep interest, and who is living at the time I write, received from him at the time letters in which he begged her to raise some money by way of loan at any price. "Above all," said he in one of these letters, "I should blush if France knew that one of the Generals-in-Chief of her armies should be obliged to borrow money to replace the horses which have been killed under him by the enemy's bullets."

Nothing, it appears to me, can be more conclusive than the language of a man thus addressing a woman who possessed his entire confidence. The lady to whom these letters were addressed resided in Paris, and she favored me, only a few days before these pages were written, with another glance at the correspondence, to which she attached the highest value.

In another letter General Hoche says: "Do they wish me to come to Paris to renew the scandalous scene of the 18th of June?* If they do, I will come, and in my turn tear to pieces their embroidered coats. Let them not provoke me." Alas! the unfortunate General ought not to have provoked an enemy who was alike cowardly, criminal, and feeble. Scarcely one month elapsed after the date of this last letter, and Hoche was no more. An almost unanimous voice pronounced sentence of murder against those who ought to have placed the civic crown on the head of Hoche instead of consigning him to the grave. As to my own opinion, I entertain a firm conviction that General Hoche died by assassination. His tragical death forms a remarkable event in our revolutionary history.

I must now revert to a few circumstances of anterior date for the better explanation of some facts which are to follow. Shortly before the Revolution my father, in the course of his financial business, was engaged in rather a curious affair, which at the time was but little known, because one of the two parties concerned belonged to the Polignac family. While this affair was pending my mother was introduced to some of the individuals concerned, among others to Madame de Re——c, a natural daughter of the Marquis de St. A——n.

When, in 1796, the revolutionary troubles had somewhat subsided, and people who had been dispersed in various directions once more thronged to Paris, my mother, to her great astonishment, one day met Madame de Re——c at Tivoli. The lady was splendidly dressed in an extravagant style of fashion. She was walking between two gentlemen; the one on the right was a *collet*

* He here alludes to the indecorous scene which took place between de Lahaye and another deputy, who actually fought until they tore each other's clothes, in the place where sittings of the legislative body were held.

noir, and the one on the left an *oreille de chien*. She was speaking with a *paole pafumée*, and giving herself all the airs of a perfect *incroyable*. She seemed overjoyed to see my mother, who was rather a formidable person to be encountered by such a woman as Madame de Re——c. I recollect that she was put quite out of countenance by the somewhat satirical look of my mother when she scanned her from head to foot with the cool self-possession of the true Parisian *élégante*.

When Madame de Re——c behaved naturally she was a lively and agreeable woman. She recovered her courage, and called upon us next day. She told us a great deal about the Directorial court, with which she was well acquainted, and about Madame Tallien, who, according to her account, was the prototype of all that was fair and good in the world—a perfect divinity.

My mother was a woman, and a beautiful woman, whose opinions were not in unison with those which were professed in the *salon* of Madame Tallien, yet she never withheld her admiration from other females when she felt that it could be justly conferred. My mother had been much struck with the beauty of Madame Tallien, and knew too many facts relative to her excellent conduct at Bordeaux not to be convinced that all the praises conferred on her were well deserved.

The life of Madame Tallien was one of the most extraordinary and diversified I ever knew. She might have become the French Aspasia, and with much greater advantages than were enjoyed by the Aspasia of Athens, with whom her wit, her beauty, and her political influence may serve to establish a comparison. She certainly might have been appreciated much more than Aspasia in spite of the refined taste of the Athenians, though neither of her husbands was a Pericles.

The destiny of Madame Tallien was as singular as herself. She was born in Spain, where her father, M. de Cabarrus, a French banker, settled, and had acquired a great reputation. At twelve years of age Theresa Cabarrus was the loveliest of all the beauties of Cadiz. Her father sent her from home at that early age, because he was still too young to take upon himself the superintendence of so beautiful a daughter. She was seen about this period by her uncle Jalabert, who could not

escape the fascination which the lovely Theresa, with a look and a smile, exercised upon every man who beheld her. He wished to marry her, but she gave the preference to M. de Fontenay, to whom she was united some time after. With a cultivated mind, and intellectual powers of a high order, Madame Tallien would have possessed, even without her beauty, more than an ordinary share of attractions.

While she was at Bordeaux she composed a discourse on some abstract subject, which was intended to be read by way of a sermon, a custom which was at that time prevalent. She, however, had not courage to read it herself, and she requested M. Jullien to read it for her.

She was present on the occasion, and the audience were much more attentive to her than to the heavy and monotonous eloquence of the person who delivered the discourse. She was dressed in a riding habit of dark-blue casimere, with yellow buttons, and collar and cuffs of red velvet. Upon her beautiful black hair, which was cut *à la Titus*, and clustered in graceful curls round her face, she wore, a little on one side, a cap of scarlet velvet trimmed with fur; in this costume her beauty was really dazzling. At intervals the expression of her countenance showed that she was a little out of humor at the manner in which the discourse was read, and on the following Decadi* she read it herself in the church of the Franciscans.

Madame Tallien was kind and obliging, but such is the effect on the multitude of a name that bears a stain that her cause was never separated from that of her husband. The following is a proof of this. Junot was the bearer of the second flags which were sent from the Army of Italy to the Directory. He was received with the same pomp which attended the reception of Marmont, who was the bearer of the first colors.

Madame Bonaparte, who had not yet set out to join Napoleon, wished to witness the ceremony, and on the day appointed for the reception of Junot she repaired to the Directory, accompanied by Madame Tallien. They lived at that time in great intimacy; the latter was a reflection of the Directorial royalty, with which Josephine when Madame Beauharnais, and, indeed, after she

* Day of Rest.

became Madame Bonaparte, was in some degree invested. Madame Bonaparte was still a fine woman; her teeth, it is true, were already frightfully decayed, but when her mouth was closed, she looked, especially at a little distance, both young and pretty. As to Madame Tallien, she was then in the full bloom of her beauty. Both were dressed in the antique style, which was then the prevailing fashion, and with as much of richness and ornament as were suitable to morning costume.

When the reception was ended and they were about to leave the Directory, it may be presumed that Junot was not a little proud to offer to escort these two charming women. Junot was then a handsome young man of five and twenty, and he had that military look and style for which, indeed, he was always remarkable. A splendid uniform of a Colonel of Hussars set off his fine figure to the utmost advantage. When the ceremony was ended he offered one arm to Madame Bonaparte, who, as his General's wife, was entitled to the first honor, especially on that solemn day; and, offering his other arm to Madame Tallien, he conducted them down the staircase of the Luxembourg. The crowd pressed forward to see them as they passed along.

"That is the General's wife," said one. "That is his aid-de-camp," said another. "He is very young." "She is very pretty. *Vive le Général Bonaparte! Vive la Citoyenne Bonaparte!* She is a good friend to the poor." "Ah!" exclaimed a great fat market-woman; "she is *Notre Dame des Victoires!*" "You are right," said another; "and see who is on the other side of the officer; that is *Notre Dame de Septembre!*" This was severe, and it was also unjust.

Junot escorted Madame Bonaparte when she went to join the General in Chief in Italy. I am surprised that M. de Bourrienne has omitted mentioning this circumstance in his "Memoirs." He must have known it, since he was well acquainted with everything relating to Josephine, and knew many facts of high interest in her life at this period and subsequently. How happens it, too, that he makes no mention of Mademoiselle Louise, who might be called her companion instead of her *femme de chambre?* At the outset of the journey to Italy she was such a favorite with Josephine that she dressed like

her mistress, sat at table with her, and was in all respects her friend and confidante.

The journey was long, much too long for Junot, though he was very much in love with Mademoiselle Louise. But he was anxious to join the army, for to him his General was always the dearest of mistresses. Junot has often spoken to me, and TO ME ALONE, of the vexations he experienced on this journey. He might have added to his circumstantial details relative to Josephine the conversation he is reported to have had with Bonaparte in Egypt;* but he never breathed a word on the subject, for his character was always noble and generous.

The journey to Italy did not produce the effect which usually arises from such incidents in common life — namely, a closer friendship and intimacy between the parties. On the contrary, Madame Bonaparte from that moment evinced some degree of ill-humor toward Junot, and complained with singular warmth of the want of respect which he had shown her, in making love to her *femme de chambre* before her face.

At a subsequent period, however, Madame Bonaparte thought no more about Mademoiselle Louise or the want of respect shown by the aid-de-camp and faithful friend; indeed, I believe she thought but little about Bonaparte himself. I shall, by and by, notice the subject which then absorbed all her thoughts.

Madame de Re——c often spoke to us about Madame Bonaparte, whom she frequently saw at the Directory when she was not exclusively engrossed by the charms of her Garden of Armida. On this subject Madame de Re——c furnished us with some amusing particulars, from which Lucien and the whole family, but especially Madame Leclerc, drew very unfavorable inferences for the future happiness of their brother.

* See Bourrienne's «Memoirs.»

CHAPTER XXIX.

Moreau Takes the Command of the Army of Italy — Championnet—The Assassination of Rastadt — Destruction of the Regiment of Schelklers — General Joubert — The Two Suchets — Anecdote of Bonaparte and the Ordonnateur Chauvet — The Two Sleeping Nymphs — Bonaparte at Vingt et Un.

ON REACHING Italy, Junot served under Moreau, who took the command of 40,000 men, the sad wreck of our military force in Italy, and marched to meet the enemy. The movements of the Austro-Russian army commanded by Suwarrow were, however, better combined than his; the consequence was that Moreau was defeated in the battle of Cassano, losing nearly all his artillery, and 15,000 men killed, wounded, or prisoners.

Championnet once more brought back victory to our standards by defeating General Mack and taking Naples; but the Directory determined to sacrifice the glory of one of her sons on the altar of his country, and Championnet was deprived of his command, arrested, tried by a court-martial, and was on the point of being shot. All this was because he resisted the designs of certain base and avaricious proconsuls. Championnet's force was consigned to the command of Macdonald, and did not join Moreau's army till after the Battle of the Trebia, where we lost 8,000 of our troops.

About this time, in the west of France, the Chouans were raising their odious standard, and the roads of La Vendée were drenched anew with the blood of Frenchmen. Our plenipotentiaries were massacred at Rastadt by the Schekler hussars, and, notwithstanding the indignation expressed by all France at that atrocity, vengeance was still very tardy in overtaking the assassins. The two Councils were the first to render a melancholy tribute of honor to the victims. Who that saw that ceremony can ever forget its solemnity? Who can recollect without emotion the religious silence which reigned throughout the hall and tribunes when the vote was put? The President then turned toward the curule chair of the victim, on which lay the official costume of

the assassinated representative, covered with black crape, bent over it, and pronouncing the names of Robertjot and Bonnier, added in a voice the tone of which was always thrilling:

"ASSASSINATED AT THE CONGRESS OF RASTADT!"

Immediately all the representatives responded:

"MAY THEIR BLOOD BE UPON THE HEADS OF THEIR MURDERERS!"

This crime was long attributed to the Court of Austria, but I have positive evidence that the Queen of Naples and the Colonel of the Schekler regiment were the sole authors of the murder. I do not now recollect at what battle it was that the Schekler hussars were in such a situation as obliged them to capitulate. Their consciences told them, however, that they ought not to expect quarter. "Will you make us prisoners?" demanded the Commander of the corps. He received for answer an exclamation of rage and indignation: "Defend yourselves, wretches!" The whole of the regiment was exterminated.

Another misfortune which befell France about this period was the death of Joubert, who was killed at the Battle of Novi, at the time when, touched by the miseries of his country he forgot her offenses and felt nothing but her danger. Joubert was the friend of Championnet. On the latter being arrested, he sent his resignation to the Directory, and it was long ere he would again enter the service. When he did, he was first appointed to the command of the seventeenth military division, the head-quarters of which were then in Paris, and a few weeks after to the command of the Army of Italy.

The striking similarity of situation between Joubert and Bonaparte is most remarkable. Both were of equal age, and both, in their early career, suffered a sort of disgrace; each was finally appointed to command first the seventeenth military division, and afterward the Army of Italy. There is in all this a curious parity of events; but death soon ended the career of one of the young heroes. That which ought to have constituted the happiness of his life was the cause of Joubert's death; namely, his marriage. But how could he refrain from loving the woman he espoused? Ah! who can have forgotten

Zephirine de Montholon, her enchanting grace, her playful wit, her good humor, and her beauty! What delicacy and spirit on her features! I think Joubert was very pardonable.

The mention of Joubert brings to my recollection a story about Bonaparte and the two Suchets (the Marshal and his brother), who were the intimate friends of Joubert. The circumstance I am about to relate happened a little after the siege of Toulon. The town had been in the possession of the French for some weeks, and although his military and official duties might naturally have been expected to fill up his time completely, there were still some hours of the day which hung heavy on Bonaparte's hands.

Chauvet, the Commissary-in-Chief, had private affairs of his own which kept him free from *ennui*, but Bonaparte was entirely disengaged. The Director of the Maritime Works (or some such officer) had two very handsome daughters, on one of whom Chauvet bestowed all his attention. Junot likewise had contrived to fill up his time in a similar way; but Bonaparte, as I have said, was, in the midst of his occupations, the prey of *ennui*. One day he said to Chauvet, "I must go and dine with Suchet; tell him I am coming."

But for the better explanation of what follows it is necessary to premise that Suchet, then *Chef de bataillon*, was in quarters at La Seille, a pretty little village situated on the the very lowest point of the Bay of Toulon. Suchet occupied a small house, the property of the father of the two fair maidens above mentioned, with one of whom Chauvet was in love. The father and daughters were accordingly invited to dine with the party of young men, the eldest of whom had not reached his twenty-fifth year.

Suchet* received his guest in his usual way, his face beaming with pleasure and good-humor, and seeming to say, "Welcome, welcome to my house!" His brother Gabriel acted the part of housekeeper, and provided an excellent dinner. Gabriel was also an amiable and good-tempered man, and did all he could that day to make eight or ten young madcaps happy. But as pleasure must have a term, it was necessary to think of retiring

* Afterward the Marshal Duc d'Albufera.

home. This, however, was found to be impracticable; for, while the company were enjoying themselves, there had been a great fall of snow, succeeded by a hard frost, which rendered communication with the village impossible; it was, besides, very foggy.

However, with punch, conversation, and laughter, they amused themselves for a few hours longer; but they had to wait for the dawn of day. There was but one bed in all the house — that in which the two brothers slept. What was to be done? It was then proposed that the two ladies should occupy it; but as the bedchamber was the only room in the house in which a fire could be lighted, they would not hear of it.

Bonaparte, who then abhorred what he called dull faces, proposed a game at *vingt et un*. It was usually the most laughable thing in the world to see him play at any game whatever; he, whose quick perception and prompt judgment immediately seized on and mastered everything which came in his way, was, curiously enough, never able to understand the manœuvres of any game, however simple. Thus, his only resource was to cheat.

Well, for some time, *vingt et un* kept the company alive. But the cold soon overpowered the girls; slumber stole upon them, in spite of their efforts to banish it, and of the glances of Chauvet. At length they could hold out no longer, but threw themselves on the bed, which stood in a corner of the room, and fell forthwith into a sound sleep. Cold, as well as fire, acts as a soporific; and it was not long before all the company, except Bonaparte and Gabriel Suchet, were snoring. Some stretched themselves on wooden benches, which stood around the chamber, and some on chairs, while Bonaparte and Gabriel spent the whole night, a winter's night — that is to say, seven hours at least — in playing at *vingt et un*. Bonaparte's eyelids never once dropped. Occasionally he would turn his eyes toward the bed and look at the young girls; and when sometimes Gabriel Suchet pointed out the elegant position in which one of them lay, he would smile, but with an air of apathy, rather singular in a young man of twenty-five. The fact is, Bonaparte had but one real passion, and in that all his other feelings were absorbed.

I have heard Gabriel Suchet say that, notwithstanding the many years which have intervened since the occurrence of this incident, he often thinks he still sees Bonaparte sitting in the armchair, one of his hands supporting his head, and the other stretched forward, as he pronounced the continually-repeated words, *carte-content.*

CHAPTER XXX.

Description of Madame Lætitia — Character of Madame Bacciochi — Intelligence of Bonaparte's Return from Egypt — Josephine Sets off to Meet Him — Bonaparte Refuses to See Her — A Reconciliation Brought About by Hortense and Eugène — Sentiments of the Bonaparte Family toward Josephine.

I HAVE already observed that Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was one of the handsomest women in Corsica, though her fine face was wrinkled by many cares. The first time I saw her she was dressed in an absurd way; yet, nevertheless, she made a strong impression upon me.

Madame Bonaparte was of a lofty and elevated character. A widow at an early age, in a country where the head of a family is everything, the young mother found it necessary to develop all the energy of her character. She was gifted with that delicacy of perception which distinguishes the Corsicans, but in her this quality did not degenerate into hypocrisy, as in some of her children. Indeed, she was habitually frank. She evinced firmness in certain circumstances, but in others obstinacy. This was obvious in a number of the systematic triflings which composed a part of her life.

She was very ignorant, not only of our literature, but of that of her own country. She had, however, some knowledge of the usual forms of society, of which she had seen a little in the course of her acquaintance with M. de Marboeuf and other distinguished men, who visited much at her house at the time of the occupation of Corsica. But this slight knowledge of the world was to her rather a source of inconvenience than of advantage, inasmuch as it put her in constant dread of committing

some blunder. Her haughtiness, which was not offensive, became dignity when elevated to her new situation. She was kind at heart, but of a cold exterior, possessed of much good sense, but, as I have said, of little shrewdness or knowledge of the world; and at the period of which I speak she was very scrupulous in exacting from everybody what she considered her due.

She was a very good mother, and her children, with one exception, were good to her in their turn. They treated her with every respect, and showed her assiduous attention. Lucien and Joseph were particularly attached to her. As for Napoleon, he was not so respectful and attentive to his mother as his brothers were; and we shall presently see the cause of his remissness. Madame Bacciochi evinced no particular regard for her mother. But for whom did she ever show regard? I always thought her the most disagreeable woman I had ever met with; and it is quite astonishing to me how M. de Fontanes, a man of such superior mind, such elegant manners, the very essence of sociability, should have admired Madame Bacciochi in the way he did.

On the evening of the 9th of October my mother had a few friends with her. Madame de Caseaux, her daughter, Madame de Mondenard, my mother, and several gentlemen of our acquaintance were seated at a large round table playing at *loto-dauphin*, a game of which my mother was very fond. Suddenly a cabriolet drove up to the door, a young gentleman jumped out of it, and in a minute was at the top of the staircase. It was my brother Albert.

"Guess what news I bring you!" said he. As we were all in high spirits, and his countenance bespoke him to be so too, all sorts of absurd guesses were made, at which Albert constantly shook his head. "Nonsense!" said my mother, taking up the bag containing the little balls. "If there were a change in the government of the Republic you could not make it an affair of greater importance." "Well mother," replied Albert seriously, "what you say now in jest may possibly be realized. BONAPARTE IS IN FRANCE!"

When my brother uttered these last words the whole party seemed struck motionless, as if by a magic wand. My mother, who had just drawn a ball out of the bag,

held her little hand raised in the air, and the bag having fallen down, the balls were rolling about the carpet in every direction without exciting the notice of anybody. Everyone sat as if petrified. Albert was the only person who was conscious of the drollery of our position, and a burst of laughter, which he could not repress, brought us to ourselves.

"Bonaparte in France!" exclaimed my mother; "it cannot be possible. I saw his mother this very day at five o'clock, and she had no idea of his return." "It is, nevertheless, true," said Albert. "I was with Brunetière just now, when a messenger was sent by Gohier to fetch him. He desired me to wait till he came back from the Luxembourg; and he returned in about half an hour. He informed me that Bonaparte arrived two days ago at Fréjus. He added that he found Madame Josephine Bonaparte at Gohier's, where she had been dining, and where she received the first announcement of this important intelligence. And," added Albert, speaking in a half whisper to my mother, "I understand she was not so well pleased as might have been expected."

No language can convey any idea of the state of excitement occasioned throughout France by Bonaparte's arrival. Bourrienne was right in saying that it amounted to a positive frenzy. From the 9th of October all around us was in continual agitation. On the 10th Josephine set off to meet her husband, but without knowing exactly what road he would take. She thought it likely he would come by way of Burgundy, and therefore Louis and she set off for Lyons.

Madame Bonaparte was a prey to great and well-founded uneasiness. Whether she was guilty or only imprudent, she was strongly accused by the Bonaparte family, who were desirous that Napoleon should obtain a divorce. The elder M. de Caulaincourt stated to us his apprehensions on this point; but whenever the subject was introduced my mother changed the conversation, because, knowing as she did the sentiments of the Bonaparte family, she could not reply without either committing them or having recourse to falsehood.

She knew, moreover, the truth of many circumstances which M. de Caulaincourt seemed to doubt, and which

her situation with respect to Bonaparte prevented her from communicating to him.

Madame Bonaparte committed a great fault in neglecting at this juncture to conciliate her mother-in-law, who might have protected her against those who sought her ruin and effected it nine years later; for the divorce in 1809 was brought about by the joint efforts of all the members of the Bonaparte family, aided by some of Napoleon's most confidential servants, whom Josephine, either as Madame Bonaparte or as Empress, had done nothing to make her friends.

Bonaparte, on his arrival in Paris, found his house deserted; but his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and, in short, every member of his family except Louis, who had attended Madame Bonaparte to Lyons, visited him immediately. The impression made upon him by the solitude of his home and its desertion by its mistress was profound and terrible, and nine years afterward, when the ties between him and Josephine were severed forever, he showed that it was not effaced. From not finding her with his family he inferred that she felt herself unworthy of their presence, and feared to meet the man she had wronged. He considered her journey to Lyons as a mere pretense.

M. de Bourrienne says that for some days after Josephine's return Bonaparte treated her with EXTREME COLDNESS. As he was an eyewitness, why does he not state the whole truth, and say that on her return Bonaparte REFUSED TO SEE HER, AND DID NOT SEE HER? It was to the earnest entreaties of her children that she owed the recovery, not of her husband's love, for that had long ceased, but of that tenderness acquired by habit, and that intimate intercourse which made her still retain the rank of consort to the greatest man of his age.

Bonaparte was at this period much attached to Eugène Beauharnais, who, to do him justice, was a charming youth. He knew less of Hortense, but her youth and sweetness of temper, and the protection of which as his adopted daughter she besought him not to deprive her, proved powerful advocates, and overcame his resistance. In this delicate negotiation it was good policy not to bring any other persons into play, whatever might be their influence with Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte

did not therefore have recourse either to Barras, Bourrienne, or Berthier. It was expedient that they who interceded for her should be able to say something without the possibility of a reply.

Now, Bonaparte could not, with any degree of propriety, explain to such children as Eugène or Hortense the particulars of their mother's conduct. He was there constrained to silence, and had no argument to combat the tears of two innocent creatures at his feet exclaiming: "Do not abandon our mother; she will break her heart! And ought injustice to take from us poor orphans the support of one whom Providence has sent to replace him of whose natural protection the scaffold has already deprived us?"

The scene, as Bonaparte has since stated, was long and painful, and the two children at length introduced their mother, and placed her in his arms. The unhappy woman had awaited his decision at the door of a small back staircase, extended at almost full length upon the stairs, suffering the acutest pangs of mental torture.

Whatever might be his wife's errors, Bonaparte appeared entirely to forget them, and the reconciliation was complete. Of all the members of the family, Madame Leclerc was most vexed at the pardon which Napoleon had granted to his wife. Bonaparte's mother was also very ill-pleased; but she said nothing. Madame Joseph Bonaparte, who was always very amiable, took no share in these family quarrels; therefore she could easily determine what part to take when fortune smiled on Josephine. As to Madame Bacciochi, she gave free vent to her ill-humor and disdain; the consequence was that her sister-in-law could never endure her. Christine, who was a beautiful creature, followed the example of Madame Joseph, and Caroline was so young that her opinion could have no weight in such an affair. As to Bonaparte's brothers, they were at open war with Josephine.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The 8th of November — My Brother-in-law Visits Bonaparte — My Mother and I Visit Madame Lætitia Bonaparte — The Bonaparte Family During the 8th — Their Danger — Moreau Appointed Gaoler of the Directors — Moreau's Character Drawn by Bonaparte — M. Brunetière and Gohier — Moreau's Harshness toward Gohier — Moulins — Fouché's Measures — Singular Ignorance of the Bonaparte Family with Regard to the Events of the 8th of November — Madame Lætitia Relates Napoleon's Birth — A Curious Conversation Respecting Bonaparte between M. Brunetière and Gohier — The Bunch of Keys and Moreau's Sword.

On the morning of the 8th of November Lucien quitted the house in which he resided in the Rue Verte and established his headquarters at M. Mercier's, the President of the Council of Ancients, who then occupied a house beside the Hôtel de Breteuil, near the Manège, and who was entirely devoted to him. It was then half-past seven o'clock, and as the decree of removal had not yet appeared, Bonaparte sent almost every instant to know if the affair was proceeding. My brother-in-law went to him repeatedly to exhort him to patience.

On the first visit the General's servant mistook his name though he knew both him and my brother well, and announced him as the citizen Permon. The General started at the name, for, in truth, he did not expect my brother. M. de Geouffre, however received a welcome, and was presently sent back again to hasten the publication of the decree. My brother-in-law remarked that Bonaparte had a pair of pistols within his reach. Up to that moment he had been quite alone. Soon after my brother-in-law's first visit the Rue Chantereine began to be thronged so thickly with horses and people that scarcely anyone could pass along it.

At length, at half-past eight or a little later, the news that the decree was ready was carried to Bonaparte by my brother-in-law, and the General immediately mounted his horse to proceed to the Tuileries. On alighting there my brother-in-law met General Debelle, with whom he was intimately acquainted. Debelle was dressed in

plain clothes, for he had run out on the first intelligence of the movement.

"How comes it," said M. de Geouffre, "that you are not in uniform?" "Why," he replied, "I hardly knew what was going on; but the thing is soon rectified," and going up to a gunner who was standing by, "Let me have your coat, my brave fellow," said he, at the same time taking off his own. The gunner gave him his coat, and in this costume he attended General Bonaparte to the council chamber.

The Revolution of the 8th was completed, and Paris was no longer agitated. We went to see Madame Lætitia Bonaparte, who lived with Joseph. She appeared calm, though far from being easy, for her extreme paleness and convulsive movements whenever an unexpected noise met her ear gave her features a ghastly air. In these moments she appeared to me truly like the mother of the Gracchi. And her situation added force to the idea; she had perhaps more at stake than the famous Roman matron. She had three sons under the stroke of fate, one of whom would probably receive the blow even if the others escaped. This she strongly felt.

My mother and myself remained with her a part of that anxious day, and only quitted her on the restoration of her confidence by Lucien's different messages, who frequently sent Mariani, his *valet de chambre*, to calm her disquiet as well as that of his wife. Leaving, then, these ladies in comparative ease, we proceeded to Madame Leclerc, who was but little frightened, because, indeed, she never reflected upon anything, but who nevertheless raised the loudest clamor of any.

Every quarter of an hour she wrote to Moreau. She kept at that period a *femme de chambre*, a sort of *serva padrona*, who wrote to her dictation, and fine writing it was! When I arrived with my mother, she wished me to take the pen and write in her name to General Moreau. It was to ask the news for which she was crying out continually, and two hours later she was informed that Moreau was not at home, and that he probably would not return that night. On our departure she made us promise to revisit her early on the morrow. My mother willingly agreed to do so, because she loved Madame Leclerc dearly; for my part, I was at that time tenderly

attached to Caroline, the youngest of Bonaparte's sisters, who was about my own age.

We had scarcely left her when we met my brother-in-law coming to tell us the news. He quitted us to rejoin Lucien, whom he wished not to leave during those perilous hours, for even now tranquillity was but apparent, and might be delusive to the Bonaparte family. The danger to which that family was exposed might have been even imminent on the night of the 8th to 9th.

If the Directory had not been strictly guarded by the troops under Moreau, who had accepted the charge of Gaoler-in-Chief to the captive Directors; if Moreau had not kept them under even closer restraint than he was ordered to do; if he had not acted an ungracious part—in a word, if he had behaved as he ought to have done, then the Directory and the Councils would have been the victors instead of the vanquished on the 9th of November.

The event would, doubtless, have been unfortunate, but then, their cause was that of the Constitution; and if they had triumphed, Bonaparte's brothers would have followed him to the scaffold, and their friends and partisans would all have had a prospect of Cayenne, to say the least.

I do not recollect the exact period of Moreau's marriage; but I believe it took place a little after the epoch of the 8th of November. Bonaparte wished him to espouse his sister. Perhaps it was fortunate for both, for all three, that this union did not take place. Indeed, it is difficult to say whether Moreau would have been more trustworthy as a brother-in-law than he was as a brother-in-arms. Bonaparte had acquired an ascendency over him. The day after he met him with Gohier he went and presented him with a scimitar of surprising beauty and enriched with precious stones—the gift of Mourad Bey. Thus, at the epoch of the 8th of November, Moreau was entirely the slave of that charm which Bonaparte knew so well how to cast over those he wished to conquer.

But let us return to the memorable day. The conduct of Moreau on that occasion was a long time a mystery to me. I could not at first incline to my brother's opinion, who constantly maintained that it was

Moreau's extreme weakness of disposition which had thus placed him at Bonaparte's disposal; but I afterward was confirmed in that opinion by what I heard from Bonaparte's own mouth.

I was one day at Malmaison, in Josephine's bedchamber; Bonaparte came in for a moment; she handed him a small note; I believe it was from Madame Hulot, Moreau's mother-in-law, for he was then married. Bonaparte read the note, and, shrugging his shoulders, said, "Always the same! Ever at the mercy of those who choose to lead him! now he is the slave of a wicked old woman. It is fortunate that his pipe cannot speak, or that would direct him too!"

Josephine wished to make some reply. "Come," said he, "you must not defend him. You do not understand this matter." Here he embraced her. "If indeed it had been his lot to be led by such a gentle wife as you! But his dragon of a mother-in-law and his shrew of a wife are very she-devils. I will not have any such about me."

Why he made use of this last phrase I know no more than others: I made no inquiry, because I naturally thought that it referred to something in the note. The above, however, are the words he used, and they made the greater impression on me because I myself was but just married.

M. Brunetière was the intimate friend of Gohier, and as soon as he learned what had happened, he proceeded to the Luxembourg, where Gohier lived on a second floor in the Rue du Théâtre Français. When he reached the first sentinels, he fancied himself upon a field of battle. His natural assurance — and he had his share — rendered him deaf to the repeated exclamations of "You cannot pass." Uneasy on account of his friend, he wished to see Moreau; he found that impossible; he retraced his steps to the Luxembourg; his agitation, his eagerness to visit his unfortunate friend, who might need his assistance, gave rise to suspicions.

Moreau had given directions that all persons who presented themselves without a written order signed by him, and who insisted on seeing any of the Directors, should be conducted before the commanding officer; and further, that all who were admitted, either to Moulins or Gohier,

should be required, on their departure, to swear that they were the bearers neither of a written nor verbal message. Happily, Brunetière, seeing the turn things had taken, judged that he was more likely to serve his friend at a distance than he would be near his person, and made the best of his way from the Petit Luxembourg.

Gohier's conduct on the 8th and 9th was perfectly in keeping with his character. He refused to see Moreau when he came to him on the 8th of November. Moulins, too, had already treated Moreau with so marked a disdain that those who were witnesses of his reception actually felt for him. The Director-General stared at him for some seconds with the most thrilling contempt, surveying him from head to foot, and pointing to an antechamber—"Remain there," said he and left him.

But the 9th was to develop the entire plan of the conspiracy (for we must make use of that expression) which was only announced by the events of the 8th. A fact sufficiently singular is the entire ignorance in which all that portion of the Bonaparte family who had no share in the action were placed. Everything had been managed so quietly in Paris; Fouché had so well taken his measures to prevent the escape of any intelligence, that Bonaparte's mother and sister were obliged to obtain information of what was passing in the manner I have described.

The events of the evening had proceeded so quietly, that the uneasiness of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was entirely dissipated. It was thought the Councils, after having sanctioned the sending back of three Directors, and voted a dispensation with regard to his age, would proceed to the nomination of Bonaparte, and that everything would thus be settled. Albert thought that M. de Talleyrand would be one of the peace-making Directors, and of this I was very glad, because his niece was a friend of mine.

My mother expressed her astonishment that Madame Lætitia had not been to see her daughter-in-law on such an emergency. "Signora Panoria," replied Madame Bonaparte, "it is not to that quarter that I look for comfort! It is with Julie, with Christine. There, indeed, I find maternal happiness! but for the other—no, no." As she finished the sentence, she compressed her lips and

opened her eyes widely. This was a characteristic indication with her when what she had just spoken strongly interested her.

That very day I had occasion to remark the maternal tenderness of Madame Lætitia. We had no company to dinner, and she conversed for hours with my mother with greater freedom than she had yet done since her arrival from Corsica. They both began to recall the days of youth. Madame Bonaparte was quite at her ease, because with us she spoke nothing but Italian; indeed, to say the truth, her French was not very intelligible.

I recollect she this day told us that, being at mass on the day of the *fête* of Notre Dame of August, she was overtaken with the pains of childbirth, and she had hardly reached home when she was delivered of NAPOLEON on a wretched rug. During her pregnancy she had experienced many misfortunes, for when the French entered Corsica many of the principal families, and among them that of Bonaparte, were constrained to fly. They assembled at the foot of Monte-Rotondo, the highest mountain in Corsica. In their flight, and during their sojourn among the mountains, they underwent many hardships. "I know not why," said she, "it has been reported that Paoli was Napoleon's godfather. It is not true; Laurent Jiubéga* was his godfather. He held him over the baptismal font along with another of our relations, Celtruda Bonaparte."†

While this conversation was going on Madame Leclerc was seated on her favorite divan, admiring herself in a glass which was opposite to her, and having at length arranged the folds of her cashmere shawl, she reminded her mother of all the sufferings they had endured during their flight from Ajaccio.

Madame Mère had often talked over those events, but the recital never interested me so powerfully as on the 8th of November, when the space of six years had rendered so different the situation of those very children whom she, a lone, feeble woman, had been forced to hurry away beyond the reach of the proscription, carrying the youngest in her arms, when overcome by fatigue

*His nephew was afterward Prefect in Corsica. He was a relation of Napoleon.

† Daughter of Charles Bonaparte, the Emperor's uncle, and wife of Paravicini, a cousin also of Napoleon.

they could no longer walk, and ultimately, embarking with them in a frail vessel, landing on a shore which increased their dangers. In recording this period of her life, the looks of Madame Bonaparte were as handsome as her language was eloquent.

On the evening of the 9th we went to the Théâtre Feydeau, which at that period was the most pleasant in Paris. Martin, Madame St. Aubin, Mademoiselle Phyllis, Juliet, and Chenard performed there. I forget what was the first piece represented that evening, but *l'Auteur dans son ménage* was the afterpiece. The curtain rose, and the latter piece was proceeding very quietly, when all of a sudden the actors stopped, and the *Auteur dans son ménage* himself appeared, and advancing in front of the stage, dressed in a morning gown of white dimity, exclaimed in a very loud voice: "Citizens, General Bonaparte has been nearly assassinated at Saint Cloud by traitors to their country."

On hearing these words Madame Leclerc uttered so piercing a shriek that immediately the attention of all the company was attracted to our box, spite of the agitation which the news had universally excited. Madame Leclerc still continued crying, and her mother, who doubtless was as much affected as she could be at the intelligence, endeavored to quiet her, though she herself could scarcely hold the glass of water the boxkeeper had handed to us, so great was her agitation.

On Madame Leclerc's recovery we all proceeded to the residence of Lucien, conceiving that there we should hear some certain intelligence. My brother-in-law met us on the stairs, and from him we learned the full particulars of the event. We then returned home, where we found M. Brunetière; this excellent man was quite downcast. He was much attached to Gohier, whose misfortune afflicted him deeply.

A few days after the 8th of November, speaking of the events which had preceded and followed that day, Gohier alluded to Bonaparte with extreme bitterness; he even was so ridiculously blinded by passion as to refuse to allow him transcendent talent.

"Oh, as to that," observed M. Brunetière, who was present, "it is too bad." "Not at all," rejoined Gohier; "the fault of one is often the cause of another's success,

and if, when General Bonaparte came to Paris after Fructidor, Moulins, Barras, and Ducos had been willing to second me, this fine fellow would have been in their and my situation. Is there any improbability in such a supposition?" "But still," replied Brunetière, "it seems to me that that would not have been so easy a matter. What pretext would you have advanced?" "What pretext? We might have advanced twenty, the very least of which would have brought him to a court-martial. First of all, the 18th of Fructidor, instigated by him, executed by his orders." "But it appears to me," said M. Brunetière, "that that event was the saving of the Republic." "Yes; a pretty saving, truly! Consummated by mutilating every portion of its administration, by striking at the very heart of the Directory, by strengthening our political clubs! He was the chief conspirator in that affair."

In speaking thus Gohier either forgot, or pretended to forget, that Carnot had been sacrificed to an intrigue to which General Bonaparte was a stranger; at least I believe I have a perfect assurance of that fact; and as to the Manège and the club of the Rue du Bac, these are at least questionable points. M. Brunetière, whose judgment and discrimination were correct enough when he was not angry — which, however, was the case ten times out of twelve when he was engaged in a dispute — observed to Gohier that it would have been impossible to cite any man before a court-martial on such trifling charges, especially one so loaded with laurels as was Bonaparte on his return from Egypt.

"Hear reason, my dear Gohier," continued he; "we are both *avocats*, and can pretty well say what can and what cannot form the basis of an accusation." Gohier shrugged his shoulders, and exclaimed: "But the contributions which he levied in Italy! Was he not the exactor?" "My dear fellow," replied Brunetière, "you are surely joking? Have you brought Masséna,* or

* Masséna's appropriations only increased in later years. From a letter of Napoleon to Joseph, 12th March, 1806, the following lines are taken:

"Masséna and S—— have stolen 6,400,000 francs. They shall repay to the last farthing. Let Masséna be advised to return the 6,000,000 francs. To do so quickly is his only salvation. If he does not I shall

Brune, or twenty others, who have been far more guilty in that respect than Bonaparte; have you brought any of these to a court-martial? Nor, indeed, has Bonaparte enriched himself more than they. The Cisalpine Republic made him, General Bonaparte, a present of some splendid diamonds, which he could accept without any compunction. Come! come! disbursement is not so easy a matter." "Well," rejoined Gohier, "all I say is, that his resignation should have been accepted when it was offered. Rewbel was the only man who had the heart to say, as he presented him with the pen, 'You desire, General, to retire from service? The Republic will undoubtedly lose in you a brave and able chief; but she still has children who will not forsake her.' The result of this bombast was, that Bonaparte did not take the pen, that he withdrew the tender of his resignation, and that he departed for Egypt, carrying with him the flower of our troops, of our *savants*, and all our navy.

"We should have smote him," continued the ex-President of the Directory, still fretful from his misfortune — "we should have smote him, and that without pity; the Republic would then still have been in existence. Such was my advice, but Sièyes, who was his accomplice, had influence enough in our Council, to get Bernadotte's resignation accepted, although in fact he had not tendered it, in order to have him sent out of the way, while he uttered not one word of accepting the resignation of a factious wretch who braved the first power in the Republic by insolently offering his own. "I repeat," added he with energy, "that if my advice had been taken everything would have been easily settled."

The above conversation, which I have detailed with the utmost exactness, affords some idea of the danger of which Bonaparte was apprised when he insisted on his departure for Egypt. Not only had the East always

send a Military Commission of Inquiry to Padua, for such robbery is intolerable. To suffer the soldiers to starve and be unpaid, and to pretend that the sums destined for their use were a present to himself from the province is too impudent! Let S—— be watched. The details of their plunderings are incredible. The evil is intolerable, and I must apply a remedy. I order Ardent to be arrested. He is an agent of S——."

The conduct of Masséna, Soult, or Lannes, was widely different from the personal disinterestedness of men like Mortier or Suchet.

been the favorite object of his wishes, but, at the very moment when glory had almost immortalized him in his astonishing successes in Italy, he could not bear the thought of remaining in Europe, where every echo told his splendid achievements. Besides, to a vivid desire of raising the ancient war cry of the Crusaders there was an intention to avoid positive danger. I shall by and by relate some facts which preceded and followed his departure from Paris, by which the truth of my assertions may be judged—facts with which I became acquainted after my marriage through the medium of Junot and his friends.

Some time after the conversation I have detailed above, Gohier met Moreau and M. Garet. The General was embarrassed at the encounter, and was endeavoring to justify his conduct. "General," said Gohier, addressing him with dignity, "I am by my profession enabled to read people's consciences; do not force me to say that I read in yours nothing which can excuse you."

Moreau began to raise his voice, as if he were hurt by the severe expressions of Gohier. "General," he again said, "I did not seek you, nor will I question you. I do not wish to continue a conversation which must be as painful to you as it is disagreeable to me. I shall only add," said he, touching the pommel of Moreau's sword, "that a bunch of keys would well become this place."

Moreau turned as pale as ashes. The blow was struck; he stammered out some words which Gohier, as he left him, affected not to hear. It is pretended that Moreau deplored his error, and thought to make amends by exclaiming, "I shall find a way to repair it!" If he thought to do so by pointing the Russian cannon against the French columns, he has at least proved that he never fairly knew what he was about.*

* The only excuse that can be pleaded for Moreau in fighting against his own countrymen is that his father was guillotined by them during the excesses of the French Revolution.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Revolution of the 8th November — Bonaparte Falsely Accused of Fear — Sagacity of General Bonaparte — Colonel Dumoulin and General Brune — Lucien in Danger, and His Deliverance — Hopes Created by the Chief of the Consular Government — Lucien Minister of the Interior — Bonaparte's Friendship for Madame Lucien — Residences of the Members of the Bonaparte Family — Visit to Lucien at Le Plessis Chamant — The Poet d'Offreville — Assassination of the Family of Du Petitval at Vitry — Scene at Malmaison, and Conversation with the First Consul.

THE Revolution of the 8th of November is undoubtedly the most important of the nine which we have experienced in the course of seven years;* it not only changed the destiny of France, but exercised a powerful influence upon that of Europe and the world. Nevertheless, none of the events which had preceded it had passed with so much apparent calm. France was so tired of the Directory that anything which should replace it would have been well received, and was happy in obeying an authority that offered some guarantee; the past answered for the future which General Bonaparte announced.

He only was seen in this Consular Triumvirate; Sièyes and Roger-Ducos stood unobserved in the shade; and the young General served as the only point of view to eyes fatigued with weeping, which had so long sought, without being aware of it, a lighthouse that should guide them into port. Thirty days only had elapsed since Bonaparte had landed at Fréjus, and already he had overthrown the shameful Government by which France was weighed down, and had given it a new one, of which the wheels commenced their movement from the first day. He had

* First, the 31st of May, the fall of the Girondins. 2. The 5th of April, the fall of the Priestly party. 3. The 27th of July. 4. The 2d of April, the Defeat of Barrère, Collot d'Herbois, and Billaud-Varennes. 5. The 20th of May, Execution of Romme, Soubrani, etc., and Defeat of the Jacobins. 6. The 5th of October, the Directorial Government. 7. The 5th of September, the Second Emigration. 8. The 19th of June, Fight of the Directors among themselves; Sièyes and Barras conquer Merlin of Douai, Treilhard, etc. 9. The days of November, and the Establishment of the Consular Government.

calmed all inquietudes, dissipated all alarms, and revived all hopes.

There is one report spread by malevolence, which the friends of Bonaparte have disdained to combat, and which has been finally adopted by credulity and folly — it is the alarm with which Bonaparte is alleged to have been seized on entering the hall of the Five Hundred at Saint Cloud on the 9th of November. This absurd story would fall to the ground of itself if it were not found in some works which appear to offer a guarantee for the faith they demand.

In one of these works the author goes so far as to assert that it was he who recalled General Bonaparte to himself, by observing to him that he was speaking without knowing what he said. I take the liberty of remarking to him in my turn that he never dared suffer such words to reach the ears of General Bonaparte. I say this, because to permit such a statement to remain uncontradicted is to give a totally erroneous impression of the character of Bonaparte.

First, then, it is untrue that he spoke on the 9th of November to the Council of Five Hundred in the form of a discourse. It was on the preceding evening, to the Ancients, that he used these remarkable words: "Let us not seek in the past examples that may retard our progress. Nothing in history resembles the close of the eighteenth century; nothing in the close of the eighteenth century resembles the present moment! We demand a Republic founded upon true liberty. We will have it — I swear it!"

This discourse, much longer than the few words I have quoted, bears no resemblance to a crowd of incoherent phrases, as HE WHO RECALLED GENERAL BONAPARTE TO HIMSELF would represent. This oration, pronounced in the Council of Ancients on the 18th Brumaire, preceded the review which took place in the Tuileries, and the remarkable allocution which General Bonaparte addressed to Bottot, the envoy of the Directory. "What have you done with this France which I left you so glorious? I left you peace — I return and find war. I left you victories — I find reverses. I left you the millions of Italy — I find despoiling laws and misery throughout!" Truly there was vigor enough in these words to remove all idea

of pusillanimity. Nevertheless, on the 8th of November he was in the midst of Paris. The Revolution was far from being consummated, and he was in real danger.

With respect to the emotion observed in General Bonaparte in the Hall of the Five Hundred at Saint Cloud, the following is its true explanation. On the General's entering the orangery violent outcries were raised against him: «Down with the Cromwell!» «No Dictator!» «Outlaw him!»

General Bonaparte knew very well that the Council of Five Hundred was composed of ultra-republicans, and of enthusiastic partisans of the constitution of the year iii.; but he had relied too much upon the success of Lucien's exertions, who had labored all night to strengthen his brother's party.

Surprise at this reception deprived him for a time of the power to reply. His resolution was speedily taken. It was necessary to decide the question instantly, which could not have been done had the Five Hundred entered upon discussion. He might even have been assassinated; and if he had run the risk, it would not have been a display of valor, but of folly.

With an eagle's glance he saw through the circumstances which surrounded him. This self-consultation lasted perhaps some minutes, and the untalented, judging by themselves, attributed this silence and inaction to fear. But he was not surrounded by those only who were thus incapable of appreciating his sentiments. I have also collected the opinions of eyewitnesses, who, capable of judging calmly, and possessing, perhaps, as much merit as he whom they looked on, have read his great mind without doing it injustice.

It is difficult to believe all the things reported to be said and done in the very short space of time which General Bonaparte passed in the Hall of the Council of the Five Hundred; it was but an apparition. And, with the same frankness with which I have defended him from the imputation of cowardice, I will add that I do not believe that a poniard was raised against him; it was Lucien who, after his brother's departure, was in real danger.

I know that much has been said of this attempted assassination; perhaps General Bonaparte believed it himself; at least it is true that when he was in the court of

the Palace he told it to the soldiers, but, I repeat, I do not believe it. It is not, however, any doubt of the hatred of Péné Arena against Bonaparte which makes me question the fact, but simply the manner in which the events are said to have taken place. One peculiarity is sufficiently remarkable, that this same day Bonaparte, in addressing the troops, never stood still, and that he moved only in a zigzag direction. Why? Was he afraid of a pistol shot from the windows? This conjecture may be correct.

My brother-in-law was on the Palace steps when Bonaparte came down. His friendship for Lucien made him extremely anxious for the fate of the young Tribune. He saw his brother making his harangue and his tortuous promenade, without taking any step to provide assistance for the President of the Council, who, meanwhile, might be murdered in his curule chair. He approached Bonaparte and mentioned Lucien; the General immediately turned toward an officer who was a few paces distant from him. "Colonel Dumoulin," said he, "take a battalion of grenadiers and hasten to my brother's deliverance."

The choice which General Bonaparte made of this officer shows the tact with which he could seize the smallest circumstances that could be turned to his advantage. Colonel Dumoulin was the first aid-de-camp of General Brune, Commander-in-Chief of a triumphant army in Holland. Already Moreau had given his public pledge in acting as guard to the Directors. The first aid-de-camp of Brune, commanding the battalion which dispersed the opposing Council would cause the impression that Brune himself was in concert with Bonaparte.

This assurance was with many people a more than sufficient counterpoise to the fear which the retirement of Jourdan and Bernadotte, both known as warm Republicans, had inspired. I am sure that Bonaparte had at first no fixed idea upon this subject; but, with that lively and rapid conception which embraced all things with a single glance, he no sooner perceived Colonel Dumoulin than his name started from his lips.

At length we possessed a Government which promised some sort of security for the future. My mother, whose heart always saw the fair side of everything that was

done by a Bonaparte, at first considered this action of Napoleon only as that of a young enthusiast desirous of liberating his country from the evils by which it was desolated.

Never thinking seriously upon politics, she knew the Revolution only by its horrors and its noise. That of the 8th of November, therefore, which was accomplished without firing a gun, she could not understand to be a revolution; though, perhaps, there never had been one more important for us and for Europe. It was the ninth change in seven years, not of the Government, but of the pilot at the helm. Lucien was almost immediately called to the Ministry of the Interior. He had desired another office: but at this period he encountered in Fouché an enemy who was determined upon his destruction, and who never ceased his intrigues till his object was consummated.

The confidence which Napoleon, without any attachment to him, placed in this man, was always an enigma to me. He had sense and talent, no doubt; but did this advantage neutralize the danger with which he surrounded Napoleon? No. And again, the same NO is applicable to another genius far superior to Fouché, who, sharing with him the confidence of Bonaparte, equally contributed to his destruction.*

Madame Lucien was not pleased with her husband's change of fortune; all this grand display alarmed her. She was obliged now to give up her time to duties which, with reason, she thought far less important than those she had hitherto fulfilled with so much pleasure. She frequently came in a morning to enumerate her troubles to my mother, and to take her advice upon the new and difficult position in which she was placed. But a circumstance which she was far from foreseeing gave her comfort and happiness; it was the change in her favor which took place in the sentiments of her brother-in-law. The penetration of the First Consul discerned the excellent qualities of Madame Lucien's heart; and he soon attached himself to her with a truly fraternal regard.

I must not omit to mention a visit which, a short time before these great events, we made to Lucien's villa of Plessis Chamant. All Napoleon's family at that time

*Talleyrand.

possessed fine country houses, which they filled with guests. Joseph had Morfontaine; Lucien, Le Plessis Chamant; Madame Leclerc, Montgobert. At Morfontaine, excursions upon the lakes, public readings, billiards, literature, ghost stories more or less mysterious, a perfect ease and liberty, gave charms to the passing hour.

To this must be added that which filled the measure of enjoyment, the most friendly, invariably friendly reception, which was accorded by the master and mistress of the mansion. They did not admit everyone, but any person once established as a member of their society was sure of experiencing the most courteous hospitality from Joseph Bonaparte and his lady.

Madame Lucien was very amiable, but her husband's temper was not always the same. That did not lessen the amusement to be found at Le Plessis; perhaps it in some measure contributed to it. I do not remember in my whole life, even in its most joyous seasons, to have laughed so heartily as during the five or six weeks I spent among a numerous party of guests at that villa.

M. d'Offreville, from fifty-five to sixty years of age, a man of GREAT TALENTS, and of some PRETENSION to extreme foppery, was the butt of our mirth and the grand subject of our entertainment. He was a poet, and highly satisfied with his compositions; which, together with the dignity he derived from having held, before the Revolution, the office of cloak-bearer to Monsieur, was the continual theme of his conversation. "It is true," he would sometimes remark, "I have been peculiarly fortunate in my poems: Voltaire, Racine, even Corneille, HAVE some feeble passages; my poetry has none." Still, notwithstanding this absurdity, and a figure, countenance, and costume by no means calculated to inspire the respect due to his years, he might have passed well enough in a crowd, if he had had more sense than to expose himself and his follies to the observation and ridicule of a young, gay, and satirical society.

Le Plessis Chamant is in a dull situation; the environs present nothing picturesque, and no shade is to be had nearer than the forest of Senlis, at some distance even from the gates of the park. What induced Lucien to fix upon this property, when villas of the most inviting description were to be purchased in abundance,

within a dozen leagues on all sides of Paris, I never could comprehend.

The subject of villas and country seats reminds me of a terrible catastrophe, in the sequel of which I had an opportunity of remarking the First Consul's demeanor in an affair of interest. In the night between the 20th and 21st of April, of the year iv., the Château de Vitry, at that time the property of M. du Petitval, was entered by a troop of assassins, who murdered M. du Petitval, his mother-in-law, his sister-in-law, and three servants; the nurse escaped with an infant son in her arms, passing through the hall filled with men in the dress of the police, and having drawn swords in their hands.

Nothing was stolen; plate, diamonds, watches, and other valuables, all remained in their places; the papers only were missing. The relations of the victims immediately made an effort to obtain justice on the perpetrators of this inhuman crime; the preliminary steps were taken by the local authorities, the procès-verbeaux were drawn up; but suddenly these symptoms of activity relaxed, and before long the whole transaction remained involved in impenetrable mystery.

Three years after this horrible event, M. Dubois was appointed Prefect of the Police of Paris. Vitry was within his district, and he immediately showed an active interest in the affair. He demanded from the local magistrate all the documents in his possession. The judge who had taken the depositions was dead; search was made among the rolls of his office, but in vain; no trace of the examinations could be found. It was concluded that all the documents must have been removed to the archives of the criminal tribunal; but the most minute investigation ended only in the conviction that not the smallest particle of evidence relating to this atrocious murder had been preserved. Some significant reflections arose out of the absence of these documents, which certainly had at one time existed!

The relations of the deceased continued to demand justice. I was one day in the apartment of Madame Bonaparte when the First Consul was present; she was persuading him to admit a person who was in waiting and to whom she had promised the favor of an introduction.

"I have already said," replied the First Consul, "that I would not give audience upon this affair; accusations without proof, however strong the presumption may be, have no other effect than to increase scandal. However," he added, after walking to and fro some time without speaking, "let your *protégé* come in; I will retire, and re-enter as if by accident." I made a movement to withdraw, but was desired to remain; and M. de Bois-Préau was admitted, coming, as I learned from Madame Bonaparte, to solicit the First Consul's interference to obtain justice against the murderers of his relation, Du Petitval.

Madame Bonaparte approached him with an expression of lively interest; the First Consul almost immediately returned, and she introduced the stranger, who presented him with an address of several pages in close writing. The First Consul took it, glanced rapidly through it, but evidently gave it much attention. After some time he thus addressed M. de Bois-Préau:

"This, Monsieur, is a delicate affair; the horror of it increases its difficulty. Your accusations are founded only upon moral proofs; these are not sufficient before a legal tribunal; before the tribunal of opinion the case would be different. The wealth of those you accuse will not clear them before either, but it may be supposed that their position in society has afforded them the means of security."

The First Consul, as he spoke, continued, according to custom, to walk about the room with his hands behind his back. What M. de Bois-Préau said to him I did not hear, but he replied, "I know it, I know it; but the proofs—the proofs are indispensable."

"Proof is no doubt necessary," said the petitioner; "nevertheless, General, I think, and all the friends and relations of the unfortunate victims think also, that if you, as the Chief of the State, would take vengeance into your own hands, it would be secure."

The First Consul smiled. "You give me credit," said he, "for more power than I possess, and for even more than I choose to possess; a power which, if it were accorded me, I should certainly not make use of. Justice is open to you, why do you not invoke it? For myself, I regret that it is not within my province to assist you."

He then saluted M. de Bois-Préau, who, understanding

that his visit must not be prolonged, retired with an air of melancholy which the First Consul probably remarked; for he said to him, when he had already reached the door, "I am truly sorry, I repeat to you, that I cannot oblige you in this case, particularly ———" but here he stopped short, and taking from the mantelpiece the memoir M. de Bois-Préau had presented to him, held it out to its owner.

"I entreat you to keep it, General," said the latter.

The First Consul slightly knit his brows, and, still extending his hand, made a movement indicative of impatience. "It is not a petition which I have had the honor to commit to you," continued M. de Bois-Préau; "it is but a narrative of this melancholy event, and only something more circumstantial than that given by the journals of the time."

The First Consul hesitated an instant; then replaced the manuscript on the mantelpiece, saying, with a gracious smile of dismissal, "I accept it, then, as a narrative."

When the petitioner had departed the First Consul took up the document and read it again with great attention. He walked up and down as he read, and words escaped him at intervals which showed the profound indignation it inspired. "It is infamous!" he at length exclaimed. "Our children will believe that Frenchmen have been slaughtered by Frenchmen within a league of Paris, and that the crime has not been instantly avenged by the laws."

Then, after again perusing the memoir, still walking rapidly, he added, "It is incredible; a police inert, if not guilty. Dubois would not have acted thus. Let citizen Cambacérès be informed that I wish to speak to him," continued he, turning to Duroc, and left the room, shutting the door with great violence.

When he was gone Madame Bonaparte told us that the First Consul had long formed an opinion upon this subject; murders were at that time frequent, but the circumstances of this were peculiarly striking.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Winter of 1800 — The Restoration of Order and General Security — Masséna and the Siege of Genoa — Passage of Mont Saint Bernard — Marmont's Artillery — Moreau's Triumphs on the Rhine — The Campaign of Marengo — Inconceivable Effect Produced at Paris by the News of the Victory — Bonfires — Universal Joy — News from the Army — Particulars of the Battle of Marengo — The Death of Desaix — Kellerman's Admirable Charge — Folly of General Melas — Habits of Napoleon in Conversing with Strangers — De Bubna — Services of the Kellermans, Father and Son — Landing of Junot at Marseilles — Grief of the Aids-de-Camp of Desaix.

THE winter of 1800 was very brilliant in comparison to those which had preceded it. Confidence was restored; everyone felt the same sentiments toward General Bonaparte, and at this epoch they were those of attachment. What opportunities has he lost! How much he was beloved at that period! Yes, beloved; and where affection did not exist, admiration and confidence did. The emigrants returned in great numbers, and had every reason to be satisfied with the reception they met with; if they had vexations to endure from Fouché, on application to the First Consul they were sure to obtain justice.

The First Consul knew too well that the brilliant success of Masséna at Zurich, though it had retarded, had by no means overcome the danger with which we were threatened. Austria, irritated by so many reverses when she had reckoned upon victories, had determined upon a final effort for our destruction, and France was again threatened.

General Masséna, after having resisted a combined Russian and Austrian force of threefold his numbers, had retired upon Genoa, where he was soon shut up with 15,000 men and a population of 100,000 souls; he gallantly sustained a siege of fifty-two days, which should conduce more to his renown than all his victories.

The brave Suchet, separated from his General in Chief, effected a retreat upon Nice, and, in concert with Soult and Compans, exhibited prodigies of valor and talent. But almost all the passages of Italy were open, and the Austrians, with General Melas at their head, prepared to

make us lament the glory of Zurich; General Otto continued the blockade of Genoa, rejoiced to detain in captivity the conqueror of the Austro-Russian army.

Napoleon then took one of those resolutions to which genius only is competent. The passage of Saint Bernard was accomplished. Suwaroff had the preceding year declined this enterprise. Napoleon saw its almost impossibility; but saw it only to conquer. His powerful hand no sooner pointed to its glassy summits than the obstacles disappeared. Everything became possible to the exertions of those men whose talents his penetration had discovered.

General Marmont, commander of the artillery, found means to transport the cannon across the most frightful precipices; he caused the trunks of large trees to be hollowed into the form of troughs, and placing the cannons and howitzers in them, was thus enabled to have them drawn to the most elevated summit of the pass. The journals have commented largely on this famous passage of Saint Bernard; poetry has celebrated, and the arts have delineated it; but nothing can, at this distance of time, convey an idea of the enthusiasm it communicated to the parties interested in the operation: the letters written from Milan, Suza, Verceil, and La Brunette, by those who, having traversed the Alps, were reconquering Italy, painted in glowing colors the brilliance of this undertaking.

While the French penetrated into Italy by three passes, which the folly of General Melas had left unguarded, General Moreau, who THEN loved his country, was acquiring celebrity on the banks of the Rhine. The passage of this river, the taking of Fribourg and Memmingen, the battles of Eugen, Biberach, and Moeskirch, and a multitude of lesser engagements, in which the Austrians lost more than 25,000 in killed and wounded, without calculating prisoners — all these were the results of a campaign of thirty-three days! Ah! if Moreau had always acted thus, how proud would his country have been of his name.*

*The Campaign of the Rhine, which began the 26th of April, 1800, is one of the most glorious military movements of Moreau. Between that day and the 29th of May the Austrians were not only driven across the Rhine, but were obliged to retire beyond Augsbourg.

During the campaign of Marengo Paris became almost a solitude; from Paris to Turin the road was covered with travelers, who, urged by motives of interest—some personal, some general, went to meet the news they were too impatient to await. But this period of expectation was of short continuance. The First Consul crossed Saint Bernard on the 20th of May. On the 21st of June intelligence of the battle of Marengo reached Paris. The effect of this important victory was to raise the funds from twenty-nine to thirty-five francs; six months previous they had been at only eleven.

On that day we had breakfasted and dined at Saint Mandé. The house being solitary; and no one but ourselves arriving in the village from Paris, when we returned to town in the evening we received the news amid all that delirium of joy which inebriated the people of the Faubourgs, always so vehement in the expression of their sentiments. Two hundred bonfires were blazing at once in the quarter we had to pass through, and the populace dancing around them were crying, "*Vive la République! Vive la Premier Consul! Vive l'Armée!*" embracing and congratulating each other as upon a personal and family festivity. A circuitous route home gave us an opportunity of enjoying a truly fine spectacle, that of a great people affectionate and grateful.

"Have you seen?" said one to another, "how he writes to the other consuls? That is our man! 'I HOPE THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE WILL BE SATISFIED WITH ITS ARMY'"

"Yes, yes," was exclaimed from all sides. "The people are satisfied:" and shouts of "*Vive la République! Vive Bonaparte!*" were redoubled. My brother and I shared the joyful enthusiasm; my mother was more calm. "We shall see hereafter," said she; "Moreau has done great things, of which nothing is said." The coolness which subsisted between my mother and General Bonaparte rendered her unjust to him; Albert and I told her so jestingly. "It is impossible," said she; but repeated, "We shall see."

Sometime afterward, when the officers of all ranks were returning to Paris, and different accounts of the battle began to circulate, the conduct of General Kellerman excited universal admiration, and the silence of the First Consul about it caused equal astonishment.

The action of General Kellerman is one of the finest of our military triumphs. At about five o'clock Desaix fell, struck to the heart by a ball as he led a division of 4,000 men against an army of 20,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, and whose numerical strength was doubled by the pride of victory. The French, rendered desperate by the loss of a general they adored, endeavored in vain to revenge his death; all fell into disorder. The 9th Light Infantry wavered, then gave way, and at length in its precipitate retreat drew the line with it, and all appeared lost. Masked by mulberry trees, from the branches of which the vines they supported hung down in clustering garlands, and which veiled his movements from the enemy, General Kellerman observed the events of the battle, ready to give his assistance wherever it would be most effectual. It was then that, by one of those inspirations upon which the destiny of armies and empires sometimes depends, General Kellerman made, with 500 horse, that magnificent charge which decided the fate of the day.

Upon the retreat of our troops the Austrian column suffered itself to be hurried on by the ardor of pursuit. It passed General Kellerman with an inconsiderate rapidity, and presented a defenseless flank; by this fault he profited with that promptitude of apprehension which distinguishes the skillful warrior. He fell upon the Austrians like a thunderbolt amidst their victorious disorder, and, finding them unprotected by their firearms, made in an instant more than 6,000 prisoners, among whom was General Zach, chief of the staff, and the soul of the Austrian army.

General Melas, who, in perfect security of victory, had already resumed his route to Alexandria, imagined himself the victim of some terrific sorcery when he found himself surrounded on all sides; for the French army was to pass the Bormida at the break of day, and he knew that the brave Suchet was on his rear, his advanced guard having already passed the mountains. When, therefore, on the morning of the 15th, General Gardane presented himself at one of the *têtes-de-pont* of the Bormida, a parley was proposed, and General Melas capitulated.

The character of this general, at all times either perfectly credulous or wholly incredulous, made a strange

exhibition throughout the campaign! Is it not curious to find Melas and his council deciding, on the 13th of June, the very eve of the Battle of Marengo, "that the existence of the Army of Reserve was completely unknown to them; and that, as the instructions of the Aulic Council mentioned only Masséna's army, the difficult position in which they were placed was entirely the fault of the Ministry, and not at all to be attributed to the General."

The author of the "*Mémorial du Dépôt de la Guerre*" is right in the opinion that the Emperor acquired much curious information respecting his campaigns against the Austrians from his conversations with general officers and statesmen, Austrian, Bavarian, and Saxon. I have seen him conversing for two hours together with the most distinguished men in Germany, both in the military and diplomatic professions; and when he had ended and the interlocutor departed, he has exclaimed, rubbing his hands, "There is information for twenty pages of my commentary."

Once, either at Compiègne or at Fontainebleau, having just closed a long interview with a person to whom he was not sparing of his questions, and who replied to him with such clearness and precision, and at the same time with such rapidity, that the Emperor was surprised, he stopped and fixed his eyes upon him with so striking an expression of countenance that he had no occasion to speak his thoughts.

The interlocutor was not intimidated, and his physiognomy, always calm, but not inanimate, betrayed not the slightest emotion. When he had gone, the Emperor remarked to Junot, "That is one of the most subtle men I know, and yet I believe him to be honest. Just now he answered all my questions with such extraordinary frankness, that for a moment I believed he was making game of me;" and the Emperor's features as he walked about the room wore that musing smile which gave such a charm to his countenance.

"But no," he continued, "he is right; the best diplomacy is to go straight to the object. And then he is a brave man. Be particular in your attentions to him in your quality of Governor of Paris; do you understand me?" This man was M. de Bubna.

But why was General Kellerman refused in his own country a due share of the glory of the day? Even admitting that the First Consul had ordered this famous charge, he could only have done so vaguely, and the result of its splendid execution, which decided the fate of Italy and France, deserved some better recompense than the cold words of approbation, "You have made a pretty good charge." It has been said that the Emperor, in making the father of the General a Marshal, Senator, and Duc de Valmy, and in giving great commands to the son, had discharged his debt of gratitude. Now, I think, first, that an affectionate word is of as much value in such cases as a more solid recompense.

Then, Marshal Kellerman was creditor to the State for the Battle of Valmy, and this debt had nothing in common with that of his son, whose military and political reputation rested on other services besides the Battle of Marengo. I believe, then, that the Emperor would have done him no more than justice by appointing him Inspector or Colonel-General, and by giving him during his father's lifetime the title of Duke of Marengo. He had well named Lannes, Duke of Montebello. Lannes, in gaining that battle, prepared the triumph of Marengo; General Kellerman decided it.

The day of the Battle of Marengo, Junot, who had been taken prisoner by the English on quitting Egypt, landed at Marseilles, and reached his native land once more, after several months' captivity. A thousand times he has repeated to me how greatly the joy of his return would have been damped had he been conscious that the fields of Italy were again the scenes of contest, and that he could not fight at his General's side. Alas! the same day, and almost at the same hour, while Desaix fell before the murderous cannon of Austria on the field of Marengo, the poniard, which treason had committed to the hand of a fanatic, terminated the existence of Klèber!* The pride of our armies: they both perished on the same day, and nearly at the same hour.

Frequently during this year of the battle of Marengo, which was also that of my marriage, have I seen a dinner party prolonged until nine o'clock, because Bessières,

*Klèber was assassinated at Cairo by a Turk, sent for that purpose by the Vizier, soon after the defeat of the latter at Heliopolis.

Lannes, Eugène, Duroc, or Berthier, or some others of his companions in arms, or all together, explained to Junot, who was greedy of the most trifling details, all those of this memorable affair. The table then became the plain of Marengo; a group of decanters at the head stood for the village, the candelabras at the bottom figured as the towns of Tortona and Alexandria, and the pears, the filberts, and bunches of grapes represented, as well as they could, the Austrian and Hungarian regiments and our brave troops.

A woman can have no pretensions to understand the military science; nevertheless, it is a fact, that when in 1818 I passed through Alexandria on my road to France I remained a long time at Marengo, examining its environs, and visited every tree. From having so frequently heard all the particulars of this famous battle described, I soon found myself on a spot replete with recollections which every surrounding object seemed to awaken in my mind. I brought away two views of the village of Marengo: one which I took from the plain, and another from a point where the mistress of the little inn had placed me to enable me to introduce into my sketch a tree under which they at first laid the unfortunate Desaix, believing that he still breathed.

Desaix, it is well known, had several aids-de-camp. Among the number were two who made themselves remarkable by the excess of their grief. One of them, in a voice broken by sobs exclaimed, "Ah, my General! why have I survived you, and the army, and France? What a loss have both suffered!" And the good young man shed tears of sincerity over the corpse of him whom he regretted as warmly as the young —— regretted Turenne.

The other aid-de-camp was also young, and he wept as earnestly, but his grief displayed itself in a different manner. "Ah, my God! my general is dead! What will become of me? My God! what will become of me?" I have heard the First Consul imitate the accents of these young officers; one of them still wept for his General many years after his death. It was Rapp,* a worthy and honest creature, a good comrade, and in all respects a man much above the degree in which he had fixed himself by the abruptness and apparent roughness of his manners.

* Afterward General Count Rapp, of Dantzic celebrity.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Fêtes in Paris, and a Ball at Lucien Bonaparte's — The Gallery of the Duc de Brissac — Madame Bonaparte and Madame Lucien — First Attempt at Royal Assumptions — Affecting Death of Madame Lucien — Last Visit to her — Sepulchral Monument at Le Plessis Chamant.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE, who occupied, as Minister of the Interior, the Hôtel de Brissac during the winter of 1800, gave there some splendid *fêtes* in the fine gallery which the Duc de Brissac had added solely for this purpose. My mother occasionally took me to these balls; at one of them I remember Madame Bonaparte* took her seat at the upper end of the gallery, assuming already the attitude of sovereignty. The ladies all rose at her entrance and when she retired. The good and simple Christine followed her with a gentle smile upon her lips, and the remark was frequently made that if the one was the wife of the First Consul, the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, the other was the wife of his brother; and that Madame Bonaparte might, without derogation of dignity, have accorded the courtesies of society and family intercourse, by giving her arm to Madame Lucien, instead of requiring her to follow or precede her. But Christine was MADAME LUCIEN, a name which awoke no good feeling in the mind of Madame Bonaparte, for between her and Lucien a mortal war subsisted.

Apparently, however, she was very friendly both with Lucien and his wife, and it was with an exterior of perfect complaisance that she thus obliged them to follow her. But the amusing part of the business was that Lucien was wholly unconscious of these airs of superiority. The mild Christine often wept in private over the mortification to which she was thus subjected; but she was careful to avoid irritating her husband, who would without a doubt have repaired instantly to the Tuileries, and have there enacted a *scena* before Madame Bonaparte,

*Be it understood, once for all, that in future whenever I use the term Madame Bonaparte I speak of the wife of the First Consul. For Madame Bonaparte THE MOTHER, I shall always employ the latter title or her Christian name,

in which the First Consul would probably have supported him, for he had sincerely attached himself to Madame Lucien since he had learned to appreciate her excellent qualities.

But a short time afterward we experienced a heavy affliction in the death of Madame Lucien.* I was affected by it as if she had been connected with us by closer ties than those of friendship. There was not, it is true, between us all the points of contact which constitute an intimate connection; but our friendship had strengthened materially since her residence in Paris; our intercourse, if not familiar, was constant; and her matured imagination, the justness of her reasoning, her love for her husband, which taught her to make his gratification her chief object, were all circumstances which daily endeared her to us. My mother, who was tenderly attached to her, bitterly lamented her loss.

We went to see her the day before her death. No visits, it may easily be believed, were permitted; but our intimacy gave us almost the rights of relationship. We found her in a small room adjoining her bedroom. Her apartment had been changed to admit more air, for she was suffocating; and to facilitate her respiration she was lying on a camp bed with two mattresses. This change afforded her some relief, she told us, adding, with a sweet and melancholy smile, but without any accent of complaint, "This bed reminds me of my own bed at St. Maximin,— I can neither sleep nor breathe under those thick curtains, and upon those beds of down."

At each word she looked at my mother with a remarkable expression. Her eyes were animated by fever, her cheeks, one in particular, were highly colored, and varied in tint with every emotion that agitated her, as is always the case with persons suffering under a sudden attack of consumption. "Christine," said Madame Lætitia Bonaparte, "you know you must not talk, the physicians have positively forbidden it; and if you mean to recover you must attend to them." The patient shook her head, with the smile so afflicting to those who know that but few days, perhaps but few hours, only are between that moment and dissolution.

*She was *enceinte*, and it was said that her death was occasioned by the want of skill of her medical attendant.

"Laurette," said Madame Lucien, "come near me, for I am sure that a deathbed does not alarm you." She took my hand; she perceived the effect which its burning pressure made upon me. "Ah!" said she, "I meant your mother; to you I am but a stranger, and I frighten you, do I not?" I wept, and only replied by embracing her. She pushed me gently away, saying, "No, no; do not embrace me, the air I breathe is poisonous. When I recover, as mamma says——"

We took leave, and this adieu was the last. We saw her no more. She died the following day. As soon as my mother received the intelligence she ordered her horses and hastened to the Hotel of the Interior; Lucien was at Neuilly. My mother went there to seek him, but we were not permitted to see him. My brother-in-law came to our carriage to tell us that he was not in a state to speak even to his sisters or his mother. "I have torn him from that unfortunate house," said he, "where everything reminds him of the loss he has just experienced. He was in the most violent despair."

Madame Lucien was buried in the park of the mansion at Le Plessis Chamant. Her husband erected there to her memory a monument of white marble, surrounded by an iron palisade. When he went to Le Plessis he took his daughters there, that they might pray with him, young as they were. I have heard these notions ridiculed; but for my own part, being of opinion that the dead may be long lamented, I can easily believe that Madame Lucien was a character to excite such regret, and that it might be great and enduring. I shall never forget when my mother was on the point of death in 1799, Madame Lucien was with Madame Bonaparte the mother, and that they came to seek and comfort the poor young girl whom both believed an orphan!

CHAPTER XXXV.

An Offer of Marriage, and My Mother's Projects — Madame de Caseaux's Interference — Junot's Arrival at Paris — His Interview with the First Consul at Malmaison — Long and Interesting Conversation of Junot with Bonaparte — The First Consul Threatened with Danger — Othello and Madame Fourès — Bonaparte's Sentiments Toward Klèber, and His Agitation — His Advice to Junot, and the Appointment of Junot to the Command of Paris — Junot Lodges at Méo's — His Predilections for Burgundians — His Hôtel in the Rue de Verneuil — Project for His Marriage — Junot's First Visit to My Mother and the Society of the Faubourg St. Germain — Translation of the Body of Turenne to the Invalides.

MY MOTHER was very unwell; the cruel malady under which she at length succumbed had already taken possession of her. She went out but little, reclined the greater part of the day upon her sofa, and received in the evening the friends who came to bear her company. One of the most assiduous of these was Madame de Caseaux, who was sincerely attached to her. I was myself intimately connected with this lady's daughter, and few days passed that did not bring us together.

My mother at that time had a marriage for me in contemplation; probably it might have conduced to my happiness, but Madame de Caseaux thought not, on account of the great difference of age between my mother's intended son-in-law and myself. "Laurette, Laurette," said she, enforcing her words with her extended finger, "it is not wise, my child, to marry one's grandfather."

My mother did not like contradiction in the most trivial matters; and it may be easily conceived that the very reasonable opposition of her devoted friend on an affair of so much importance irritated her extremely. Her displeasure proceeded to the extent of preventing my visits to Madame de Caseaux when she was unable to accompany me herself; on this point I must say she was unjust to her friend, who would speak her mind to her, or to me before her, on the subject of this marriage, but never permitted herself to mention it, except in her presence, her rigid principles absolutely interdicting such an interference in the relations of mother and child.

As soon as Andoche Junot arrived in Paris he hastened to pay his respects to his General, who was then at Malmaison. What events had taken place since their separation! What miracles had not one man accomplished! How many fresh laurels were flourishing around him! Junot, in approaching him, was oppressed by a thousand sentiments, in which, no doubt, joy preponderated; but it was chastened by a profound respect, which, "far from diminishing," he has often said to me "his affection for Bonaparte, had no other effect than to increase it."

"Well, Junot," said the First Consul to him, as soon as they were alone, "so you were stupid enough to suffer yourself to be taken by those English. But, according to your letter to me from Marseilles, it would appear that they expected you. And notwithstanding the positive orders I left with him, Klèber would not let you go? It is all very well; apparently, he was afraid that I should have too many friends about me. What meanness! I knew very well that he did not love me; but to adopt such paltry means of expressing his enmity! Have you seen his letter to the Directory?" Junot replied that Duroc had given it him to read while at breakfast. "However," continued the First Consul, "his tragical end has cleared all accounts. I have had a great loss in him; but the irreparable loss, my dear friend, was Desaix! Desaix! — this is one of the misfortunes which strikes the country. I shall never console myself for the loss of Desaix!" *

The First Consul continued his walk some time without speaking; he was visibly affected. But he never suffered a too lively emotion to be long observed; and returning to Junot, he said to him with an enchanting expression of goodness: "Well, and what do you propose to do? I have always told you that I would give you proofs of my friendship as soon as I was in a condition to do so. What are your views? Are you inclined for the service?" and he looked askance at Junot with an air of good-humored malice. "Have you a mind that I should send you to the Army of the Rhine?"

* I have heard the Emperor, speaking of General Desaix in 1808, say, in the presence of above thirty persons, chiefly strangers, "Desaix was the most estimable man I have known: if he had not died I should have made him second to myself."

Junot's color heightened to crimson, which always happened when he was strongly affected. "Do you already wish to relieve yourself of me, my General? However, if you command it, I will go and let General Moreau know that the officers of the Army of Italy have lost none of their courage in Egypt." "There now, my youngster, off at a word!" said the First Consul. "No, no, Monsieur Junot, you do not quit me in such a hurry. I have a great regard for General Moreau, but not sufficient to make him a present of my best friends." And he gave Junot a pull of the ear.

"Junot," continued he, in a more serious tone, "I intend to appoint you Commandant of Paris. It is a place of confidence, particularly at this moment, and I cannot make a better choice. But"—and he looked narrowly round him, as they continued to walk, to observe whether anyone was within hearing*—"but you must reflect before you accept this post. You must at once add ten years to your age; for if it be necessary that the Commandant of Paris should be attached to my person, it is equally so that he should be extremely prudent, and that he should pay the utmost attention to whatever concerns my safety." "Ah! my General!" exclaimed Junot.

"Be quiet," said the First Consul, "and speak low. Yes you must watch over my safety. I am surrounded with dangers. I should make no effort to avoid them if I were still the General Bonaparte vegetating at Paris before and even after the 4th of October. Then my life was my own—I cared little for it; but now it is mine no longer; my destiny has been exalted, it is connected with that of a great nation, and for this reason my life is menaced. The Powers of Europe, who would divide France, wish me out of their way." He knit his brow, drew his hand across his forehead as if to banish an importunate idea; then, recovering an air of perfect calmness, he passed his arm under Junot's, and resumed the conversation on State affairs.

"I am about to appoint you Commandant of Paris, as I told you; but you must marry. That is not only suit-

* This conversation took place in the park of Malmaison, and lasted above an hour; it was the second time that Junot had seen the First Consul, and not the first, as I have said above.

able to the dignity of the situation you will occupy, but I know you, and require it of you for your own interest." After a long pause, he asked, "What is become of Othello?"* "He is still in Egypt, General, but I intend to have him brought over by the first convoy." The First Consul made an inclination of the head in token of assent. "And the mother?" said he to Junot. "She also remains in Egypt, General; the Commissary General has taken care of her." "That is well."

And here the First Consul stopped short, then walked on again, assumed an air of embarrassment not usual with him, and at length, standing before a tree, plucking off its leaves, after having cast his eyes round to see if anyone were near: "And Pauline,† what has become of her?" asked he, with an accent of marked interest. "I have learned," he continued, with a bitter smile, "and that from the English journals, that Klèber treated her ill after my departure; my attachment, it would seem, was sufficient title to proscription from him! Those whom I loved had not the good fortune to please him." Junot made no answer. He felt, as he has since told me, that he could not accuse Klèber, who had just fallen by so tragical a death, and he was silent.

"Did you not hear?" said the First Consul, a little out of humor, and raising his voice. "Is it true that this man acted brutally, as the English relate, toward a woman so mild and amiable as this poor Bellilote?" "I was not with General Klèber when all this took place, General; but I know that in fact she was not well used by him, and that when she had occasion to request her passport it was by the intervention of Desgenettes that she obtained it, without which I believe the General-in-Chief would have detained her a long time waiting for it."

Junot smiled, without, however, any other idea than the detention of Madame Fourès; but Napoleon misunderstood the smile, and, seizing Junot's arm, gripped it so violently as to leave the marks of his hand. He became pale, and said with a voice trembling rather with anger than emotion: "What do you understand? What do you mean? Could that man——" And he was so

*A natural child which had been born to Junot in Egypt of a young Abyssinian slave named Araxarane.

†Madame Fourès.

violently agitated that his words could not find utterance. It was not love, it was not even remembrance of love, which produced this almost alarming state; the bare suspicion that Klèber might have succeeded him in the affections of Madame Fourès set his brain on fire.

Junot recalled him to the true state of the question; he told him that Madame Fourès had only encountered difficulties in procuring a passport from General Klèber, which, in fact, was the case with everyone who at that time desired to leave Egypt. But he repeated that she had met with every assistance from the excellent Desgenettes, who obtained all she required, and was toward her, as he is to everyone, and always will be, kind and obliging.

The First Consul quickly recovered himself, and changed the subject of conversation by recurring to that which was personal to Junot. He spoke at length upon the importance which he wished him to acquire in the situation of Commandant of Paris, and gave him such advice on this subject as a father would give to his son. This remarkable conversation lasted above an hour.

On his arrival at Paris Junot had not set up any establishment. Uncertain of his next destination, he thought it useless to make arrangements which an order to depart might compel him to abandon at a moment's notice. He lodged at the house of Méo, a good *restaurateur* of that period, and whose hotel had some resemblance to the fine establishment of Meurice; but when the First Consul announced to him the remarkable change which the place he was about to occupy would necessarily make in his situation, he desired him at the same time to find a residence suitable to his new dignity; and Junot requested his family, whom he had drawn around him at his Hôtel, to look out for one. There were, no doubt, great numbers in Paris in the open and cheerful situations of the Faubourg St. Germain or the Chaussé d'Antin, all handsome and newly decorated.

I know not how they persuaded him to fix upon a Hôtel in the Rue de Verneuil, and even in the dullest and dirtiest part of it; but this house was hired, furnished, and ready for occupation in less than three weeks. Junot installed himself in it as Commandant of Paris in the course of the summer of 1800. With handsome car-

riages, the finest horses, and the best wines of Burgundy* in his cellars, he then commenced his search for a wife.

The First Consul had especially recommended him to marry a rich wife. "Willingly," replied Junot, "provided she please my taste; but how is that to be done, when almost all heiresses are superlatively ugly?"

He was one morning visiting a lady of his acquaintance, and who happened to be a friend of ours. He spoke of the order he had received from the First Consul to marry, and his own desire to enjoy domestic society. "Have you been to visit Madame de Permon?" inquired the person to whom he spoke. "No; and I reproach myself daily. But why ask?" "Because I believe that her daughter would suit you exactly." "Her daughter!" exclaimed Junot: "she was but a child when I went to Egypt."

"She is young, but no longer a child. She is sixteen. But attend: I have a great inclination to bestow her in marriage at the present moment, but her mother is so bent upon a match she proposes for her, and which has not common sense, for the intended is old enough to be her grandfather, that she turned a deaf ear when I opened my project to her the day before yesterday; though you must understand that the party in question is a charming bachelor, and one of the first names in France."

"And what would you have me do against all these obstacles?" said Junot, laughing. "You tell me of a woman with twenty admirers; I do not like so many rivals. Mademoiselle Loulou — I believe that is what she was called — must be a little personage of great pretensions, a spoiled child, and thoroughly insupportable. No, no; I kiss your hands;" and thus taking leave, he hastened out of the house.

From Madame d'Orsay, Junot went to call upon Madame Hamelin, another lady also of our acquaintance —

*A mania which Junot carried to excess was that of being served only by Burgundians. It was natural that his countrymen should have the preference where there was an equality of talent; but if ever so heavy or stupid, the name of Burgundian was sufficient to ensure it. This was the history of the Hôtel in the Rue de Verneuil; a Burgundian found it for him, a Burgundian furnished it, and a Burgundian was put in charge of the establishment.

an amiable woman who often visited my mother, and was much esteemed by her. Endowed with superior talents, she took pleasure when I was in company with her in bringing me into notice—an unusual mark of kindness which goes direct to the hearts of women in general, and which mine was not backward in acknowledging.

Junot had scarcely entered when his search for a wife became the topic of conversation. "Ah," said she, "there is a young person whom I should like to recommend to you, but she is about to marry and must not be thought of." "So," said Junot, "because she is going to marry, I am not to hear her name." "Oh, with all my heart; you knew her when she was but a child. It is Mademoiselle de Permon."

Junot laughed; it seemed as if I haunted him. However, as Madame Hamelin's frankness and her intelligence were well known to him, and as she had pronounced my name with interest, he asked her some questions concerning me, which she answered with the feeling of an amiable and sensible woman.

"Why have you not paid your respects to her mother since your return?" she inquired, seeing his eyes fixed upon the garden with an absent air. "I do not know, but it appears that I have done wisely," he replied, smiling; "for suppose I had fallen in love with your young friend." "Well! you would have married her. Are you not wishing to marry?" "But you have told me yourself that Madame de Permon has a strong desire to marry her to M. de V——, and if she wills it, it will be, for she is not one to yield; I have seen instances of that which I shall not forget."

The same day, Junot, bearing in mind his conversation with Madame Hamelin, found out a person whom he knew to be intimate with my mother and me, and made himself acquainted with all that concerned me, and also with my mother's intentions respecting M. de V——; they were not doubtful, for she had no stronger desire than to conclude the marriage. Junot took his resolution at once; he had engaged to wait upon my mother with Madame Hamelin the following evening; however, he excused himself upon some pretext, but said nothing of the true cause.

At this time, my mother, much out of health, did not quit her sofa. My brother and I exerted ourselves to the utmost to lessen the *ennui* of her retirement. All her friends, and a crowd of acquaintances, assisted us in endeavoring to make her forget that she was condemned to seclusion for the cure of a complaint from which she might never recover. Thanks to the care and advice of Dr. Backer, she was now mending; as she did not suffer, we were gay. We had music and singing, and when we were not afraid of too much noise we danced to the sound of our own voices. We laughed and enjoyed ourselves; in short, we were happy.

Thus the summer of 1800 passed. The end of September arrived. A great change, meanwhile, had taken place in our family. The two marriages which my mother had proposed for me were broken off; one for pecuniary reasons, the other because I had thrown myself at her feet, entreating her, by her love for me, not to make me a sacrifice and my life miserable.

My mother was perfectly amiable, and she loved me; she therefore broke off a marriage which in other respects was suitable enough, but to which I had so thorough an antipathy that I should have doomed myself and my husband to misery by saying YES. I was delighted with this change in my lot. My friends — whether from attachment to me, or whether from that sentiment which makes a young girl always unwilling that her companion should marry before her — rejoiced in seeing me at liberty for the following winter.

One evening — it was the 21st of September — about a dozen persons were assembled in my mother's drawing-room, chatting, deciphering charades, and laughing, when suddenly the door opened, and the *valet de chambre* announced General Junot. In an instant, as by a stroke of magic, all was silence. This effect was so sudden and so striking that the General was a little embarrassed; but my mother's reception reassured him. She held out her hand to him, reproached him in the most friendly manner for the long delay of his visit, made him sit down by her side, and attended only to him.

The General could not have chosen a worse day for his visit to my mother; no individual of his acquaintance was present. The whole party belonged to the Faubourg

St. Germain, and the sort of welcome a General of the Republic would find among a circle of emigrants returned within the last six months may be easily imagined. But my mother could act the mistress of the house to perfection. She saw that General Junot might find himself in a constrained position, and she exerted herself so effectually that he was very soon as much at his ease by her side as if he had been one of our most intimate associates.

The distinctive character of Junot's mind was acuteness and rapidity of penetration. He understood that this was not the place for speaking of the First Consul. He was determined to hear nothing to his prejudice; but neither would my mother, though she was no longer partial to him, have suffered anything to be said against him in her house.

Junot spoke of Egypt, of what he had seen there which was foreign to our manners, with that ability which all who knew him are so well aware of. Albert, who had been spending the evening at Madame Leclerc's, soon came in, and his presence emboldened Junot to propose to my mother that she should, on the following day, go to the Hôtel de Salm to witness the procession which was to pass the Quai de Voltaire.

The occasion was worth the trouble; it was the translation of the body of Turenne from the *Jardin des Plantes*, where it had been deposited since the violation of the tombs of St. Denis, to the *Musée des Augustins aux Invalides*. As Junot was to superintend the ceremony in his quality of Commandant of Paris, he was desirous that we should see him in his glory, and I believe this was the true motive of the zeal he manifested in overcoming my mother's objections on the score of her health.

"Well, then," said she at length, "I will go and see our two heroes pass, the living and the dead; but the living soldier must promise to come and dine with me after he has seen M. le Maréchal installed in his new habitation, or I shall not go." Junot promised, and retired, leaving a most advantageous impression on a party which, with the exception of my mother and brother, were certainly by no means predisposed in his favor.

The following day we repaired to the Hôtel de Salm;

we were conducted to a drawing-room, in which Junot had placed a large armchair, with pillows and a foot-stool, for my mother; the *valet de chambre* of the General said he was ready to execute any orders that might be given to him.

"Does your master," replied my mother, "suppose I am one of those invalids to whom he is conveying the body of Turenne?" She was, however, very sensible of the attentions paid to her, and when Junot passed, he saluted us in so marked a manner as to draw the attention of everyone; a person in the crowd was heard to say, on seeing the General bow to my mother repeatedly: "No doubt that is the widow of the Marshal Turenne!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Junot's Assiduities to my Mother, and his Silence toward me — First Reports of my Marriage with Junot — A Family Council — Visit of Junot — Demand of my Hand — Consent of my Mother and Brother — Junot's Declaration, and my Embarrassment — Junot's Thoughtlessness and Silence toward Bonaparte — My Mother's Reproaches — Junot at the Tuileries — Duroc's Good-nature — Conversation of Bonaparte with Junot relating to his Marriage — Marriage Portion and Presents.

TEN days had elapsed from the 21st of September, when Junot first presented himself at my mother's, and now regularly every night he repeated his visit. He never spoke to me, but placed himself beside my mother's sofa, chatted with her, or with any of his acquaintance who happened to be present, but never approached the group to which I belonged, and if at this epoch he had ceased to come to our house I might have affirmed that I scarcely knew him.

But, however undistinguished I had been by any attention on his part, the society in which we moved had already decided that I was his destined bride; the report was brought to me by my friend Laure de Caseaux, and, with great indignation, I repeated it to my mother and brother; they partook of my feelings upon the subject, and having received a summons to attend my

drawing-master, I left them in my mother's bedroom still discussing the steps to be pursued, for it was yet but noon, and on account of the weak state of her health she did not rise before that time.

While we were thus respectively engaged, a carriage drove up to the door, and a waiting maid came in to inquire if General Junot could be admitted. "Yes, yes, let him come up," said my mother; "but, good God! what can bring him here at this hour?" Junot had scarcely entered the chamber before he asked permission to close the door, and, seating himself by the bedside, said to my mother, as he took her hand, that he was come to present a request, adding, with a smile: "and it must be granted." "If it be possible, it is done," said my mother.

"That depends upon you and him," replied the General, turning to Albert. He stopped a moment, and then continued in the tone of a person recovering from a violent embarrassment: "I am come to ask the hand of your daughter; will you grant it me? I give you my word," and he proceeded in a tone of more assurance, "and it is that of a man of honor, that I will make her happy. I can offer her an establishment worthy of her and of her family. Come, Madame de Permon, answer me, with the frankness with which I put my request, Yes or No."

"My dear General," said my mother, "I shall answer with all the frankness you have claimed, and which you know to belong to my character; and I will tell you that a few minutes before your arrival I was saying to Albert that you were the man whom, of all others, I should choose for my son-in-law."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Junot joyfully.

"Yes; but that says nothing for your request. First, you must understand that she has no fortune; her portion is too small to be of any value to you. Then, I am very ill, and I am not sure that my daughter will be willing to quit me at present; besides, she is still very young. Reflect well upon all this, and add to it that my daughter has been educated amid a society and in habits which it is very possible may displease you. Reflect for eight or ten days, and then come to me, and we will enter further into your projects."

"I will not wait twenty-four hours," said Junot firmly. "Listen, Madame de Permon. I have not taken my present step without having fully made up my mind. Will you grant me your daughter? Will you, Permon, give me your sister? I love her, and I again swear to you I will make her as happy as a woman can be."

Albert approached General Junot, and, taking his hand, said in a voice of emotion, "My dear Junot, I give you my sister with joy; and, believe me, the day when I shall call you brother will be one of the happiest of my life." "And I," said my mother, extending her arms to him, "am happy beyond description in calling you my son." Junot, much moved, threw himself into her arms. "Well," said he, "and what will you think of me now? — that I am very childish and weak, I fear;" and, turning to my brother, he embraced him several times in a delirium of joy. "But now," said he, after a few moments, "I have still another favor to ask — one upon which I set a high value, for it is most interesting to me."

"What is it?" asked my mother. "I desire, extraordinary as it may appear to you, to be myself permitted to present my petition to your daughter." My mother exclaimed against this demand; such a thing had never been heard of — it was absolute folly. "That may be," said Junot, in a firm but respectful tone; "but I have determined upon it; and since you have received me, since I am now your son, why would you refuse me this favor? Besides, it is in your presence and her brother's that I would speak to her." "Ah, that makes a difference," said my mother; "but why this whim?" "It is not a whim; it is, on the contrary, so very reasonable an idea that I should never have believed myself capable of it. Do you consent?"

My mother answered "Yes," and a messenger was dispatched to my study, where I was drawing with M. Vigliano, to summon me to my mother, an order which I obeyed immediately with the greatest tranquillity, for I supposed General Junot to be long since gone.

It is impossible to describe my sensations when, on opening the chamber door, I perceived General Junot seated by my mother's bedside, holding one of her hands, and conversing in an animated manner with her. The

General rose, offered me his place, took a seat beside me, then, having looked toward my mother, said to me in the most serious tone:

"Mademoiselle, I am happy enough to have obtained the consent of your mother and brother to my solicitation for your hand; but I have to assure you that this consent, otherwise so valuable to me, will become void unless at this moment you can declare here in their presence that you willingly acquiesce in it. The step I am at this moment taking is not perhaps altogether consistent with established forms — I am aware it is not; but you will pardon me if you reflect that I am a soldier, frank even to roughness, and desirious of ascertaining that in the most important act of my life I am not deceiving myself. Will you, then, condescend to tell me whether you will become my wife, and, above all, whether you can do so without any repugnance?"

Since I had been seated in the chair in which General Junot had placed me, I felt as if in an extraordinary dream. I heard distinctly, and understood what was said, but no part of it seemed to affect me; and yet it was necessary to give an immediate answer in one word upon which the fate of my whole life was to depend.

The most perfect silence reigned in the apartment. Neither my mother nor my brother could with propriety interfere, and the General could only wait my answer. However, at the expiration of about ten minutes, seeing that my eyes still continued fixed on the ground, and that I did not reply, General Junot thought himself obliged to construe my silence into a refusal, and, always impetuous, still more so, perhaps, in his feelings than in his will, he insisted upon knowing his fate that very instant.

"I see," said he, with an accent of bitterness, "that Madame de Permon was right when she told me that her consent was nothing in this affair. Only, Mademoiselle, I entreat you to give me an answer, be it YES or NO."

My brother, who saw the change in Junot's manner, inclined toward me and whispered in my ear, "Take courage, love, speak out; he will not be offended, even if you refuse him." "Come, come, my child! you must answer the General," said my mother. "If you will not

speak to him, give me your answer, and I will repeat it to him.»

I was sensible that my situation began to be ridiculous, and that I ought to speak; but all the power upon earth could not have made me articulate a word nor raise my eyes from the carpet. From my first entrance into the room my emotion had been so violent that the palpitation of my heart threatened to burst my corset. The blood now mounted to my head with such violence that I heard nothing but a sharp singing in my ears, and saw nothing but a moving rainbow. I felt a violent pain, and, raising my hand to my forehead, stood up and made my escape so suddenly that my brother had not time to detain me.

He ran after me, but could nowhere find me. The fact was that, as if started by an invisible power, I had mounted the stairs with such rapidity that in two seconds I had reached the top of the house, and, on recovering my recollection, found myself in the attic. I came down again, and, going to take refuge in my brother's apartments, met him returning from a search for me.

He scolded me for being so unreasonable. I wept, and reproached him bitterly for the scene which had just taken place. He excused himself, embraced me, and drew me into a conversation which calmed my spirits; but he could by no means persuade me to return to my mother's room. I was resolute not to appear there again till General Junot was gone.

My brother on his return addressed the General, whom he found still much agitated. «I was,» said he, «my dear General, for a moment of your opinion, and permitted my sister to be brought here; but I now see that we have acted in this matter like children, and she, young as she is, has convinced me of it.» «Where is my poor Loulou, then,» said my mother; «I told you, my dear Junot, that such a step was absurd. Where is she?» «In my room,» said Albert, «where I have promised her that she shall not be molested.» «And my answer,» said Junot, with a gloomy air. «Your answer, my friend, is as favorable as you can desire. My sister will be proud to bear your name — I repeat her own words; as to any other sentiment, you cannot ask it of her without disrespect.» «I am satisfied!» exclaimed Junot, embracing

my brother. "She will be proud to bear my name, and I am content."

The conversation now became more calm, and after a short interval my mother said to Junot: "But tell me how you have achieved the greatest of your victories; how you have induced the First Consul to give his consent to your marriage with my daughter?" "He does not know it yet," replied Junot. "He does not know it!" exclaimed my mother; "you are come to ask my daughter in marriage, and the First Consul does not know it? Permit me to observe, my dear General, that your conduct has been very inconsiderate." My brother has since told me that he was at the moment of my mother's opinion. "I request you, madame, to inform me in what respect my conduct can be blamable," Junot replied, with some *hauteur*.

"How can you ask such a question? Do you not know the coldness, and even disunion, which has succeeded to the friendship that once existed between the First Consul and myself? Do you think that he will consent to my daughter becoming your wife, and especially without fortune? And what, let me ask, would you do if when you communicate your intended marriage to him, and ask his assent, he should refuse it?"

"I should marry without it," answered Junot very resolutely. "I am no longer a child; and in the most important transaction of my life I shall consult my own convenience only, without listening to the petty passions of others." "You say that you are no longer a child, and you reason as if you were but six years old. Would you dissolve your connection with your benefactor and friend because it pleases you to make what he will call an imprudent marriage — that is to say, a marriage without fortune? For that is the reason he will give you; for you may easily suppose he will not tell you that it is because he does not like me. What will you do, what will you answer, when he gives you the option between my daughter and himself?"

"But he will never do so!" exclaimed Junot; "and if he could to such an extent forget my services and my attachment, I should always remain a faithful son of France; she will not repulse me; and I am a general officer." "And do you think us capable of accepting

such a sacrifice?» said my mother. «And though my daughter is but sixteen years old, can you have formed so unworthy an opinion of her as to suppose she would thus abuse her power over you?»

«My dear General,» said Albert, who had not yet uttered a word during this discussion, «I believe that all this will be easily arranged; but permit me to observe, in my turn, that you have been a little too hasty in this affair; nevertheless, I have no doubt that all will be right, for I do not think with my mother that the First Consul will interfere as a party, and still less as a judge, in a question of such a nature as this.»

Junot listened attentively; then, looking at his watch, he suddenly took up his hat, and said to my mother: «I am going to the Tuileries. The First Consul is not yet in council. I will speak to him, and in an hour I shall return.» He pressed Albert's hand, kissed my mother's, descended the staircase at two steps, jumped into his carriage, and cried out to the coachman, «To the Tuileries at a gallop, only do not overturn us, because I have important business there.»

«Where is the First Consul?» was his salutation to Duroc. «With Madame Bonaparte.» «My friend, I must speak to him this very instant.» «How agitated you are!» said Duroc, observing his flushed cheek and trembling voice. «Is there alarming news?» «No, no; but I must see the First Consul; I must this instant; I will tell you by and by why I am so peremptory.»

Duroc pressed his hand, and as he understood that he could oblige him, he lost no time in acquitting himself of his commission; and in a few moments Junot was introduced to the cabinet of the First Consul. «My General,» said he, entering at once upon the subject, «you have testified a desire to see me married; the thing is settled — I am about to marry.» «Ah! ah! and you have run away with your wife? Your air is perfectly wild.» «No, my General,» replied Junot, endeavoring to calm his feelings for the crisis; for all my mother's objections started at once to his mind, and he felt fearful of a rebuff. «Whom are you going to marry, then?» said the First Consul, seeing that Junot did not speak. «A person whom you have known from her childhood, whom you used to love, my General, of whom everyone

speaks well, and with whom I am distractedly in love—Mademoiselle de Permon."

The First Consul, contrary to his custom, was not at that moment walking while he conversed. He was seated at his desk, which he was notching with his penknife. On hearing the name, he leaped from his seat, threw away his penknife, and seized Junot by the arm, asking, "Whom did you say you meant to marry?" "The daughter of Madame de Permon, that child whom you have so often held upon your knee when you yourself were young, General." "That is not possible; Loulou is not marriageable; how old is she?" "Sixteen years within a month." "It is a very bad marriage you would make; there is no fortune; and, besides, how can you determine to become the son-in-law of Madame de Permon? Do you not know that woman as she is? You must mind what you are about. She is a spirit——" "Permit me to observe, General, that I do not propose to marry my mother-in-law; and, moreover, I believe——" Here he stopped short and smiled. "Well, and what do you believe?" "That the discussions which had arisen between yourself and Madame de Permon have blended a shade of prejudice with the judgment you have formed of her. What I know perfectly well is, that she is surrounded by numerous friends of long standing, and I have seen the love which her children bear her. Her daughter lavishes such care upon her as only the heart of a devoted child is capable of, and has done so for two years past, to the injury of her own health. Her son——" "Ah, that is a brave youth!" "Well, my General, and do you believe that he could be what he is to his mother if Madame de Permon were not herself not merely a good mother, but an excellent woman? Children are respectful and attentive to their mother, but to be to her what Mademoiselle Laurette and her brother are to Madame de Permon, she must deserve their respect. Ask Madame Bonaparte, Madame Joseph, Madame Murat; these ladies will tell you how meritorious has been the conduct of Madame de Permon's children from the commencement of her severe illness." "Is she so very ill, then?" inquired the First Consul with interest. "Very ill; and the utmost care is necessary to her recovery, and to the relief of her sufferings."

The First Consul walked the room without speaking; he was serious, but not out of humor. At length he said, "But without fortune, I suppose; what portion has this young person?" "I have not inquired." "You were right in saying just now that you were distractedly in love. What extravagance! Did I not particularly recommend you to seek a rich wife? for you are not rich yourself." "I beg your pardon, my General, I am very rich. Are you not my protector, my father? And when I inform you that I love a young girl who is poor, but without whom I should be miserable, I know that you will come to my assistance, and portion my betrothed."

The First Consul smiled. "Oh, is that it? But how has this illness happened? Have you long been a visitor at Madame Permon's?" "Eleven days, General; but it is two months since my attention has been attracted toward her daughter. I have been spoken to about her, and one of our mutual friends wished to promote this marriage; but Mademoiselle Laurette was then destined to another husband, and after all that I had heard of her, I would not visit the mother lest I should fall in love with the daughter. In the interval, the projected marriage was broken off. I went, accordingly, to pay my respects to Madame de Permon, and my resolution was soon taken. But now, sir, I am about to give you still further advantage over me—I have acted more madly than you can imagine." Here he repeated the scene of the morning in its minutest details. The First Consul listened in silence, with great attention, and when Junot's narrative was ended, he replied:

"Though I recognize in all that you have just said the character of Madame de Permon, I cannot but approve her arguments as they respect me, and the sacrifice you have offered in the true spirit of a Paladin of the Crusades could not be accepted either by her or Permon. You have, however, cut me off from the power of even remonstrating against this rash act by the confidence you have just reposed in me; besides, you will not, as you say, marry your mother-in-law, and if the young person be really such as you describe, I see no reason for being severe on the article of fortune. I give you 100,000 francs for your bride's portion, and 40,000 for her wedding clothes. Adieu, my friend; I wish you

happiness!" So saying, he pressed Junot's hand warmly, and said, laughing as he resumed his seat, "Oh, you will have a terrible mother-in-law!" then added with a more serious air: "But an amiable and worthy brother-in-law."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Junot's Haste to Conclude Our Marriage — Unwillingness to Quit My Mother — A Family Scene — Intrigues to Lead Junot to Another Marriage — M. de Caulaincourt's Confidential Advice — My Marriage Fixed for the 30th of October — The Marriage of Murat and Caroline Bonaparte — Her Beauty — An Error Corrected — Causes of Napoleon's Coolness toward Murat — His Boasting, and an Officer's Breakfast — The Mistress of the Revels and the Betraying Cipher — Bonaparte's Project of Marrying His Sister to Moreau — Calumnies on Caroline Bonaparte — Murat's Person and Dress.

THE preparations for my marriage were proceeding with activity; General Junot was extremely desirous that it should take place immediately. He had induced Madame Bonaparte the mother and Madame Leclerc to persuade my mother, and the 20th of October was the day already fixed upon before I had been consulted upon the subject. It was on the 10th of that month that my mother proposed to me this speedy separation, to which no arguments she could use had any effect in reconciling me. M. de Caulaincourt, an old and faithful friend of the family, was summoned to the conference. Seated between my brother and myself beside my mother's sofa, he earnestly enforced my mother's plea of the impatience of my lover, and, finding this insufficient, began to explain that to his knowledge Junot was at present the object of much intrigue at the Tuileries; that Madame Bonaparte, always apprehensive of the influence which early intimacy and a sentiment of gratitude for early favors might give my mother over the mind of the First Consul, had seen their mutual coldness with great complacency; had never attempted to widen the breach by irritation, judiciously considering that in such cases total oblivion is the most eligible result, and was now extremely disconcerted to find that Junot's marriage was likely to bring the family again into notice. To obviate this, she

had attempted to produce a change in his views, and to direct them toward Mademoiselle Leclerc. To this, which was equally new to all his auditors, he added that delays are dangerous, that the First Consul might be induced by the influence of his wife to withdraw his consent, and that Junot himself might be worked to her purpose. My mother's pride now began to take the alarm, and her kind friend was obliged to soothe it to the utmost; and, finally, the result of all this consultation was that I gave my consent to fix the day for the 30th of October; sooner than this I positively refused to quit my mother.

My own marriage has so much occupied my attention that I have neglected to mention that of Madame Murat, which took place soon after the 8th of November. Caroline Bonaparte was a very pretty girl, fresh as a rose; not to be compared, for the regular beauty of her features, to Madame Leclerc, though more pleasing perhaps by the expression of her countenance and the brilliance of her complexion, but by no means possessing the perfection of figure which distinguished her elder sister. Her head was disproportionately large, her bust was too short, her shoulders were too round, and her hips too thick; but her feet, her hands, and her arms were models, and her skin resembled white satin seen through pink glass; her teeth were fine, as were those of all the Bonapartes; her hair was light, but by no way remarkable. As a young girl Caroline was charming; when her mother first brought her to Paris in 1798 her beauty was in all its rosy freshness. I have never seen her appear to so much advantage since that time. Magnificence did not become her; brocade did not hang well upon her figure, and one feared to see her delicate complexion fade under the weight of diamonds and rubies.

In the "*Mémoires Contemporaines*" it is asserted that when Murat demanded Mademoiselle Bonaparte in marriage, the First Consul made great difficulties in giving his consent. This is part of the plan now so generally adopted of representing Napoleon and his family in an unfavorable light. But here, as usual, this disposition to accuse throws a veil over the truth. Bonaparte's repugnance is said to have been founded on the ignoble birth of Murat. I can affirm with certainty that the author has been misinformed.

The true cause of Napoleon's little regard for Murat (for, notwithstanding their alliance, he never was attached to him) was Murat's imprudent conduct when he came to Paris to present the banners taken by the army of Italy, and after his return to headquarters. Those who know the character of Napoleon as I know it will easily understand that Murat would lose much ground in his General's favor by whispering a boast of his credit with the Directory and the War Ministry through the means of Madame Bonaparte and Madame Tallien. I will here give an anecdote which occurred soon after he had rejoined his General, and which reached the ears of the latter on the very day. Junot was at that time wounded and in his bed, and could not have been the informer upon a fact of which he was himself ignorant for some time.

Murat gave a breakfast to Lavalette, some other officers of the general staff, and many of his friends, chiefly young men belonging to the cavalry, whose company Murat preferred to associating with officers of his own rank; perhaps from that habit of boasting, for which he afterward became so remarkable, and to which he would find his inferiors more complaisant than his equals.

The breakfast had been very gay. Much champagne had been drank, and there seemed nc occasion for a supplement, but Murat proposed punch, adding that he would make it himself.

"You never drank better," said he to his companions; "I have learned to make it from a charming Créole, and if I could add all the circumstances of that education, you would like it still better." Then ringing for his valet, he ordered not only all that was necessary for ordinary punch, but a number of accessories, such as tea, oranges instead of lemons, etc., and said aloud: "And be sure not to make a mistake; bring that Jamaica rum which was given me at Paris."

He went to his traveling case and took from it a beautiful utensil of silver gilt, made purposely to extract the juice of lemons or oranges without squeezing them with the hand. He then proceeded in the whole affair in a method which proved that he had been under a good instructor. The punch was found excellent, so excellent that the bowl was emptied and filled again

several times; confidence increased with each renewal; the guests wished to know how such good things were to be learned, and Murat, who perhaps was not quite clear-headed, replied that the finest and prettiest woman in Paris had taught him this and many other things.

Then, as may be supposed, questions multiplied; with the mirth and folly of childhood, they desired to hear the whole history. It appears Murat could not resist, but related much that was unsuitable to the breakfast table of a party of hussar officers. But the most unlucky part of the affair in its consequences was that, without pronouncing any name, he indicated so plainly the personages concerned that inductions were speedily drawn and commentaries followed. A breakfast, a dinner, and a supper, all in the same day, in the country, that is to say, the Champs Elysées, formed the principal facts of this boastful tale, and the finest woman in Paris (the prettiest was not quite so clear), all this told the name, and these young heads translated it with much more ease than at that moment they could have construed a line of Virgil.

Further explanation was unnecessary; when one of the party, taking up the lemon squeezer, discovered in his examination of it that it had a cipher upon the handle which was not that of Murat. "Ah," exclaimed the young madcap, "now for full information; here we may learn to read as well as to make punch;" and, brandishing the little utensil which Murat, who retained sense enough to see that this was going too far, wished to snatch from him, he looked again at the handle, and began, "Ba, be, bi, bo; Bo,—bon,—bona!" Murat at length succeeded in quieting him, and, the breakfast finished, the chief of the guests forgot the particulars of the morning's entertainment. But two or three, who felt that they might speak without indiscretion, since nothing had been confided to them, repeated the whole history of the punch; on a theater so fraught with wonders as Italy was at that moment, the tale made little impression generally, but all the circumstances of the bacchanalian scene reached the ears of the General. His jealous humor was awakened, and for a moment he proposed requiring an explanation from Murat, but reflection showed him how unwise such a proceeding would be, and he abandoned all thoughts of inquiring into the true cir-

cumstances of the case; whether they ever came to his knowledge I know not.

The silver lemon squeezer disappeared. Murat professed to regret its loss extremely, and reported that some of his giddy companions had thrown it out of the window in sport, and that it had never been recovered. He averred also that the young man who pretended to have read the cipher had his eyes so dazzled by the fumes of the punch that he had, in fact, mistaken M for B, and that the letter J stood for his own name (Joachim).

This scandal was talked of for twenty-four hours, but offered only vague conjectures to those who were but imperfectly acquainted with the parties concerned, which was the case with almost all the guests except Lavalette and Duroc, who thought it advisable not to take further notice of it, and thought, indeed, that the cipher might have been J. M. For my own part, I believe so too; but General Bonaparte, I have reason to think, was not so credulous; and the favor shown Murat on occasion of the expedition to Egypt — a favor which certainly his General had not solicited for him — seemed to confirm his impolitic boasting, and to indicate that his interest with the Directory was supported by a protector who could not please Napoleon. With respect to the fact itself, I apprehend that there was more of levity in it on Murat's part than of reality. I have known the opinion of members of the family respecting it, who perhaps saw things in their worst light from being in a degree inimical to Josephine. They excused Murat on account of his youth, but were not so indulgent toward Madame Bonaparte.

Junot, whom the "*Mémoires Contemporaines*," I know not why, make to interfere in the affairs of Murat and Napoleon, did not believe that the General had any cause for his jealousy of Murat, for jealous he certainly was; and it is the same with respect to another person of whom I shall have occasion to speak, and toward whom General Bonaparte's ill-will also took its rise in Italy.

When, therefore, Murat requested the hand of Caroline Bonaparte, the First Consul was very much disposed to refuse it, but not on account of the obscurity of his birth. It is absurd to make him think and act in that manner at this epoch. Murat was in love with Made-

moiselle Bonaparte; but in those days of our glory there were twenty young generals round Napoleon who were at least his equals, and whose fame was at that period even greater than his. The First Consul, on his return from Egypt, had a project for marrying his sister to Moreau: this may give the scale of qualification he required in his brother-in-law — much distinction from glory, and none from birth. I know also, for the First Consul has himself told me so, that he once had an idea of giving his sister to Augereau.

Caroline Bonaparte, also, was passionately in love with Murat. But this love did not take its rise from Joseph's embassy to Rome; Caroline was at that time, at the most, from eleven to twelve years of age. I do not even believe that Murat ever saw her at Rome. If this love really were anterior to his return from Egypt, it must be dated from their meeting at the Serbelloni Palace at Milan. At any rate I can assert that nothing had occurred to render this marriage desirable to the Bonaparte family, as the «*Mémoires Contemporaines*» have said. Caroline Bonaparte married with a reputation as pure and as fresh as her complexion and the roses of her cheeks. I hope I shall not be accused of partiality toward her; but I must be just and speak the truth. I can do so with the more certainty as, at the epoch of her marriage, and during some preceding years, the connection between us was very intimate.

Murat's good looks and the nobleness of his figure is a matter which will bear discussion. I do not admit that a man is handsome because he is large and always dressed for a carnival. Murat's features were not good, and I may even add that, considering him as detached from his curled hair, his plumes, and his embroidery, he was plain. There was something of the negro in his countenance, though his nose was not flat; but very thick lips, and a nose which, though aquiline, had nothing of nobleness in its form, gave to his physiognomy a mongrel expression at least. I shall speak again of his person and of his talents.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Satisfaction Caused by My Marriage in the Bonaparte Family — Madame Bonaparte Jealous of My Mother — My Mother's Sufferings, and Preparations for My Marriage — Details Respecting the Family of Junot — His Elder Brother in Egypt — Imperious Will of Bonaparte — His Refusal of a Passport to Junot's Brother — Junot's Brother Taken Prisoner by the English — His Return, and the Melancholy Death of His Son — Remarkable Circumstances Attending the Child's Death — Its Extraordinary Attachment to Its Father — The Event Related to the First Consul — Conversation between Bonaparte and Corvisart upon the Subject.

MADAME BONAPARTE the mother was delighted with Junot's choice, and Lucien, Louis, and Joseph Bonaparte, Madame Leclerc, and Madame Bacciochi, rejoiced in the alliance from personal motives; they considered it a sort of victory gained over the younger Madame Bonaparte. The latter, from the reasons of jealousy mentioned before, and which she had sense enough never to avow, though everyone in the palace was satisfied that a tacit hostility existed between my mother and her, had labored zealously to prevent it; and, knowing that my mother was well aware of this, was herself the first person to speak to me of it after my marriage. Her jealousy was, however, unfounded; at this period Napoleon was much attached to Josephine, and she might, if she pleased, have acquired a great influence over him; this she never possessed, as I shall often have occasion to show.

The 30th of October approached, and our domicile usually so peaceful though cheerful, and especially regular in the hours and manner of living, was now entirely transformed. My poor mother concealed her sufferings, and told me that she had never been better. She frequently went out to make purchases which she would trust to no one else, and which her taste certainly enabled her to choose better than any other person would have done, but which I should have declined if I had believed them to have caused her the smallest pain. All that I could say on the subject would, however, have been wholly unavailing; and my brother and I had agreed

that it was better not to contradict her. All, therefore, proceeded rapidly. The day when I was to quit my mother drew very near, and I may safely say, brilliant as was the situation it promised me, I saw its approach with terror.

Junot's family, to whom he was religiously attached, consisted of a father and mother, both in perfect health, and without any infirmity, the father at this time about sixty years of age, and the mother something older; an elder brother married, two uncles, and two sisters, both married — the younger to a landed proprietor named Maldan, and the elder, against the wishes of her parents, to a cousin-german; and, as generally happens with marriages not sanctioned by the parental blessing, this turned out ill — they had many children and were unhappy.

As soon as Junot's marriage was fixed he sent his brother into Burgundy to fetch his father and mother and his wife. M. Junot, the elder brother, was not only a respectful son, an affectionate brother, a tender husband and father, but he was also a man of unimpeachable honor, and of the severest probity. Bonaparte, who knew his worth, was bent upon taking him on his expedition to Egypt; and when Junot obtained leave to visit his family before he set out, he was expressly commanded to bring his brother back with him.

Fraternal affection, and the great prospect held out to him, wrung from him an unwilling assent. He took leave of a beloved wife and an idolized infant, his only child, a boy two years and a half old, from whom he had yet scarcely been separated for an hour, and proceeded with his brother to Toulon. Here, however, he completely repented, and, too late, endeavored to obtain his dismissal. Bonaparte had appointed him to a confidential situation on his civil staff, and had too much esteem for his probity to permit him to recede. In despair he embarked on board "*L'Orient*" — in despair he reached Egypt; and though he never neglected his duties, he never ceased importunately to demand his dismissal. But the General was not to be moved; and it was not till after the departure of Bonaparte himself that my homesick brother-in-law obtained leave to return to Europe.

Further troubles awaited him: the vessel in which he sailed was taken by the English, and he was, after an imprisonment of some months at Mahon, landed at length on the coast of France, with the loss of all the property he had with him. Rejoicing in the thought of reposing at last under his own roof, he reached it to learn that the son he adored was no more. The affecting manner of his boy's death was not made known to him till his wife had given birth to another child; but he never ceased to feel for this one a sentiment of greater tenderness than any of his other children inspired.

The cause of this infant's death, extraordinary as it may seem, was the ardor of his attachment to his father. He bade him adieu, and had seen him depart; but when he found that he did not speedily return, his grief, at first moderate, became ungovernable; for some days he cried without cessation, perpetually inquiring where was his father. At length his useless tears were intermitted, but his sighs, his pallid cheeks, and constant recurrence to the subject uppermost in his thoughts, showed that his grief was not abated.

His mother, observing with the acutness peculiar to a mother's love that the indefinite idea produced by the uniform answer to his question that his father was gone away only increased his distress, at last replied that he was at Bussy, a small estate the family possessed a few miles from Dijon. "Then let us go to Bussy," said the child, with the first expression of joy he had shown since his afflicting loss. The family made a rule of indulging all his wishes, and affording every diversion that could be supposed to alleviate his sorrow, and a journey to Bussy was undertaken; but the disappointment here experienced added to the malady which had now taken deep hold upon him; in turn, a removal to the houses of all his relations was tried, but in vain; at the end of a twelvemonth this extraordinary infant, who at the time of his father's departure was one of the finest, most healthy, and animated of children, expired with his father's name upon his lips.

This was related to me a few weeks after my marriage; and it happened that some anecdotes of extraordinary children formed the subject of conversation at Malmaison one evening about that time, and I related this one, then

fresh in my mind. The First Consul, who usually did not enter at all into such subjects, paid great attention to what I was saying, and, when I had done, asked me whether I had not abused my privilege of historian, and had not, of a very simple fact, created a romance, the hero of which was a child thirty months old.

"I can assure you," I replied, "that far from having added to the affecting parts of my little history, I have curtailed them; and if you heard the same tale related by my worthy mother-in-law, who nursed the poor babe through the whole of its long agony, you would find mine very cold in comparison."

The First Consul paced to and fro for some time without saying a word. This is known to have been his habit when deep in thought. Suddenly he raised his head, and looking around him, asked for Corvisart, who soon appeared. "Corvisart," said the First Consul, "is it possible that a child should die of grief in consequence of no longer seeing some one it loves — its nurse for example?"

"I believe not," said Corvisart. "At the same time nothing is impossible; but nothing can be more rare than such a case, happily, or else what would become of us? We could not wean a child."

The First Consul looked at me triumphantly, and said, "I was sure of it." To this I said that I thought Dr. Corvisart had been unfairly interrogated, and that I begged permission to put the question to him in its true shape. I then, in a few words, repeated the history of my little nephew; and scarcely had he heard me out than he exclaimed, "That is quite another case;" that a nurse was replaced by a governess, who lavished the same cares upon the child, and gave it food at the hours it had been accustomed to; but that affection distressed by absence, as that of my nephew had been, might cause death, and that the case was not even of very rare occurrence. "I have in my portfolios," said this very skillful man, "a multitude of notices relative to the affections of children, and if you should read them, General, you would find not only that the germs of the passions exist in their young hearts, but that in some children these passions are developed in an alarming manner. Jealousy, as well as poison, will kill children

of three years of age, and even younger." "You think then, that this little Junot died of grief from ceasing to see his father?" asked the First Consul.

"After what Madame Junot has just related, I cannot doubt it; and my conviction is confirmed by her having, without being aware of it, described all the symptoms of that malady of which only beings endowed with the most exquisite sensibility are susceptible. The child is happy in its early death, for he would have been to be pitied throughout his existence, and would have met with a perpetual succession of disappointments."

The First Consul rubbed his forehead frequently while Corvisart was speaking. It was evident that his repeated refusals to permit my brother-in-law's return to Europe were agitating his mind, and I am sure that, had the light been directed to his eyes, I should have seen them moist.

"Is Junot, your brother-in-law, still in Paris?" said he. "Yes, General." "Will you tell him that I wish to see him? Is Junot acquainted with the nature of his nephew's death?" "I believe not, General, for my brother-in-law has himself only learned it since his wife's *accouchement*."

He again passed his hand over his forehead, and shook his head with the air of a person who would drive away a painful thought; but he never permitted it to be supposed that he was long under the influence of any predominating emotion; he walked again the length of the room, and then, placing himself directly in front of Corvisart, said to him with comic abruptness: "Corvisart, would it be better that there should be doctors, or that there should be none?" The modern Hippocrates replied to the malicious glance which accompanied the question by one of equal meaning, then parried the attack with a jest, and added, "If you wish me to speak conscientiously, General, I believe that it would be as well if there were not any." We all laughed, when Corvisart continued, and added: "But then there must be no OLD WOMEN."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Thoughtless Observation of My Mother to Junot Respecting Nobility, and Its Prompt Correction — Intrigues to Break off Junot's Marriage — Great Number of Emigrants in Paris — A Young Girl Seeks Fouché — Affecting Scene, and Fouché's Sang-froid — Fouché Compassionate!—The Marquis des Rosières and His Daughter — The Ancient Lieutenant of the King, and Escapades of Fouché — The Emigrants Do Justice to the Glory of Our Arms — The Duc de Mouchy, M. de Montcalm, the Prince de Chalais, MM. de l'Aigle, and M. Archambaud de Perigord — Rudeness of the Marquis d'Hautefort — Text of a Curious Letter, Addressed by Berthier to Junot from Madrid during an Embassy — The Passages Omitted — Berthier and the Gift of Tongues — Amusing Adventure of Berthier at Milan — The Tailor and the Landlady.

TOO MANY of our friends my engagement was unwelcome, and some of our noble relatives reminded my mother that though my father had been of plebeian origin she was not, and that she was wanting in respect to herself in bestowing her daughter upon an upstart General of the Revolution. My mother unadvisedly repeated these observations to General Junot, to whom it may be supposed they were not very acceptable; my mother, observing this, rectified the error with her characteristic grace. "And why," she continued, "should this offend you? Do you think me capable of being affected by such opinions? Do you imagine that I regret having given you my child — having named you my son, and the brother of my Albert? No, my dear Junot" (and she cordially pressed his hand as she said it); "we are now united for life and death!"

Junot has since told me that this explanation given by my mother had produced a very good effect on him. For some days past he had been disturbed by reports that my family were desirous of breaking off the match, and that, another more eligible having offered, my disinclination toward him would be made the pretense for dismissing him. Another marriage was also strongly pressed upon him, but Junot was too much engaged in honor and in heart to recede; and these attempts had no result, unless it were that of impressing me with a slight degree of hostility against a personage who had thus

intrigued to exclude me from a society in which I was entitled, from various reasons, to hold a leading rank.

The Emigrants were now returning in crowds: La Vendée was settling peaceably; many persons connected with the nobility were repairing to Paris as a more secure asylum than the provinces. Fouché, the Minister of Police, on whom their fate so much depended, was wicked only in circumstances which had immediate reference to himself; otherwise he was capable of good actions, of which the following is an example: In the month of September, 1800, Fouché was told that a young woman, indifferently dressed, but very pretty, frequently asked for a private audience with him, but without claiming any acquaintance or making use of any name to obtain the introduction, while she persisted in refusing to state her own name or residence. Fouché, who at this time had too many affairs of importance upon his hands to be able to spare any attention to one which offered only an appearance of gallantry, took no notice of this. The young girl, however, continued to besiege his door, notwithstanding the insults of the domestics, always so plentifully lavished upon misfortune, till at length the first valet, taking pity upon her, approached and inquired why she did not write to the Citizen Minister. "You might," said he, "by that means obtain an audience, which, I believe, is what you want, is it not?"

The young woman said it was, but that her name was unknown to the Minister, who would therefore probably refuse her request. The poor child wept as she pronounced the last words; the valet looked at her and pondered. Whether his thoughts were what they should be I do not pretend to say, but his resolution was quickly taken. He looked at his watch, and found it was not yet eleven o'clock, and that, consequently, his master would not have finished his breakfast. "Wait a few minutes," said he to the young girl; "but tell me, do you live far off?" "Yes; very, very far." The valet, who was now examining her faded black dress, said to himself, "But how the devil am I to take her in, equipped in that fashion?" His eyes, raised to inspect her bonnet, at that moment fell upon a most lovely countenance, and he added: "Bah! I should be very absurd to trouble myself about her dress; wait for me, my child."

"Citizen Minister," said he, as he entered the private cabinet where his master was breakfasting, and at the same time pursuing his business, "there is without a young girl, who for this month past has come daily to speak to you; she weeps and pretends that her business concerns life and death; she seems very much distressed. Shall I bring her in!" "Hum?" said Fouché; "another of the intrigues of those women who solicit the pardon of their brothers and cousins without ever having had either father or mother. How old is this one?" "About eighteen, Citizen Minister."

"It is as I guess, then. And thou, honest fellow, hast taken charge of her introduction? But I am armed at all points. Bring the nymph in, and let her look to it if she have not her patent."*

The valet introduced his *protégé*. On seeing her, Fouché betrayed, by a movement of surprise, the effect which her really distinguished manner, compared with her wornout apparel, made on him. A sign from the Minister sent away the valet. "What do you want with me, my girl?" he said to his young visitor. She threw herself on her knees before him, and joining her hands, "I am come," said she, sobbing, "to beg for the life of my father." Fouché started as if a serpent had crossed his path, in hearing a petition for human life proceed from such lips. "And who is your father?" said he; "what is his name?" "Ah, you will kill him!" she cried, in a voice trembling with terror, as she perceived Fouché's sallow complexion take a still more vivid tint and his white lips contract; "you will kill him!" "Peace, simpleton! Tell me the name of your father. How came he to be in Paris, if he be in fear for his life?"

The young lady then related their history; it was short and affecting. Her father, the Marquis des Rosières, after having been several times made prisoner in La Vendée, was taken at last with arms in his hands, and had escaped by a miracle; but closely pursued, almost tracked, he had at length arrived at Paris as the safest place of refuge. His daughter was to have rejoined him

* Fouché, who, as all the world knows, was a moral man, one day had all the female frequenters of the Palais Royal and similar resorts taken up, that he might compel them to take out a patent. He chose to have order even in disorder.

with her mother, and a young sister about twelve years of age. "But," continued she, "I lost my mother and sister, and arrived here alone." "How did both die so suddenly?" asked Fouché. "The Blues killed them," said she in a low voice, casting down her eyes: for she feared Fouché would impute it to her as a crime to denounce that of the Republican soldiers.

"Where do you lodge?" said the Minister after a moment's silence. Mademoislle des Rosières appeared to hesitate. "Very well," said Fouché, stamping his foot, "you will not tell me where you live? If you do not tell me with a good grace, my people will know where to find you two hours hence, or sooner." Incapable of resistance, Mademoiselle des Rosières again fell upon her knees, extending her hands to him. "Come, be quiet; let us have no tragedy—I do not like it; only tell me if I may count upon your father. If I obtain his pardon, can I depend upon him?"

The expression of Mademoiselle des Rosières's countenance at this moment required no interpreter. "You are a foolish child," said Fouché, with an accent of dissatisfaction; "when I wished to know if I might depend upon your father, it was in the name of the First Consul. Did you suppose I wanted to make him a police spy?" He wrote the address of Mademoiselle des Rosières on a card, and before she left the room asked her why she applied to him rather than to the First Consul? "By my father's desire," she answered; "he thought you would have known his name." The Minister was instantly struck with a remembrance which had escaped him; but he still doubted. "Tell your father to write me word this very day whether he were not a lieutenant of the King before the Revolution."

M. des Rosières's answer was in the affirmative. He had been the King's Lieutenant in Brittany and in Burgundy or rather in Franche-Comté, and in this capacity had had the good fortune to be very useful to the young Abbé Fouché. In a question of town walls escaladed, the doors of a seminary forced — in fine, of very grave matters — the Lieutenant of the King, like the good Samaritan, had enveloped the whole in the mantle of charity.

I know not precisely the extent of the obligation he had conferred, but this I know, that the day succeeding

his daughter's interview with the Minister, M. des Rosières received a safe conduct, and a short time afterward a free pardon, with a good place as Commandant of a town in Alsace. There his daughter established herself with him in the winter of 1801. She married there and now inhabits her Château of Reisberg, some leagues from Colmar. One remarkable circumstance was that the *valet de chambre* was discharged.

At this epoch the first names of France were happy and proud to march under the shadow of our laurels, though some of them, while triumphing in the glory of their country, were not the less faithful to their original allegiance. France has always been rich in similar examples: I shall only name the Duc de Mouchy, M. de Montcalm, the Prince de Chalais, MM. de l'Aigle, M. Archambaud de Perigord, as persons belonging to my mother's society, and because the recollection of association with persons upright and constant in their opinions is pleasing to the mind.

Junot, who was not prodigal in his esteem and attachment, accorded both to the persons I have named, and when he met them at my mother's house he was not prevented by their presence from reading his news; he was sure that the good fortune of France would be welcome to them. It was not so with the Marquis d'Hautefort; he was by disposition contradictory and quarrelsome; and though he possessed talents, his constant unreasonable disputations rendered him unendurable as a companion.

One evening Junot (it was before he had offered me his hand) had been dining with Carnot, then Minister of War, and having learned news which he presumed would be agreeable to us, came to my mother's with proofs of some of the morrow's journal's, and private letters which he had himself received. One of these, from Berthier, whom the First Consul had sent into Spain, contained some very interesting details. Madame Visconti, who had dined with us, had learned this, and was very impatient to see the letter.

Before he read it, Junot was remarking upon the smiling and happy aspect of affairs, while only a few months previous France had been a scene of mourning. He described Italy restored to our authority, Russia desiring our alliance, England renouncing the title of King

of France, to facilitate her negotiations with the Consular Government, Austria beaten at all points, and—— "Hold there!" interrupted M. d'Hautefort rudely, "that is no reason for boasting. General Moreau has caused that."

Junot was so much astonished, not only at the interruption, but at the manner of it, that at first he turned toward M. d'Hautefort, and fixed his eyes upon him without speaking, but soon after observed with a marked emphasis:

"I thought, till this moment, that General Moreau was a Breton; and I thought, further, that since the marriage of Anne of Brittany with two of our kings, Brittany was become a province of France; and from this I came to the conclusion that General Moreau was a Frenchman."

"Let us leave these captious discussions, my dear friend," said Madame Visconti in a coaxing tone, "for I am longing to hear Berthier's letter." "You are right," said Junot, and he read to us the following, which he drew from his pocket:

"St Ildefonso, 28 Fructidor, year ix.

"You will have learned by the journals, my dear Junot, that I reached Madrid on the evening of the 2d of September. Duroc will also have communicated to you the letter which I wrote to him, and in which I described the fatigue I had undergone from the heat and the dust, particularly in the neighborhood of Madrid. Imagine yourself at Tentoura or at Cesarea—the same misery. In all respects I find great resemblance between the two countries; only that Egypt has the advantage.

"On arriving at Madrid, I found that the whole town had deferred their bedtime to come and meet me; the street of Alcala was illuminated with torches of wax, which had a very good effect. The crowd was so great that my carriage could not proceed. On reaching the hotel appointed for my residence, I alighted from my carriage to the sound of military music, really very fine. Alquier had ordered me an excellent supper, of which I assure you that I did not fail to profit; and I slept as if I were but twenty years old. Tell this to some one of my acquaintance.

"I have therefore slept equally well on mattresses of white satin as on an iron bedstead. The morning after my arrival I quitted Madrid to join the King and Queen of Spain here. In traversing Madrid I was so warmly applauded, for that is the only suitable word, that the tears started to my eyes; I thought at once of my much-beloved General, to whom this applause was addressed. But all this was nothing compared to the reception I met with from their Catholic Majesties. The King embraced me, and the Queen, who is very handsome gave me her hand to kiss, and then embraced me also. But that which

passes all belief is the excessive attachment which their Majesties express for the Republic, and especially for our much-beloved Consul.* His reputation has crossed the Pyrenees, and is come to make friends for him in the heart of Spain. All goes well. I hope to terminate the commission with which I am charged as I have usually done, and merit his approbation.

"The Queen of Spain has spoken much to me of a certain person of my acquaintance, whose reputation for beauty, like the renown of the First Consul, has stepped over the boundaries of France. Ah, my dear Junot! how I long to be again among you all! I do not like Spain. Try if the First Consul cannot be induced to replace me by Duroc or Bourrienne. Why I name the latter, I cannot rightly say. Adieu, my dear Junot! You ask me for details; I hope those I have sent you are sufficiently interesting. How I long to be in the midst of you! I beg you to tell the Signora PEPITA (that is what I shall call her here) that I have not forgotten her commission — she might be well assured of that. I wrote to her by the last courier I sent; but I am always happy to repeat that I am her slave, and perhaps she will more readily believe it when the lips of a friend repeat it for me. Read her, then, this part of my letter. *Cara, cara Pepita.* You see that I improve.

"Adieu, my dear Junot; adieu, my dear friend. Pray tell the First Consul that you know I am ill, and that he should not leave me long here. I know that my mission is but temporary, but I tremble to think of the possibility of remaining here even three months. They write to me from Paris that I am spoken of for the Ministry of War.† I know nothing of it.

"Adieu, my friend,

"Salutation and friendship,

"ALEXANDER BERTHIER."

I ought to mention, before proceeding further, two things of small importance, but which are connected with this letter. The first is, that it was some time afterward that I became acquainted with the whole of it. General Junot did not think it necessary to read to us Berthier's expressions of love, thrown into the midst of a serious epistle, otherwise filled with matters of importance to the country. There was something absurd in this ambassador of a great nation, forty-five years of age, soliciting a young man of twenty-seven to associate with him in a falsehood to procure his return a few weeks sooner to the side of his mistress; and Junot would not allow M. d'Hautefort the gratification of remarking upon it.

* This is not the only letter which Junot received from Berthier in which his attachment to the First Consul is similarly testified.

† He was already nominated to it.

The second thing was explained with much less difficulty. He told us that Berthier had never in his life been able to learn a single word of a foreign language. "And to such an extent was this eccentricity carried," said Junot, "that in Egypt it was not possible to make him say the word '*para.*'" He learned it, but as soon as it became necessary to use it in a phrase, it was gone. Being once at Milan, and in immediate want of a tailor, he ordered his servant to fetch him one. The valet, not understanding a single word of Italian, represented to his master that he should lose himself in the town, and that it was necessary to wait for the servant of the house. Berthier was impatient and very peremptory, particularly when in immediate want of anything he ordered. "You are a blockhead," said he to the valet; "order the mistress of the house to come up." He brought up the landlady, leading her by the sleeve, for she did not, or would not, understand a word of French.

"Madame," said Berthier, stammering, as he always did when he intended to make an impression, which did not help him at all — "Madame, I wish for a tailor." The landlady looked at him without answering. "Madame," said Berthier, raising his voice to its highest pitch, that she might understand him the better, "I want a tailor!" The woman looked at him in silence, but smiled and shook her head in token of not understanding.

"*Parbleu!*" said Berthier; "this is rather too much! what, you do not know what a tailor is?" Then, taking the skirt of his own coat and that of his servant, he shook first one and then the other, crying still louder and louder, "A tailor! I say, a tailor!"

The landlady, who smiled at first, now began to laugh; and after awhile, beginning to think that her lodger was mad, called out to her servants as loud as she could, saying, "*Ma è matto questo benedetto generale! per il casso di san Pasquale è matto.*"

Two waiters ran up at the furious noise made by Berthier, their mistress, and the valet; and they only increased the confusion. "I went just at this moment," continued Junot, who related this story, "to visit Berthier, and from the foot of the staircase heard a noise sufficient to stun one; I could not understand what should cause such a tumult in his apartment, and I hurried upstairs,

thinking a friendly fist might be useful. I found him with a face as red as fire, and eyes starting from their sockets, marching up and down the room, vehemently exclaiming: "A tailor, a tailor! It is to provoke me that they will not fetch one; they can hear very well." To make himself better understood, he had taken off his coat, and was shaking it like a lunatic. When I went in, he threw it upon the ground, and, advancing to the landlady, took her by the arms and pulled her before him, saying, "Stand there! old sibyl"; then, shaking his two hands, which were by no means handsome, he said to her: "What! you do not know what a tailor is?" then imitating with his short thick fingers the action of a pair of scissors, he cried out in a tone of despair, "A tailor, I say; *tailleur! tailleur! taillum! taillarum!*"

The sight of Junot overjoyed him. An explanation ensued, and when Berthier heard the word *sartore*, which he ought to have used, "*Pardieu!*" said he, putting on his coat, and wiping his forehead; "it was worth while the trouble of making me cry out like that! I asked them for a tailor. Well! *tailleur*, *sartore;* it means the same thing after all; and, besides, I showed them my coat."

CHAPTER XL.

Madame Bernard's Daily Bouquet — Junot Accused of Being a Conspirator — His Inexplicable Absence — Lucien Bonaparte and the Abbé Rose — A New Opera — Discussions upon It — "Les Horaces" — Mysterious Entreaties of Junot to Dissuade Us from Going to the Opera — Half-Confidence of Junot to My Brother — Evening at the Opera — Enthusiasm Caused by the Presence of Bonaparte — The First Consul, My Mother, and the Opera Glass — Lainez, Laforet, and Mademoiselle Maillaret — Junot Frequently Called Away; His Mind Engaged — The Adjutant Laborde — The Gayety of Junot, and the Composure of the First Consul — The Conspiracy of Ceracchi and Aréna — Quitting the Opera; the First Consul Saved — The Brothers Aréna — Nocturnal Conversation at My Mother's.

DURING the month of October Junot looked in upon us every morning, and then came to dinner, having his coach or his cabriolet always filled with drawings, songs, and a heap of trifles from the "Magazine of

Sikes," or the "Petit Dunkerque," for my mother and me; and never forgetting the bouquet, which, from the day of our engagement to that of our marriage, he never once failed to present me. It was Madame Bernard, the famous *bouquetière* to the Opera, who arranged these nosegays with such admirable art; she has had successors, it is true, but the honor of first introducing them is her own.

One day Junot appeared uneasy, agitated, having been called away from the dining-table. It was then Madame de Contades, seeing him very silent, said jestingly: "General, you are as serious as a conspirator!" Junot colored. "Oh!" she continued, "I know that you have nothing to do with conspiracies, or at least that yours would only be directed against us poor emigrants, returned and ruined as we are; and really you would have more than fair play!"

"I believe," said I, "there is litttle danger in conspiracies; it is rare that their motives are perfectly pure, and the interest of the country, always the pretense, is generally the last thing intended; and therefore it happens that almost all great conspiracies are discovered before they take effect. The real danger to the chief of a state arises from a fanatic such as Jacques Clement; an insane ascetic, such as Ravaillac or Jean Chatel; or a hand conducted by desperation, like that of Charlotte Corday; those are the blows which cannot be warded off. What barrier can be opposed to them? What guards can prevent my reaching the most powerful throne upon earth to hurl its master to the grave, if I am willing to give blood for blood, life for life?"

Everyone exclaimed against me. "Come," said my mother, "away with these Grecian and Roman notions." I kissed her hand and smiled; a glance toward General Junot had found his eyes fixed upon me with an expression so singular that an idea crossed my mind that he would not be very solicitous for a union with so resolute a woman, who seemed willing to play with poniards as with her fan.

The thought seemed even to myself burlesque, because at that period of my life I was one of the greatest cowards of my sex. I was seated at the foot of my mother's sofa, and leaning toward her, whispered to her in Italian

the thought which had just struck me. My mother laughed as well as myself, and we both looked toward General Junot, supposing that he would understand us, and approach to partake of our gayety. He came indeed, but instead of replying to our jests, he fixed on me an anxious look, and taking my hand and my mother's, pressed them both.

While leaning over us he said to me: "Promise me not to speak again upon this subject; say you will not." "Undoubtedly I will not; but why?" "I will tell you by and by; at least, I hope so," he added, with a singular smile. Lucien Bonaparte, who came in at that moment, would know to what our conference related; for the other interlocutors continued the discussion, and the conspiracies were still as much alive as if we had been in the prætorian camps. "Bah!" said Lucien; "these subjects of conversation are not suited for women, and I wonder that these gentlemen have suffered them to proceed so long. It would be much better to talk of the opera I am to give you the day after to-morrow."

Albert, M. Hippolyte de Rastignac, and the Abbé Rose, arrived at this moment from the general rehearsal. One was much pleased with the opera, another did not like it at all. Albert and the Abbé, both good authorities, differed totally in opinion; music and the opera underwent a long and critical discussion, Lucien and Junot meanwhile betaking themselves to private conversation. I remarked that they never raised their voices, and that the subject which occupied them seemed to be serious and important.

The expression of their countenances made me uncomfortable, though I knew of nothing actually alarming. Everything appeared somber and mysterious around us. It was evident that great uneasiness agitated the persons who were attached to the First Consul. I dared not ask a question. Lucien looked upon me as a child; and nothing could induce me to interrogate General Junot. Joseph, who was goodness itself, was the only person to whom I could have summoned courage to speak upon such a subject; but he was about to set out for Luneville, and we scarcely saw him again.

On the 11th of October Junot came early in the morning, which was not usual. He was still more serious

than on the day of the conversation about conspiracies. We were to go this evening to the first representation of "*Les Horaces*" of Porta and Guillard. Guillard was the intimate friend of Brunetière, who interested himself much in its success, and he begged as a favor that we would attend it.

This party was then arranged, and I confess much to my satisfaction. My mother was better, and I looked forward to the evening as a great treat. It was then with no very pleasant emotion that I heard Junot ask my mother not to go to the opera. His reasons for making this request were most singular. The weather was bad, the music was bad, the poem was good for nothing; in short, the best thing we could do was to stay at home.

My mother, who had prepared her toilet for all the magnificence of a first representation, and who would not have missed it had it been necessary to pass through a tempest, and listen to the dullest of poems, would not attend to any of Junot's objections; and I was delighted, for I placed full confidence in the Abbé Rose, who said that the music was charming. The General, however, still insisted; so much obstinacy at length made an impression upon my mother, who, taking the General's arm, said to him anxiously, "Junot, why this perseverance? is there any danger? are you afraid?"

"No, no," exclaimed Junot. "I am afraid of nothing but the *ennui* you will experience, and the effect of the bad weather. Go to the Opera. But," continued he, "if you decide upon going, permit me to beg you not to occupy the box you have hired, but to accept mine for the night."

"I have already told you, my dear General, that it is impossible. It would be contrary to all established customs, and I am particular in supporting them. Would you have my daughter, your betrothed bride, but not yet your wife, appear in a box which all Paris knows to be yours? And for what reason am I to give up mine?" "Because it is at the side, which is a bad situation for the Opera; and it is, besides, so near to the orchestra, that Mademoiselle Laurette's delicate ear will be so offended she will not, for the next fortnight, be able to perform herself."

"Come, come," said my mother, "there is no common sense in all this. We will go and hear this second Cimarosa, who, no doubt, will not equal his prototype: but at all times a first representation is a fine thing. Do you dine with us?" "I cannot," answered the General, "I cannot even come to offer you my arm, but I shall certainly have the honor of seeing you at the Opera."

On quitting my mother, the General went up to Albert's apartment, and found him in his study, surrounded by those peaceful labors which so usefully filled his time. He earnestly recommended him not to lose sight of my mother and myself throughout the evening. "I have endeavored," said he, "to persuade your mother not to go out this evening, and especially against going to the Opera, but without any effect. There may be trouble there, though there is no actual danger to fear; but I confess I should be better pleased if persons in whom I am interested were at home. Your prudence, my dear Albert, guarantees your silence; you understand my situation"; and he left him, promising an explanation of what he had just said the next morning, if not that very night.

My brother came to my mother, and the thoughtfulness of his air struck us immediately. "Ah!" said my mother, "what means all this? Junot would prevent our going to the Opera; and here is another preparing to accompany us there as if he were going to a funeral. It is worth while, certainly, to lay plans for gayety if they are to be executed in such solemnity." My brother could not help laughing at this petulant sally, and this restored my mother's good humor. We dined earlier than usual, and took our seats at the Opera at eight o'clock.

The boxes were already filled. The ladies were all elegantly dressed. The First Consul had not yet taken his place. His box was on the first tier to the left, between the columns which separate the center from the side boxes. My mother remarked that the eyes of all persons in the pit, and of nearly all in the boxes, were directed toward it. "And," said Albert, "observe also the expression of interest and impatience on the part of the audience."

"Bah!" said my mother; "though I am nearsighted, I can see very well that it is but curiosity. We are

always the same people. Lately, at that *fête* of the Champ-de-Mars, when the Abbé Sièyes" (she never used any other denomination) "wore feathers like the canopy of the Holy Sacrament under which he formerly carried the Host, did not everyone, and myself among the first, strain our necks to obtain a better sight of him? And the chief of the BAND OF SHARPERS, was not he also the point of attraction for all eyes in the day of his power? Well, this man is now master in his turn, and he is gazed at as the others have been before him."

My brother persisted in saying that the First Consul was loved, and that the others had only been feared. I was quite of his opinion, and my mother only replied by shrugging her shoulders. At this moment the door of the First Consul's box opened, and he appeared with Duroc, Colonel Savary, and, I think, Colonel Lemarrois. Scarcely was he perceived, when, from all parts of the theater, arose simultaneously plaudits so unanimous that they appeared to constitute but one and the same sound.

The stage was thought of no more; all heads were turned toward General Bonaparte, and a stifled hurrah accompanied the clapping of hands and stamping of feet. He saluted the audience with much smiling grace; and it is well known that the least smile enlivened his naturally stern countenance, and imparted a striking charm to it. The applause continuing, he inclined his head two or three times without rising, but still smiling.

My mother observed him through her glass, and did not lose one of his movements. It was the first time she had seen him since the great events of Brumaire, and he so entirely occupied her attention that General Junot came into the box without her perceiving him. "Well, do you find him changed since you saw him last?" said he.

My mother turned hastily round, and was as much embarrassed as a young girl who should be asked why she looked out of the window when the person who most interested her was passing. We all laughed, and she joined us. Meanwhile, the orchestra had recommenced its harmonious clamor, giving the diapason to Laforet and Lainez, who both screamed in emulation who should be best, or rather who should be worst; and Mademoiselle Maillaret chimed in with lungs worthy of a Roman

lady of ancient times, making us regret that Madame Chevallier no longer occupied the scene. My mother, whose Italian ear could not support such discord, often turned toward General Junot to speak of the enchanting songs of Italy, so soft and so sweet.

At one of these moments Andoche slightly touched her arm, and made her a sign to look to the First Consul's box. General Bonaparte had his glass directed toward us, and as soon as he perceived that my mother saw him, he made two or three inclinations in the form of a salutation: my mother returned the attention by one movement of her head, which was probably not very profound, for the First Consul, as will be shortly seen, complained to my mother herself of her coldness toward him this night. Junot would also have reproached her at the instant had not one of the officers of the garrison of Paris tapped at the door of the box to request him to come out. It was an adjutant named Laborde, the most cunning and crafty of men. His figure and his manner were at this moment indescribable. Albert, who now saw him for the first time, wished for a pencil to make a sketch of him.

General Junot was absent but a few moments. When he returned to the box, his countenance, which all day had been serious, and even melancholy, had resumed in a moment its gayety and openness, relieved of all the clouds which had veiled it. He leaned toward my mother, and said, very low, not to be heard in the next box:

« Look at the First Consul; remark him well. » « Why would you have me fix my eyes on him? » said my mother; « it would be ridiculous. » « No, no, it is quite natural. Look at him with your glass; then I will ask the same favor from Mademoiselle Laurette. » I took the opera glass from my brother, and looked at him in my turn. « Well, » said the General, « what do you observe? » « Truly, » I replied, « I have seen an admirable countenance; for I can conceive nothing superior to the strength in repose, and greatness in quiescence, which it indicates. » « You find its expression, then, calm and tranquil? » « Perfectly. But why do you ask that question? » said I, much astonished at the tone of emotion with which the General had put this question.

He had not time to answer. One of his aids-de-camp came to the little window of the box to call him. This time he was absent longer, and on his return wore an air of joy; his eyes were directed toward the box of the First Consul with an expression which I could not understand. The First Consul was buttoning the gray coat which he wore over the uniform of the Consular Guard, and was preparing to leave the box. As soon as this was perceived, the acclamations were renewed as vehemently as on his entrance.

At this moment, Junot, no longer able to conquer his emotion, leaned upon the back of my chair and burst into tears. "Calm yourself," said I, leaning toward him to conceal him from my mother, who would certainly have exercised her wit upon him. "Calm yourself, I entreat you. How can a sentiment altogether joyful produce such an effect upon you?" "Ah!" replied Junot, quite low, but with an expression I shall never forget; "he has narrowly escaped death! the assassins are at this moment arrested."

I could hardly restrain an exclamation, but Junot peremptorily silenced me. "Say nothing; you will be overheard. Let us hasten out," said he. He was so much agitated that he gave me my mother's shawl, and her mine; then, taking my arm, made me hastily descend the staircase which led to a private door opening upon the Rue de Louvois, reserved for the authorities and the diplomatic body. My mother, conducted by my brother, rejoined us at the glass door, and jestingly asked the General if he meant to carry me off. Junot, though cheerful, still had his mind too much fixed on important subjects to reply to her raillery; my thoughts were wholly occupied by the few words he had said in the box, and the silence and haste imposed upon me alarmed and seriously affected me. Junot observed my paleness, and, fearing that I should faint, ran into the street, though it rained in torrents, without listening to my mother, to find our carriages and servants.

He met with his own first; my mother did not perceive it till she was already on the step, but immediately made an effort to withdraw. Junot, reminding her of the rain and her health, with a gentle pressure compelled her to get in; then whispering to me, "All is right; for heaven's

sake compose yourself, and say nothing!» called to his coachman, «Rue Sainte Croix.» Then, taking Albert's arm, they went together to seek my mother's carriage, in which they followed, or rather preceded us; for we found them at home on our arrival.

My mother was throughout her life a sort of worshiper of etiquette, and of the usages which should form the code of elegance and good breeding. If she ever failed in them herself, it was from an excessive vivacity which she could not always command; not from ignorance of what was correct, or any intention of neglecting it. Notwithstanding her acute and amiable disposition, she attached an extreme importance to these trifles; more so than can be conceived, without taking into consideration the education she had received, and the seal of indelible prejudice which the circumstances of the times had impressed upon them.

No sooner were we alone and in the carriage than she began to dilate upon the dissatisfaction Junot had caused her.

«What is the meaning of all this hurrying backward and forward, and in gala costume too? Who would ever have believed that I should give my arm to an officer in uniform to leave the Opera? It is too ridiculous. I will tell him not to go to the Opera again in uniform. He will understand the propriety of it; he has sense and good taste. And then to leave us hanging upon Albert's two arms, making him resemble a pitcher with two handles! Who ever saw a man of fashion give his arm to two women at once? It is very well for Sike's first clerk to gallant the wife and daughter of his master to the theater in that manner. But a more serious fault which I have to reproach him with is putting me into his carriage. It is to be hoped no one of distinction was near. Did you observe whether any of our acquaintance were in the corridor?»

I had seen several persons whom I knew just before I got into the carriage, but I should have been very unwilling to increase her displeasure by telling her so; I had not time, however, to answer before we stopped at our own door, and Albert and Junot, already arrived, received us there. Junot led my mother to her apartment, placed her on her sofa, surrounded her by those

thousand and one little things which are necessary to the comfort of an invalid; then seating himself upon a stool at her feet, and taking her hands in his, assumed a tone suitable to the important event he was about to relate. He informed her that Ceracchi and Aréna — the one actuated by Republican fanaticism, the other by vengeance — had taken measures to assassinate Bonaparte.

As General Junot proceeded in his account his voice became stronger, his language more emphatic; every word was a thought, and every thought came from his heart. In painting Bonaparte such as he saw him daily — such, in fact, as he was at that time — his masculine and sonorous voice assumed a tone of sweetness: it was melody; but when he proceeded to speak of those men who, to satisfy their vengeance or their senseless ambitions, would assassinate him who was at that moment charged with the futurity of France, his voice failed, broken by sobs, and, leaning his head upon my mother's pillow, he wept like a child; then, as if ashamed of his weakness, he went to seat himself in the most obscure corner of the room.

My mother's heart was formed to understand such a heart as Junot's; and, open as she was to all the tender emotions, she was violently agitated by the state in which she saw him. In her turn she burst into tears. "How you love him!"

"How I love him!" answered he, firmly joining his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven. "Yes, I love him! Judge," continued he, rising and promenading the room as he spoke — "judge what I suffered a few days ago, when your daughter, with an eloquence foreign to her sex and age, convinced us that all barriers, all precautions, would fall before the poniard of an assassin, provided he were but willing to sacrifice his own life. But what more particularly hurt me was to hear her represent this same assassin as becoming great by his crime."

My mother looked at me with a countenance of dissatisfaction. Albert, who was sitting near the fire, said nothing; but I was sure he did not blame me.

"All that," said my mother, "comes of Laurette's speaking upon subjects which are not in the province of women. I have often told her how much that habit impaired her power of pleasing; but she pays no attention

to what I say on the subject. In my time we only knew that the month of May was the month of roses, and our igorance did not make us the less agreeable. For my scientific education, I never read any book but "Telemachus," and yet, I believe, I can converse without being tiresome. I hope, my dear child, that you will correct that error."

"Ah, I hope not!" answered General Junot. "You have misunderstood me: it was not what Mademoiselle Laurette said which gave me pain; but I immediately considered that you were acquainted with Aréna, that he often visited here; that you also knew Ceracchi; that these men might have heard your daughter speak in the same strain; and that the soul and the head of the latter especially was capable of replying to the appeal which he might fancy to be thus made to him through the lips of a young girl, and might in consequence develop a few moments sooner his diabolical intentions. All this is very ridiculous, very senseless, is it not?" continued the General, seeing my brother smile at the last words, "but I cannot help it; for the last week I have not, in fact, been master of my own thoughts. You may judge if they were likely to be calmed by the First Consul's resolution of going to the Opera this evening to expose himself to the poniards of assassins! We have yet only taken Ceracchi, Aréna, and, I believe, Demerville.* They are just taken; but they were not the only conspirators. It is pretended that England and the English committee are concerned — always the English! There are really only two motives: one is the hatred of the family and of Corsica, the other a fanaticism of liberty carried to madness. This is what should alarm the friends of the First Consul. The most active police has no power in such a case, and no means of prevention."

"And what," said my mother, "does Fouché say to all this."

The General made no answer, but his forehead became wrinkled and his brows contracted; he crossed his arms on his breast, and continued his walk some time in silence; then said, "Don't speak to me of that man."

His expression, even in silence, was of such a nature that it stupefied us all. I have since learned the cause

*A man of the name of Diana was an accomplice, and arrested the same evening.

of this sentiment, which broke through all Junot's efforts to restrain it; and I felt what he must have suffered under such a conviction.

"No; do not speak to me of that man, particularly to-day. I have had a scene with him this morning! If he had a heart — but he knew better. If he had but red blood in his veins, we should have cut each other's throats like brave men — like men, at least. What nonsense to come and tell me that this affair of Ceracchi was but child's play! — to me, who for twelve days past have followed him step by step, while he . . . But he is in the right," he continued, with a bitter smile; "he told me, and I believe it is true, that he should know as much about it in an hour. I am almost sure of the treason of . . ."

Albert, who had risen, approached Junot and whispered to him. The General made an inclination of his head, and pressed my brother's hand; they again exchanged a few words, and he resumed:

"And what do you think he said upon this resolution of the First Consul to go to the Opera? He blamed him as I did; but what was the motive? 'Because,' says he, 'it is an ambush.' You suppose, no doubt, that this deprecated ambush was for the First Consul? No such thing; it was for these honest rascals, whose necks I would wring as willingly as a sparrow's,* and with no more scruple, after what I have learned of them, and the honorable function which I find them exercising. He made me an oration, which I believe was taken from his collection of homilies, by which he proposed to prove that the affair might be prevented going to this length. As I had already had a very warm discussion upon the same subject with a personage whom the First Consul will know some day for what he really is (and the time is happily not far distant), and as I knew that this personage and Fouché had been emulating each other in their interference in this affair, I was desirous that my way of thinking should be equally known to both of them. I therefore obliged Fouché to explain himself clearly, and

*I make my husband speak here in the language he used in familiar intercourse, when sufficiently excited to neglect to speak in a more formal style; which, however, when so disposed, he could do as well as many others, if not better.

to tell me that it was wrong to lead on these men to the moment of executing their design, since it could be prevented. That was his opinion.

"'And thus,' said I, 'you would replace in society two men who have evidently conspired against the Chief of the State, and that not to force him to resign his authority, not to remove him from it, but to murder him for the satisfaction of their own passions. Do you believe that Ceracchi — content to die if, in sacrificing himself, he could kill the First Consul; putting him to death to glut an inordinate passion, in obedience to a species of monomania — do you believe that this madman will be cured by a single admonition, or by an act of generosity? No; he must kill the man, whom he looks upon as a tyrant, and whom he will never be induced to see in any other light. Or do you believe that Aréna, during so many years the enemy of General Bonaparte, will abjure his hatred against the First Consul because the latter has taken up the character of Augustus? No. It is his death they desire. Listen to the expression of Ceracchi in buying a poniard: "I SHOULD LIKE BETTER A GOOD KNIFE THAT DOES NOT SHUT, AND THE BLADE SOLID AND SURE, WHICH WILL NOT FAIL IN THE HAND!" To leave a determined assassin like this to his bloodthirsty contrivances, what is it but to ensure to-morrow the full execution of the project you have averted to-day?

"'This is not my first knowledge of the Arénas. The First Consul, who is thoroughly good-hearted, is willing to forget the evil they have always been forward to do him. But I have not so forgiving a soul. I remember his arrest in the South.* I have heard the particulars of the 18th Brumaire,† and am completely acquainted with all the circumstances of the present affair.‡ Cer-

*When Bonaparte was arrested by command of Salicetti, the Adjutant-General Aréna, the Commissary Denniée, and the Commandant of Gendarmerie Vervain, were the persons intrusted with the execution of the order.

† It is Junot who speaks: he was convinced that the representative Aréna, elder brother of the conspirator (they must not be confounded), had attempted to assassinate General Bonaparte at Saint Cloud. I do not believe it; he hated Bonaparte, but would not have assassinated him.

‡ The plan of the conspirators was to stab the First Consul as he came out of his box, which, as I have before observed, was on the left

tainly I trembled to see the First Consul go to face death, which, notwithstanding all our cares, he might encounter; but, on the other hand, I saw but this means of cutting through the net they had cast around him. His existence would be rendered miserable supposing it were preserved. There would be daily new conspiracies —a hydra constantly reviving.'

"When Fouché," continued Junot, "found that I saw through him, notwithstanding his cunning, he had recourse to the sentiments of humanity. He, Fouché! He harangued me in the style of a homily, and all this with a head that one would suppose he had stolen from a skeleton. Oh, what a man! And the First Consul will place faith in his words! At length we shall see the conclusion of this affair, which he and another called child's play—reason in all things."

My mother listened attentively, and I remarked that during General Junot's long discourse she and my brother often interchanged signs of acquiescence. When he had ceased speaking, she told him how just she considered his observations upon the Arénas to be. "They nourish hatred in their hearts," said she—"a hatred which may be dated long previously to the 18th Brumaire, or to the events of Italy. I know not from what it arises, but I am sure that it exists. One thing that surprises me is, that Napoleon, Lucien, and Joseph are the sole objects of this hatred; and I believe they return it, though, to say the truth, I have only conjectures respecting their sentiments, while I have proofs of the hatred of the Arénas toward them. With respect to Ceracchi, nothing you could say of him would surprise me. Permon, who knew him in Italy, introduced him to me at a ball at M. Delanoue's. Since then I have sometimes seen him at Madame Magimelli's, at Auteuil; I acknowledge that his exaggerated notions have made me tremble, yet his distaste of life and his profound melancholy rendered him interesting."

between the columns. At this period the First Consul went in and out by the general entrance. The gallery and the staircase leading to the Rue de Louvois were always crowded with people to see him pass. The assassins were to strike as he stepped out of the box. Colonel Savary behaved nobly on this occasion; he would leave the box first, though he was not the person appointed to do so.

I have also seen this Ceracchi, and witnessed some of his ebullitions of enthusiastic Republicanism at Madame Magimelli's, and I confess he had not produced upon my mind the same disagreeable impressions that he had upon my mother. I pitied him warmly, for it was impossible not to perceive that his excessive sensibility must render him miserable.

The conversation now returned to the Arénas; my mother was much affected by this arrest. Her native country was always dear to her heart, and Aréna was a fellow-countryman. Junot put several questions to her respecting the conduct of the brothers for some years past at Paris. My mother communicated all that she knew on the subject, and it was but little, because, of all the Corsicans at Paris, the Arénas were those who visited her the least frequently.

This conversation, however, brought to my mother's recollection a rather remarkable one which passed between her and Pépé Aréna on the 17th Brumaire, the eve of the famous 18th. On that day we were visited by several Corsican representatives, whom we had not seen for some time before, and among them Pépé Aréna. He came in the morning. His countenance was full of care, and she remarked it to him. He smiled, but his smile was forced. He spoke to her of Corsica, of my grandmother and my uncles, then suddenly inquired if she had seen Lucien lately. My mother answered that she saw him nearly every day, which was true, and, as she had much friendship for the young tribune of the people, she spoke of the high reputation he had already acquired as an orator: my brother-in-law, who, as we have seen, was his intimate friend, at that time frequently brought us the journals which reported the speeches (almost always extempore) which he pronounced in the Council of Five Hundred. Some of these improvisations contained admirable strokes of eloquence. "I do not always agree in opinion with him," said my mother, "but I do not, therefore, the less esteem his talents and his character."

"He is very young to wish to direct us," said Aréna, with an expression of some bitterness (Lucien was, in fact, the youngest member of the Council of Five Hundred). "But it seems to me that your opinions are the same," replied my mother; "what, then, signifies the age

of a man, provided he has ability? His brother has not waited to be forty years old to gain battles." "Ah, ah! you are reconciled with General Bonaparte. He has been, then, to beg pardon, for, faith, he could do no less." "We are not now discussing the subject of pardon or offenses," said my mother, a little displeased. "I was speaking of Lucien and the glory of his brother."*

At the moment when Pépé was about to reply some one entered, and the conversation instantly ceased. Aréna soon after took up his hat to depart; my mother invited him to dine which he declined, pleading an engagement in the country. My mother told him, laughing, that he was offended, which he denied; but she afterward told us that from that moment she was convinced that Lucien, and whoever bore the name of Bonaparte, was held in great dislike by Aréna.

CHAPTER XLI.

My Mother's Illness and Long Convalescence — My Brother's Treasures — Watching and Supper — The Bath, a Betrayer — Scene of Burglary by Night — Terrible Alarms — Conversation of the Thieves—Frightful Situation — Recital of this Adventure to the First Consul — Bonaparte's Singular Question.

IN THE first year of the Consulate one of those adventures happened to me which sometimes influence the whole life of an individual, by making an entire change in the character of some of its attributes. The impression made upon my mind by the terrors of the night I am going to describe was so great that I lost for a time every vestige of courage; and if its effects have at length been sufficiently overcome to prevent me from making myself ridiculous, I have rather to thank the efforts of my reason for the remedy than the simple operation of time.

My mother was recovering from a malady as alarming as it was painful — an abscess of the head, caused

*One of the most curious effects of my mother's relations with Napoleon was that anything said against him in her presence always offended her. She only spoke of her own displeasure with him to her most intimate friends.

by a severe blow against a marble mantelpiece. During the thirteen days in which the humor was forming, my poor mother's sufferings were distracting, and without a moment's respite. Fortunately it found a vent by the ear; for a long time afterward the smallest unusual noise produced headaches so violent that they were at first attributed to *tic douloureux*. Her convalescence was very tedious, and demanded the utmost care. The doctors particularly ordered that her sleep should be prolonged as much as possible, and that she should be kept perfectly quiet.

My brother was in the habit of spending the *décadi* in the country, and not returning home till the following morning. In consequence of some business he was transacting for a friend, he had, on the night I am speaking of, the temporary custody of a large sum of money, and both these circumstances were known to a porter whom he had been long in the habit of employing in various commissions. This man had carried home for my brother a chest clamped with iron, and secured by a capital lock; its contents were valuable, and so heavy that the man was much fatigued by his exertions, and Albert offered him a glass of wine, saying: "Drink, my poor fellow, it will do you good, for you are terribly hot."

The porter, shaking his head, observed, "Oh, I am accustomed to act the beast of burden; you could not have carried half as much." My brother, whose cheerful and sociable temper made him always ready with a jest, answered him, laughing, "But I have carried double, though." At first the man started and exclaimed, "It is impossible!" but presently added, "Oh, I understand!" and was about to depart, when he was ordered to fetch my brother's cabriolet for his excursion to Sainte Mandé.

When, however, the cabriolet was at the door, and the porter, who by his habits of employment in the family knew that Albert would not return till the next morning, had departed, the plan was changed and the carriage remanded in consequence of my mother's unwillingness to part with my brother. The day passed happily, and my mother went to bed at her usual hour, and in good spirits.

I remained by her side till she was asleep, and when convinced by the regularity of her respiration that she

was so, I left her about midnight, and repaired to my own apartment, separated from that of my mother only by a door, which I left ajar. I then took up a book, being unwilling to retire to my bed till quite satisfied that my mother's sleep would be calm. The silence of night now enveloped the city, only broken at intervals by the rapid passage of a carriage, or a distant murmur, which served to show that some few individuals were still awake; these sounds, however, were more and more rarely heard, till at length the quiet in the street became as complete as that which reigned in my own apartment.

By a small timepiece on my little table I observed that it now wanted but a quarter to one. My mother had then been an hour asleep, and I concluded that I might safely lie down; but in preparing to do so I found myself hungry, and began to look round for my supper. The habit of sitting up a great part of the night had obliged me to supply the want of rest with an extra meal, and some fruit with bread or cake was generally left in my room for this purpose. Sometimes, however, this was forgotten both by the servants and myself, and on such occasions I seldom slept well. This night I looked in vain for my usual refreshment, but the key of the dining-room lay on my table.

The kitchen was in the basement, the offices of the domestic establishment on the ground floor, my mother's apartments and mine on the first floor, my brother's on the second, and the sleeping rooms of the servants, not one of whom was lodged below us, all in the attic story. The rooms surrounded the staircase, and were connected by a gallery.

On seeing the dining-room key, which was always deposited in my room when the apartments were closed for the night, I remembered that in the buffet I should find something to eat, and, accordingly, with as little noise as possible, fearing that I might wake my mother, I opened my own door and crossed the landing place to that of the dining-room. There I found both strawberries and bread, and, helping myself, I was about to sit down at the dining-table to eat them, but recollecting that my mother might awake and be alarmed if she called without receiving an answer, I returned with my

supper to my own room. Having bolted my door rather from habit than prudence, I sat down with a good appetite and commenced with alacrity to make an inroad upon the excellent strawberries.

I had long been mistress of the establishment, and one of the rules of good housekeeping which I had found the most difficult in enforcing had always been the retirement of the servants for the night at the same time with ourselves. My instructions were that by twelve o'clock everyone in the house should be in bed; but there were certain parties at dominoes and cards which sometimes kept them up till two o'clock in the morning, and I had threatened, and was determined, to punish the next infraction of my rule which I should detect.

I had been at supper about ten minutes, when the perfect quiet of the house was interrupted by a noise below stairs. My suspicions were immediately awakened, and the idea that my imperial will was again disobeyed put me much out of humor. While I was grumbling and eating, my suspicions were changed to conviction; the noise of footsteps, regular, light, and slow, as those of persons fearing to be heard, distinctly reached my ear. I was sure that some persons were coming up the first flight of stone stairs.

Determined to confront them in the very act, I noiselessly approached the door of my room which opened upon the stairs, and was slowly and carefuly withdrawing the bolt, saying to myself, "I shall not this time be told that you never sit up after midnight; it is now one by my timepiece"; but wishing to make quite sure of my object, I held the second bolt in my hand to wait till the whole procession, shoes in hand as I supposed, should be in the act of passing the door. At this moment a noise, which I could compare to nothing but a stroke upon a great drum, saluted my ears, and made me start. It came from my mother's bath, which stood at one corner of the landing.

Still more provoked by this noise, which I feared would wake my mother, I was about to throw open the door, when I suddenly reflected that the servants, who knew where the bath was, would certainly not have suffered themselves to be betrayed by it. But if it were

not they, who could it be? This uncertainty made my heart beat and so shook my frame that I was obliged to lean against the doorpost for support, while I instinctively replaced the bolts I had so imprudently withdrawn. During this interval the persons were mounting the second staircase; this being of wood, I could hear them much more distinctly than before, and was satisfied that their shoes were much stouter and more clumsy than those of any of our household. What was I to do! Should I wake my mother? The consequence would certainly be a frightful increase of her illness. I had not, it is true, any certainty that the nocturnal intruders were banditti but at that time the most horrible assassinations were common, not only in the neighborhood of the capital, but in Paris itself. These reflections passed through my mind much quicker than I can write them, but brought no counsel that promised relief from my painful state of apprehension.

I listened long and anxiously for some further noise, but all was quiet; it was a false alarm, thought I, and was certainly the servants; I began to breathe more freely, and looked at my timepiece, thinking that an hour at least had passed while I was upon the watch; how much was I surprised to find that the hand had only advanced ten minutes! As all was quiet, I proposed to finish my supper and go to bed, but I trembled, and could scarcely swallow; however, I ate my strawberries, and had the last spoonful in my hand, when a very distinct creaking and the repressed sounds of several footsteps proved that the persons I had before heard were now coming down the second staircase. The noise was not produced by an alarmed imagination — it was real; persons were coming down stairs with precaution, but certainly coming down; and I could no longer flatter myself that it was the servants.

On reaching the landing place between my door and that of the dining-room, two persons sat down on the steps of the staircase and began to converse in an undertone. Trembling from head to foot, I, however, again approached the door, and, listening, heard a few broken sentences, from which I gathered that they believed Albert to be in the country; something, too, I heard of the impenetrable locks of La Dru, two of which fastened

his door, and something of its being useless to break into my mother's room. Beyond this I could only collect the broken words — "late" — "daybreak" — "mother" — "nothing here" — "upstairs" — "the young one's door." Something was said in reply, and the answer, "Well, let us try!" accompanied by the sound of several pieces of iron, gently laid down upon the stone, completed my terror. I considered a moment whether I had not forgotten to shut the dining-room door, by which an entry would be offered to the whole suite of apartments.

I looked round, and the sight of the key lying upon my table just afforded me presence of mind enough to determine how to act; it was manifest they were endeavoring to open that door; its resistance could not be long. To wake my mother was now indispensable, and I did so with all the precaution I was capable of. But I could not secure her against alarm; and I had no sooner pronounced the word "thieves," than with her usual precipitation she seized the three bell-pulls which were suspended by her bed, and pulled them all together, screaming at the same time with all her strength.

"Oh, recollect Albert! You will be his death!" I exclaimed, convinced that the first sound of her bell would bring him out quite unprepared to meet the attack of assassins; but while I was making these reflections, and endeavoring to hush her screams, I heard the villains run off, and from the continued sound of hurried steps on the stairs felt convinced that some of them had been left to pursue their attempts upon my brother's patent locks, while the two had been consulting near my door upon their ulterior operations.

The first sound of the bell had alarmed them, and they were now in hasty retreat. I ran to my window, which overlooked our court, and while I screamed loudly for help, to disturb the coachman and neighbors, saw the last two of the thieves jumping from our wall into the great timber yard, then in the Rue Joubert, and which separated our house from that of M. de Caulaincourt.

Meanwhile my mother continued to ring and call, and the family were soon moving; my brother, on opening his door, found a centerbit introduced just below the first bolt, and some progress already made in working it; but the landing before my door was a perfect arsenal;

there lay two more centerbits, a crowbar, several iron hooks to serve for picklocks, and two or three keys. My brother put on his greatcoat, and went out to alarm the police. The gate of the timber yard was found open, and a ladder against our wall; but no further trace of the robbers was discovered. It was morning when he returned; he found my mother better than could be expected, but distracted on my account. I had received a shock, the immediate effect of which was terrible, and threatened to be lasting.

I was seized with a fever, which brought on delirium; the impression of the thieves on the landing was always vividly before me, and the idea that they were murdering me, and that my poor mother would wake in the midst of assassins, covered with the blood of her child, was for a length of time never absent from my mind. They feared for my life, or at least for my reason. I was conducted from place to place, every effort to divert me was tried, and my own exertions assisting the affectionate attentions of those around me, my health improved; and though for a long time I was the greatest coward imaginable, and have always continued unreasonably timid, I am now able to rally my thoughts, and to exert some presence of mind, even in circumstances of actual danger.

"There, sire," said I to the Emperor, on concluding this history (it was in the year 1806), "is the true cause of my cowardice which you were inquiring about. I am not now so foolish as to be unable, like a child of six years old, to remain for a moment in the dark; but my nervous system continues painfully affected by the consequences of this fright. Neither reason nor any effort of mind can remove the impression which the idea of what would have been the consequence had I remained in the dining-room to eat my strawberries has produced." And though six years had elapsed since that terrible night, the Emperor observed me turn pale, and said so.

"I assure Your Majesty that the same impression has often happened to me after this event, when I have only had occasion to cross that fearful landing place." "It is strange," said the Emperor, and began to pace the room.

The Emperor, after continuing his walk some time, and when other recollections had superseded in my mind

the history I had related, suddenly stopped opposite to me and said, "Has not this adventure given you a great antipathy to strawberries?"

For a few seconds I made no answer, and then said "No, sire; I am, on the contrary, passionately fond of them." "That is the nature of women," said he; "danger attracts them."

CHAPTER XLII.

Lucien's Republicanism, and a Remarkable Conversation with Him after the Conspiracy of Ceracchi — The Explanation of Lucien's Embassy to Spain — The Consul of the Year VIII. and the Consul of the Year IX. — Bonaparte's Observation to Junot on the Occasion of My Marriage and the Conspiracy — Junot's Family — My Brother's Generosity, and the Delicacy of His Conduct toward Me — M. Lequien de Bois-Cressy — Signature of My Marriage Contract by the First Consul, and Singular Recollections — Goodness of Bonaparte toward My Brother — M. Duquesnoy, Junot's Friend — Accumulated Difficulties — Junot's Repugnance to Be Married at Church — My Determination — Conversation between Me and Junot — My Brother's Intervention, and My Marriage at Church Agreed to by Mutual Concession — Junot's Motives — Project of a Nocturnal Marriage — My Trousseau and Corbeille — Junot's Present to My Mother.

LUCIEN came to see us some days after the discovery of Aréna and Ceracchi's conspiracy; he was thoughtful, and did not conceal that the repeated attempts upon his brother's life caused him serious uneasiness. This was the third in the course of one year: the first was on the road to Malmaison; the second in the Tuileries. "How," said he, "can such strokes be averted? Jacques Clement, Ravaillac, Damiens, Jean Châtel* — all these men executed their projects, because, in forming them, they held their own lives as nothing. If Ceracchi had been alone, as was his original intention, my brother had been no more; but he thought, by taking associates, to make his success more certain; he deceived himself." "But," observed my mother, "your reflections are alarming; for how, then, can your brother

* Clement assassinated Henry III., Ravaillac Henry IV., Damiens attempted the life of Louis XV., and Châtel or Chastel attempted that of Henry IV.

be protected?" "He only can protect himself," replied Lucien. "He is the son of the Revolution; he must march in the principles it has consecrated; above all things, he must forbear any attempt against the liberty of the citizens. His route is marked out; he must follow it, or he is lost, and we are lost with him. My brother knows me, and Junot and all who are about him know that I never cease to recall to his mind, with all the energy of a French and free soul, the solemn engagements which he contracted with the nation on the 19th Brumaire, and of which I am the guarantee."

Then, turning toward Junot, he added: "You remember the conversation you heard four days ago? Well, I shall always speak thus, and no fear will make me deviate from my path. If the men who surround my brother in the Government choose to assist him in measures oppressive to the country, I shall not increase their number; and on the last day of the liberty of the Republic I shall go and seek another country."

This conversation proves that Lucien was bent on opposing Napoleon's plans for a centralization of power. That which Junot had heard at Malmaison was the discussion of many regulations relating to the prefects which Lucien would not authorize, considering them too arbitrary. To resist Napoleon was to insure his revenge. Lucien was indeed his brother, but the determination of his character was in all things predominant; and this conversation, together with Lucien's perseverance in reminding his brother of his promise of the 19th Brumaire, explained to me his embassy to Spain, which took place a few weeks afterward.

Already the Consul of the year ix. was contrasted with the Consul of the year viii.—the General Bonaparte of Toulon and Italy, founding republics, daughters of France, with the General Bonaparte seeking to concentrate all the powers of the State in his own person. Lucien might hear in my mother's *salon* reflections made with a smile, in an undertone, by persons who had not faith enough in Republican vocations to believe that Bonaparte would support the system he announced on the 19th Brumaire. Many were even simple enough to speak of General Monk and Charles II. Lucien heard all this and similar language from various quarters, and

he wished to prevent, not the evil only, but the suspicion of it.

When tranquillity was restored by the arrest of the other conspirators (Topino-Lebrun, Demerville, etc.), the ceremony of my marriage was hastened. The First Consul had said to Junot, "Do you know that your marriage has been held by a very slender thread, my poor Junot? For I believe if these rascals had killed me, the alliance with you would have been little cared for." Bonaparte would not have uttered such a sentiment three or four years before; but on attaining absolute power he took up an idea which was perhaps the cause of his ruin, but to which he always attached great importance, that men are governed and led by motives of interest or fear.

On the 27th of October all the family of Junot arrived at Paris, and were presented to my mother; and never till this day had I duly appreciated the virtues of his heart. Sensible of the wide difference which a Parisian education and constant intercourse with the best society of Paris made between our manners and those of his mother and sister, who knew nothing beyond the towns of Burgundy, he dreaded to perceive in me a contemptuous ridicule, which would have rendered him miserable; and never shall I forget the expression of tenderness and respect with which he presented his mother to mine, and the action which seemed to entreat, though he never used the words, that I would be a daughter to his parents. He had no reason to fear. They were too good and too respectable not to demand and to secure my duty and love.

The next day the marriage contract was signed, and it was not till that moment that I learned that my brother, from his own means, endowed me with 60,000 francs, in satisfaction, as the marriage settlement expressed it, of my claims on the paternal inheritance. My claims! when we all knew that none of my father's property ever had been or ever would be realized; the greater part of it was in the English funds; but it would not have been agreeable to General Junot to receive my dower as a gift from my brother, and therefore this clause was introduced. Fifty thousand francs more were added by M. Lequien de Bois-Cressy, an old friend of my father, and who was to be my mother's second husband; he gave me

his dower as his future stepdaughter, secured upon an estate in Brittany. He was rich and liberal; I was not, therefore, surprised at this present; but that my brother, who, from the proceeds of his own industry, had maintained my mother's house, and furnished my expensive education, should now act so generously, was even more than my gratitude could express; nor was this lessened by the affectionate terms in which he replied to my insufficient thanks.

"Do not speak thus," said he, embracing me with that fraternal tenderness which he had always shown me; "do you not know that my mother and yourself are the sole objects of my affection and of my happiness? I live only for you. It is, then, quite natural that the produce of my labors should be employed for your benefit. A great and an unhoped-for marriage is offered you; the money is my own, and how could I dispose of it better than in making your fortune some way proportionate to the establishment you are about to form?"

A circumstance arising out of this will show the First Consul's prodigious memory, even in matters of the smallest importance to himself. The following day, the 29th of October, Junot, accompanied by my brother as my nearest relation, attended at the Tuileries for the signature of the marriage contract. The First Consul received my brother with great kindness, questioned him upon his prospects and his intentions, spoke of my mother with friendship, and of me with an interest which affected me much when Albert repeated the conversation.

But for the singular part of the interview: he desired the contract to be read to him. When the 60,000 francs from my paternal inheritance were named, he made a movement indicative of surprise, and another, though less marked, at the mention of the 50,000 francs of M. de Bois-Cressy, but made no remark upon either. When the reading was completed, he took my brother by the arm, led him to the recess of a window, and said to him, "Permon, I remember that when your father died he left nothing. At that period I visited your mother daily, and you no doubt know," added he, with an embarrassed air, "that at the same time I was desirous of marrying you to my sister, Madame Leclerc, and

of arranging the future marriage of Mademoiselle Loulou with that *mauvais sujet*, my brother Jerome." (He did not speak of the principal marriage he planned at that period!) "Well, Madame Permon then told me that her husband left nothing. What, then, does this mean?"

Albert repeated to the First Consul what he had already said to me, entreating him not to mention it. Napoleon looked at him with an indefinable expression, and said, "You are a generous fellow, my dear Permon; you are a generous fellow; I shall take care of you. But you allow yourself to be forgotten. Why do you never come to the Tuileries? Your brother-in-law will now remind you of me, and will also remind me of you." Accordingly, a few days afterward, Junot solicited for Albert a situation in which he might give proofs of his attachment to the cause of the 9th of November, and the First Consul appointed him to one of the three then existing posts of Commissary-General of the police of France.

The day preceding my marriage, a circumstance at once trifling and serious had nearly caused its rupture. A friend of Junot's, M. Duquesnoy, was Mayor of the 7th arrondissement; the General, as Commandant of Paris, not belonging more to one mayoralty than another, wished his marriage to be performed before M. Duquesnoy; and he inquired of my mother whether she supposed it would make any difference to me. My mother replied that she was herself perfectly willing, and did not believe that I should be otherwise, but that she would send for me to answer for myself. On General Junot's putting his request to me, I answered, that in this, as in everything else, my mother was mistress of my actions on so solemn a day. I only observed that the distance to the mayoralty of M. Duquesnoy in the Rue de Jouy, Quartier Saint Antoine, was long, and that I should not fear fatiguing my mother if it were no farther off than our church of St. Louis, which, being at the extremity of the Rue Thiroux, was directly opposite our house. I did not at that moment remark General Junot's astonishment; but, having embraced my mother, left the room.

I was no sooner gone than the General asked my mother if I expected to be married at church.

"To be married at church!" she cried; "where, then, would you have her expect to be married? Before your

friend with the scarf, I suppose? But, my dear boy, you have surely lost your wits. How could you entertain the idea that not my daughter only, but myself and her brother, could consent to a purely civil marriage? As for Laurette, I promise you she is capable of thanking you for your intentions if you should propose this to her!» General Junot walked about much agitated. «Will you permit me to speak upon the subject to Mademoiselle Laurette in private? Situated as we now are, there can be no objection to my request.»

My mother shrugged her shoulders. «You know not what you are talking of,» said she; «until you become her husband, you are but a stranger, and what you wish to say is not likely to make her your friend: why do you want to make a secret of it? Why am I not to be present?» «Because calmness is necessary in treating of such a matter; but I can speak to Mademoiselle Laurette here, with the door of your chamber open.»

I was called: nothing could exceed my astonishment, my grief I may say, in hearing this strange proposition. I did not conceal it: the General replied that, situated as he was, it was impossible he could be married at church, «to make a show of myself,» added he; «for you could not prevent all the beggars and low people of the Chaussée d'Antin from surrounding the house, and even filling the church. And I am to appear in uniform amid such a crowd!»

«I do not know,» I answered, «what you should find disagreeable in being seen to perform an act which is the duty of every Christian (I am not speaking as a devotee), in entering upon the engagements which we propose to take upon curselves to-morrow. The very Pagans sought the sanction of this act, the most important of their lives, in the temples of their gods. The Turks only are content with the Cadi, and I hope it is not from them you have taken arguments in support of your extraordinary proposition.» «I am much hurt by your obstinacy,» said Junot; «how can you, with your sense, persist in a formality which your education ought to have taught you to consider a nullity?»

«I am very young, General, to discuss so serious a question. I understand nothing of the controversy, except that I was born in the Christian religion, and that, very certainly, I shall not stir a step from this house if

it be not to go where my duty calls me. Be assured, General, that notwithstanding the advanced state of the preparations, our marriage will not take place unless the Church shall bless it."

I stood up to go away. The General took my hand, and saw that my eyes were full of tears. He stamped his foot with violence, and let slip a very unusual expression. "Junot! Junot!" cried my mother from her chamber, where she heard all that passed — "Junot! is that proper language to use?"

"You afflict me greatly," said the General. "It distresses me to give you pain; but, after all, this is a mere childish whim on your part, which you persist in because you have been told to do so; while to me it is a matter of serious consequence. Do you know that it is nothing less than a confession of faith?"

"And suppose it is?" said I; "what was the religion of your fathers? You have been baptized, you have been confirmed, you have received your first communion, you have confessed: here, then, are four sacraments of which you have partaken, and when that of marriage comes in its course, suddenly you turn renegade, apostate, perhaps! No, no, General, it must not be."

Having said this I went to my mother's room, where I found my brother. Junot followed me, and addressing himself to Albert, submitted to him the question which caused this debate; he was in despair; what I insisted upon was of no importance whatever, he said, and would seriously compromise him. "Well!" said I, standing up, "I can say no more upon the subject, of which I ought never to have permitted the discussion. I only regret that General Junot should for a moment have believed that my principles would suffer me to accede to the proposition he has this morning made."

I retired to my chamber, and was just then informed that Mademoiselle L'Olive and Mademoiselle de Beuvry were in the *salon*, and that they had brought in two coaches the articles which composed my *trousseau* and *corbeille;** the two baskets which were to contain them

* We have no words exactly synonymous with these; both signify the bridal paraphernalia. The "*trousseau*" is that part of it which is furnished by the bride's family. The "*corbeille*" is the bridegroom's present. — TRANSLATOR.

followed on a truck — that of the *trousseau*, in particular, was so large that no coach could contain it.

I sent to request my brother's presence, and he came to me immediately. « My dear Albert, » said I to him, « this affair will become serious if the intervention of your friendship and excellent sense does not prevent it. Not that I request your advice, because my resolution is irrevocably taken, and if General Junot is equally determined a rupture is inevitable; to you, therefore, I refer to render it as little as possible painful to our poor mother. The blow will be terrible to her. »

Albert took my two hands in his and embraced me tenderly, wiping away my tears, which flowed abundantly. He walked up and down the room in silent meditation, then stopped some time before the window; my maid, Josephine, came to require my attendance in my mother's room. « I cannot go, » said I to Albert; and I begged him to go to my mother, whose apartment was only separated from mine by a very small drawing-room, which had no door toward my chamber. He went, and I had scarcely been ten minutes alone when my mother's room door opened, and she came to me. « My child, » she said, « here is one who does not ask your pardon, which, nevertheless, I hope you will grant. »

Those who were well acquainted with General Junot know how much the expression of his countenance varied when he was particularly agitated. At this moment he was scarcely recognizable; he advanced behind my mother, leaning on Albert's arm, changing color so rapidly that he appeared to be ill. « Your brother, » said he, « has been showing me how much I have distressed you; he will now explain to you that I am not so much to blame as you may suppose; and if you will take into consideration the character of a soldier full of honor and frankness, but who could not entertain the same ideas with you upon the subject we have been discussing, you will be indulgent and pardon me. »

My brother then affectionately taking my hand, and holding his other hand to Junot, said to me: « Our friend has been explaining to me that being the Commandant of Paris, and invested with the confidence of the First Consul, he objects to appearing in open day on an occasion so solemn as his marriage, to perform in a

church a sacred act of religion, because, on account of his political position, it would make him a sort of a spectacle to the whole town. You know me, my sister; you know that my heart is devoted to you and to honor. Well, after what he has said, I have engaged to persuade you to comply with his wishes. The General does not desire to wound any of your religious convictions; he acknowledges that you are right in requiring the religious ceremony, but he requests that it may take place at night. I believe that this mutual concession will remove all obstacles on both sides."

I looked at my mother, and receiving a sign of approbation from her, had nothing further to object except my dislike to a nocturnal ceremony. It recalled those days of terror when the bridal pair received by stealth the benediction which the priest accorded at the risk of his life. It was necessary, however, to be reasonable; and I consented, as my mother and brother approved it, that the ceremony should take place in the manner proposed.

I afterward learned that this sudden opposition was caused by the First Consul. This may appear extraordinary to those who remember that two years afterward he signed the Concordat; but all fruits do not ripen in one season. He had just escaped from the dagger of a man who accused him of attempting to overturn the institutions of Republicanism, and he was not willing that the Commandant of Paris, known to possess his entire confidence, should perform a public act which might point to a new system of action on the part of his patron. He therefore particularly required of Junot that he should only go to church at night, supposing the family to insist upon the religious ceremony. Junot, in his zeal to obey, exceeded his instructions. His religious notions — having passed his youth in an army where none such existed — were not those of incredulity, but of perfect indifference, and he had no suspicion of the effect his proposition would have upon me; in the first instance, then, he did not even speak of a nocturnal marriage, which in fact supplied all the conditions absolutely required by either party.

"At length, then," said my mother, when she had heard me pronounce my consent, "this grand affair is

settled»; and turning to Junot, she added, «It has been all your fault. Who would ever have thought of coming on the eve of the marriage to say 'I will have nothing to do with the Church?' Come, fall on your knees, and beg pardon of your betrothed. Right. Now give him your hand, or rather your cheek, in recompense of that graceful act of submission. It is the last; to-morrow he will be your master. But what now, is it not all settled?»

The fact was that this nocturnal ceremony, which did not please me at all, had moreover the inconvenience that it would be unaccompanied by a wedding mass; I whispered this new objection to the General, and it was presently removed by the promise that it should take place at twelve o'clock, the hour of midnight mass. My mother laughed on overhearing this discussion. «And now that we are all at length agreed,» said she, «do me the favor, Monsieur my son-in-law, to take your leave for the present; I must show the young lady her *trousseau*, and hear her opinion of my taste; we shall afterward both sit in judgment upon yours.»

On entering the *salon*, though it was large, I found myself much in the situation of Noah's dove, without a place of rest for my foot. From an immense basket, or rather portmanteau of rose-colored *gros de* Naples, embroidered with black chenille, made in the shape of a sarcophagus bearing my cipher, an innumerable quantity of small packets, tied with pink or blue favors, strewed the room; these contained full-trimmed chemises with embroidered sleeves, pocket handkerchiefs, petticoats, morning gowns, dressing gowns of Indian muslin, night-dresses, nightcaps, morningcaps of all colors and all forms; the whole of these articles were embroidered, and trimmed with Mechlin lace or English point. Another portmanteau of equal size, of green silk embroidered in orange chenille, contained my numerous dresses, all worthy in fashion and taste to vie with the habiliments already described.

This was an hour of magic for a girl of sixteen. Time passes away; mature years have already arrived; old age will follow; but never can the remembrance of my mother as she now appeared be effaced from my mind. How eagerly did she watch my eyes; and when the

peculiar elegance and good taste of any article of her own choice elicited my admiring exclamations, how did her fine black eyes sparkle, and her smiling rosy lips display the pearls they inclosed! Who can describe a mother's joy on such an occasion, or the effect it produces on the heart of an affectionate daughter! Taking my head between her two hands, and kissing my eyes, my ears, my cheeks, my hair, she threw herself on a settee, saying, "Come, now, *mathia mou*,* seek something else that will please you."

The *trousseau* being fully examined, the *corbeille*† next demanded inspection. At this time the custom of giving a basket or case for the articles of the *corbeille* was not yet exploded; fifty or sixty louis were spent upon a species of basket covered with rich silk or velvet, and highly ornamented, which stood for six or twelve months on the dressing table of the bride, till, becoming tarnished and worn, it was no longer ornamental, and was consigned to the lumber room, to be eaten by the rats in spite of its finery. Now they do things with more sense, and lay out the money upon a valuable chest of longer duration. Mine, then, was an immensely large vase, covered with green and white velvet, richly embroidered with gold. Its foot was of gilded bronze; its cover of embroidered velvet, surmounted by a pineapple of black velvet, transfixed by an arrow, from which were suspended on each side a crown, the one of olives, the other of laurel, both cut in bronzed gold.

This *corbeille* contained cashmere shawls, veils of English point, gown trimmings of blond and Brussels point, dresses of white blond and black lace; pieces of Indian muslin and of Turkish velvet which the General had brought from Egypt; ball dresses for a bride; my presentation dress, and Indian muslin dresses embroidered in silver lama. Besides all these, there were flowers bought of Madame Roux, of Lyons; ribbons of all sizes and colors; bags (or as we now say, reticules), which were then all the fashion, one of them of English point;

* Greek words, meaning *light of my eyes;* a most caressing expression, which my mother habitually used toward me.

† Mademoiselle L'Olive, being dressmaker to Madame Bonaparte, had been charged by Junot to prepare the *corbeille*, under the instructions of Madame Murat.

gloves, fans, and essences. At each side of the *corbeille* was a "sultan," or scented bag.

The first contained all the implements of the toilet in gold enameled black; the apparatus of the work-table — thimble, scissors, needlecase, bodkin, etc., all in gold, set with fine pearls. The other "sultan" contained the jewel casket, and an opera glass of mother-of-pearl and gold set with two rows of diamonds. The casket contained settings for an entire suite of ornaments without the stones; six ears of golden corn and a comb (which, on account of the immense quantity of my hair, was as large as those which are now worn), set with diamonds and pearls; a square medallion set with large pearls, containing a portrait of General Junot by Isabey, for the resemblance of which the artist's name will vouch, but of a size more fit to be affixed to the wall of a gallery than to be suspended from the neck; but this was the fashion of the day, and Madame Murat had one of her husband, also painted by Isabey, and even larger than mine. The casket contained also a number of superb topazes brought from Egypt, of an incredible size, Oriental corals of extraordinary thickness, which I have since had engraved in relief at Florence by M. Hamelin, and several antique cameos; all these were unset. The bridal purse of gold links, connected together by delicate little stars of green enamel, the clasp also enameled green, contained too weighty a sum of money had it not consisted of bank notes,* except about fifty louis in pretty little sequins of Venice.

All these elegant presents had been completed under the direction of Madame Murat, and did infinite honor to her taste. At this time such a *corbeille* was a treasure of great rarity; for the first time since the Revolution it had reappeared at the marriage of Mademoiselle de Doudeauville with M. Pierre de Rastignac. Madame Murat's marriage followed after a considerable interval, and her *corbeille* was very rich; but as mine took place nearly a year later, not only was the *corbeille* more beautiful, but it was composed with more conformity to ancient customs, and in a more refined taste. After this

* The Bank of France was established in the month of February, 1800; I think it opened the following month. The two purses were made by Foncier, a very celebrated jeweler at that period.

time the *corbeille* and *trousseau* again became common, but were copies, not models, like Madame Murat's and mine.

But of all these beautiful gifts, nothing delighted me so much as Junot's affecting attention to my mother. She longed for a cashmere shawl, but would never purchase one, because she said she could not afford one so good as she wished for; and I had determined that my wedding gift to her should be a red one, because that was the color she preferred, but I had never whispered my intentions. However, together with my *corbeille* came a small basket covered with white gros de Naples, embroidered in silks with my mother's cipher on the draperies, from which the first thing that presented itself was a superb scarlet cashmere shawl. The basket contained, besides, a purse like mine, except that the enamel was a deep blue, and within it, instead of money, was a topaz of a perfect oval round, the size of a small apricot; gloves, ribands, and two magnificent fans. I cannot describe how I felt this amiable attention. When I thanked the General for it with an effusion of heart which I rather repressed than exaggerated, he replied, "I foresaw what you now express; and if I had not loved her who is about to become my mother with filial tenderness, I should have done what I have for the pleasure I enjoy at this moment."

CHAPTER XLIII.

My Wedding Day — Sister Rosalie and My Confessor — Refusal to Marry Me at Night — Scruples — The Vendean Abbé — The Clergy and the Republican Party — L'Abbé Lusthier Patronized by Junot, and Appointed Grand Vicar to the Bishop of Orleans — The Curé of the Capuchins Engaged — Wedding Toilet — Family Assembled — Junot's Aids-de-Camp, His Witnesses — The Dames de la Halle and Their Bouquet — The Municipality and the Church.

ON THE 30th of October, at nine in the morning, everything was in motion in our small house of the Rue de Sainte Croix, and earlier still in the Hôtel de Rue Verneuil. At daybreak I had left home,

accompanied by Sister Rosalie (who on hearing of my approaching marriage had quitted her retreat to be with me), to go to my confessor: this ought to have been done on the eve of my wedding. Having made my confession, I requested the Venerable Abbé, my spiritual father, to perform the religious ceremony of my marriage in the Church of the Capuchins* at a quarter past twelve at night; and great was my astonishment at receiving a dry and peremptory refusal.

"What reason," said he emphatically, "can General Junot possibly have for refusing to make you his wife in the light of the sun? What does he fear? Ridicule! No! he has too much good sense for that. There must be some cause of objection unknown to us." I turned pale; but the Abbé, in spite of all Sister Rosalie's entreaties, proceeded: "Who shall satisfy me, who am the priest required to bless this marriage, that he is not already the husband of another?"

"Monsieur l'Abbé! Monsieur l'Abbé!" said Rosalie in a voice of lively reproach, of which I should not have conceived the good girl capable toward any ecclesiastic—"Monsieur l'Abbé, for Heaven's sake forbear! What are you doing?" "My duty!" replied he in a stern voice; "I perform that duty which nature and the laws impose upon the guardians of this young girl, and which they seem to have cast upon Providence. I then, as the minister of God, of that same Providence, am bound to watch over the interest of the fatherless orphan."

"Monsieur l'Abbé," said I, rising to go, "my gratitude to you is the same as if your charitable friendship had saved me from a great danger; but it is my duty to remind you that, whatever danger may threaten me, I have a support, a protector, a father; and that M. de Permon, my brother, who unites all those titles, enlightened at once by his tenderness for me and his acute penetration, is capable of judging whether I am deceived by a man whose reputation for honor and loyalty stands so high. I have already explained to you, sir, the reason why he wishes to receive the nuptial benediction at night."

"The reason is injurious to you," said the Abbé, with increasing anger. "Why should the Commandant of Paris fear to show himself in uniform in one of the churches

* Now the Church of Saint Louis, in the Rue de Sainte Croix.

which his General has just reopened? He would not manifest the same repugnance to exhibit himself to-morrow in the Temple of Victory, now called Sulpice, instead of Saint Sulpice." (This was, in fact, the denomination now given to Saint Sulpice, and a *fête* was at this very time announced to be held in the Temple of Victory (Sulpice) in commemoration of our ancestors.)

"Young lady," continued the good man, "do not assume that air of displeasure; it is neither becoming your situation nor mine. Rather thank me for the solicitude I feel for my spiritual child, for such you are, my daughter; and it grieves me to think that you may be deceived. Why should your civil marriage take place in the Faubourg Saint Antoine? Why are the banns not published at the church? Why is a nocturnal celebration demanded? The ceremony before the Mayor will take place by day; but where? at the extremity of Paris! in an obscure quarter, where, truly, a former Madame Junot is not very likely to suspect that a successor is being installed in her rights; all this has an ambiguous appearance, and I shall not make myself a party to its execution."

It was equally vain to reason or petition; the Abbé Lusthier turned a deaf ear to all I could say, and I was obliged to depart without the consolation of knowing that the good father would sanction my marriage with his presence; his blessing he gave me, and prayed that his presentiments might prove unfounded.

I pressed upon him at my departure a purse containing a handsome sum of money, which my brother had given me for that purpose. I knew that the Abbé was very poor, and almost destitute of necessaries; I saw in the garret where he lived neither fire nor wood, and the weather was already becoming cold; he, however, resisted the offer repeatedly, and even with annoyance. I would not listen to the refusal, but left the purse, saying that what he could spare from his own comforts he might distribute as my almoner.

Junot never heard of this scene till it was related to him some years afterward with the greatest frankness, by the Abbé Lusthier himself, on occasion of his calling to request my husband to obtain for him the living of Virginie, a little village near Bièvre. "I hope your fears

on my account are now at an end," said Junot, smiling, and offering his hand to him. "I assure you, you have no occasion to retain any; and to prove it I shall request Citizen Portalis to appoint you to a different benefice from the one you have solicited. I know from my wife that your fortune does not correspond either with your merit or your charity, and it is my duty, if possible, to repair the injustice of fate; and I hope, at the same time," added he, laughing, "to prove that I am innocent; for I would not silence by an obligation any person who is entitled to reproach me."

The Abbé Lusthier not only accepted General Junot's offers, but attached himself unreservedly to him. Junot obtained for him an excellent living in the diocese of my uncle, the Bishop of Metz, and he was some time afterward appointed Grand Vicar to his friend the Abbé Bernier, Bishop of Orleans.

But to recur to the interesting period from which this episode has led me. On my return home I related all that had passed, which excited my mother's displeasure. "I hope," said she, "you did not leave him the purse." I looked at her instead of answering. On meeting my eyes she laughed, half angrily and half in jest, and said, "So, I am a simpleton! And you did leave him the purse, did you not?" "Certainly," I replied, embracing her. "And you know very well that each piece of silver which we have given the Abbé Lusthier will acquire the value of gold in his hands."

Albert then went out to find the Curé of the Church of the Capuchins, gave him the necessary instructions, and received his promise to be ready at five minutes past midnight.

At nine o'clock in the morning my toilet was commenced in which I was to appear before the Mayor. I wore an Indian muslin gown, with a train, high body and long sleeves that buttoned at the wrist, and which were then called *amadis;* the whole was trimmed with magnificent point lace. My cap, made by Mademoiselle Despaux, was of Brussels point, crowned with a wreath of orange flowers, from which descended to my feet a veil of fine English point, large enough to envelop my person. This costume, which was adopted by all young brides, differing only according to the degree of

wealth of the parties, was in my opinion much more elegant than the present bridal fashion.

I do not think that it is prejudice for the past which makes me prefer my own wedding dress — that profusion of rich lace, so fine and so delicate that it resembled a vapory network, shading my countenance and playing with the curls of my hair; those undulating folds of my robe, which fell round my person with the inimitable grace and suppleness of the superb tissues of India; that long veil, which in part covered the form without concealing it — to the robe of tulle of our modern brides, made in the fashion of a ball dress, the shoulders and bosom uncovered, and the petticoat short enough to permit everyone to judge not only of the delicacy of the little foot, but of the shape of the ankle and leg,* while the head, dressed as for a ball, is scarcely covered by a veil of stiff and massy tulle, the folds of which fall without ease or grace around the lengthened waist and shortened petticoat of the young bride; no, this is not elegance.

At eleven o'clock the General arrived, with the rest of his family. His mother had preceded him by half an hour. This excellent woman had seen me but twice; but she had made a correct estimate of the mutual tenderness which subsisted between my mother and myself. Her perfect goodness of heart and excellent judgment had inspired the thought of placing herself between us at the moment of a separation which she foresaw would be so painful. Alas! she knew at that moment better than I did what were my poor mother's feelings; and I was far from understanding the full force of the words which, with tears that could not be restrained, she addressed to her, « I will supply your place to her! »

Andoche brought with him his father, his brother, Madame Junot, his sister-in-law; Madame Maldan, his

* Prince Talleyrand began life by saying what are called « witty things. » Being one day present at the Tuileries, when several ladies were to take an oath of fidelity to the Emperor on their new appointments, he particularly noticed the beautiful Madame de Marmier, who wore remarkably short petticoats in order to show the delicacy of her foot and ankle. Some one present asked Talleyrand what he thought of the *tout ensemble*. « I think, » said the witty minister, « that her dress is too short to take an oath of fidelity. »

youngest sister; and two of his aids-de-camp, of whom General Lallemand, then a captain, has rendered his name celebrated by the honor and fidelity of his conduct. He was attached to the staff of General Junot in Egypt, where he served in the fine regiment of chasseurs of the General-in-Chief; Junot had a high esteem for him.

The other officer was M. Bardin, son of an estimable painter, and himself a very worthy man. He had wit, wrote pretty verses with ease, drew admirably, and had on this occasion laid all his talents under contribution for the bridegroom's service. These two gentlemen were the General's witnesses; mine were the Comte de Villemanzy, Peer of France, an intimate friend of my father, and M. Lequien de Bois-Cressy; M. Brunetière, who had been my guardian, now acted as my father, together with Albert and my uncle, Prince Demetrius Comnenus, who had arrived two days previously from Munich.

When we set out for the Rue de Jouy, the Rue de Sainte Croix near our house was filled with people, mostly strangers in our quarter; and among them nearly all the principal *Marchandes de la Halle.* Junot was extremely considerate to the people of Paris, and was very popular with them; and I am convinced that in a commotion the mere sight of him would have restored tranquillity; he was very open-handed to them, giving alms very freely. He could, moreover, speak the language of the *Dames de la Halle* admirably, when any occasion arose.

Four of the group requested permission to pay their compliments to me. It was granted, and they entered the *salon* carrying each a bouquet, certainly larger than myself, and composed of the finest and rarest flowers, the price of which was greatly enhanced by the lateness of the season. They offered them to me with no other phrase than the following: « Mam'selle, you are about to become the wife of our Commandant, and we are glad of it, because you are said to be kind and good. Will you permit us? » And the women embraced me heartily.

Junot ordered some refreshments for all those who had been good enough, he said, to remember him on the happiest day of his life. We set out for the municipality

amid their loud acclamations and the repeated cries of "Long live the Bride and Bridegroom!"

On arriving at the mayoralty of the Rue de Jouy, Faubourg Saint Antoine, where it was Junot's whim to be married — not, as the Abbé Lusthier supposed, to be less in sight, for in this case he would have contrived his matters very ill, but to gratify a friend — we were received and married by M. Duquesnoi, Mayor of this *arrondissement*. He spared us a long discourse, and only uttered a few well chosen words, which I have never forgotten.

We returned to my mother's, and the day passed off much as all similar days do. When the hour of midnight struck we crossed over to the church, and at one by the clock of the Corps Législatif I entered the Hôtel de Montesquieu to the sound of the most harmonious music.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A Grand Dinner at My Mother's the Day after My Marriage — Junot's Friends and the Rest of the Party: a Curious Assemblage — Their Characters and Portraits — General Lannes, the Roland of the Army — Duroc — Bessières — Eugène Beauharnais — Rapp — Berthier — Marmont, the Best Friend of Junot — Lavalette — His Marriage — The Divorce — The Negro and the Canoness — Madame Lavalette's Beauty and the Ravages of the Smallpox — The Bonaparte Family — Madame Bacciochi in the Costume of a Literary Society of Ladies.

All who had been connected with Junot in the Army of Italy or the Army of Egypt had special claims upon his friendship, and he was desirous of giving a dinner the day after his marriage to eight or ten of his brethren-in-arms. My mother, who was always anxious to make him adopt what she called stylish habits, vainly remonstrated about this defiance of etiquette, and said that it would resemble a journeyman carpenter giving his companions a treat on his wedding holiday. Junot was firm, and my mother's only resource was to invite his friends herself.

"But will they come to me without an introduction?"

she inquired. Junot assured her that they would, and invitations were sent to Bessières, Lannes, Eugène Beauharnais, Rapp, and some others. Some of Junot's friends, Beillard, Desgenettes, etc., were not yet returned from Egypt; but all those who were in Paris met at my mother's table.

This dinner was extremely curious because it was a reunion of all parties. My mother's friends sat down beside the whole family of Bonaparte, and the new guests made a very interesting accession to the party. At this time I knew none of the above-mentioned friends of Junot; I had distinguished their names amid the acclamations of the people, when news of some fresh triumphs arrived; but I was acquainted with no generals except Moreau, Macdonald, and Beurnonville, whom we had frequently met at Madame Leclerc's. It afforded me then great satisfaction to be introduced to those men who had seconded Bonaparte, and had been to him at once good comrades and good laborers in the erection of that edifice of glory under which France now found an asylum from her distractions.

General Lannes was also lately married. He had been more rapid than Junot, and had been for three weeks the husband of Mademoiselle Louise Gheneuc, a young person of exquisite beauty. Lannes was then twenty-eight years of age, five feet five or six inches high, slender and elegant, his feet, legs and hands being remarkable for their symmetry. His face was not handsome, but it was expressive; and when his voice uttered one of those heroic thoughts which had acquired for him the appellation of the Roland of the army, "His eyes," said Junot, "which now appear so small, become immense, and dart flashes of lightning."

Junot told me that he looked upon Lannes as, without exception, the bravest man of the army, because his courage, invariably the same, neither received accession nor suffered diminution from any of those incidents which usually influence military men. The same coolness with which he re-entered his tent he carried into the midst of the battle, the hottest fire, and the most difficult emergencies. To this invaluable quality Junot considered him to add the most rapid *coup d'œil* and conception, and the most accurate judgment of any person

he had ever met with, except the First Consul. He was besides amiable, faithful in friendship, and a good patriot; he possessed a heart truly French — a heart of the best days of the glorious Republic.

One curious trait in his character was the obstinacy with which he refused to have his hair cut short. In vain the First Consul begged, entreated him to cut it off; he still retained a short and thick queue, full of powder and pomatum. This whim nearly embroiled him with Junot, notwithstanding their friendship, on account of the latter having cropped the hair of the famous division of Arras, and the fashion becoming general in consequence throughout the whole army.

Duroc came next to Lannes in Junot's estimation, and was a year younger; his person was about the same stature, but with a superiority of manner and figure; his hair was black; his nose, chin, and cheeks were too round to admit of his features being at all striking, which even cast a shade of indecision over his countenance; his eyes were large and black, but set so high in his head that they did not harmonize with his smile or any other expression, from which singular effect those who were not partial to him averred that he was not frank; but I, who was his intimate friend, who knew his character perhaps better than any other person, can affirm that it was all openness and goodness.

Our friendship, which commenced in 1801, and closed only with his life, was almost that of a brother and sister. Peculiar circumstances made me his confidante, at first against his will, but afterward with his entire acquiescence, in a case which influenced the happiness of his life, and which turned out unfortunate. Numerous letters from him, which I still possess, written from all countries, certify that it was long ere he recovered his equanimity, and still longer before he could pardon those who, with one stroke, had given a mortal wound to his moral and political existence.

Bonaparte, who was a good judge of men, distinguished him from his companions, and sent him to execute difficult missions in foreign courts; this showed that he understood Duroc's capabilities.* I have a letter of his,

* This is not the place to allude to future events, but I cannot forbear remarking that I shall have frequent occasion to show that, far from

dated from St. Petersburg in 1802, in which he mentions the too flattering estimation he was there held in; the Emperor Alexander, when he visited me in 1814, spoke of many persons whom Napoleon had sent to him, and his opinion of Duroc was still the same as it had been described twelve years before.

Bessières, at that time a colonel, was among Junot's intimate friends. I always deplored the cessation of this intimacy, for the most futile and ridiculous cause imaginable; and being frequently called upon to judge between them, I must confess that I could not always think Junot in the right. Bessières, who was about the same age, was a stouter man than Lannes; like him, he was from the South, as the accent of both sufficiently testified; and like him he had a mania for powder, but with a striking difference in the cut of his hair — a small lock at each side projected like little dog's ears, and his long and thin Prussian queue supplied the place of the *Cadogan* of Lannes. He had good teeth, a slight cast in the eye, but not to a disagreeable extent; and a rather prepossessing address. He was then colonel of the *Guides* — that is to say, of the *Chasseurs à cheval* of the Consular Guard — jointly with Eugène Beauharnais.

Eugène was still but a child; but already giving promise of being, what he afterward became, a most charming and amiable young man. With the exception of his teeth, which, like his mother's, were frightful, his person was perfectly attractive and elegant. Frankness and hilarity pervaded all his actions; he laughed like a child, but never in bad taste. He was good-natured, gracious, polite, without being obsequious, and a mimic without being impertinent, which is a rare talent.

He performed well in comedy, sang a good song, and danced like his father, who had derived a surname from his excellence in this art; in short, he was a truly agreeable young man. He made a conquest of my mother, whom he wished to please, and completely succeeded. Beauharnais, the father, who was called the *beau danseur*, though well born, was not of a rank to ride in the King's carriages; and Josephine, his wife, was never

being ungrateful toward Bonaparte, as M. de Bourrienne has inconsiderately asserted, Duroc was always among the most devoted of his adherents.

presented. He alone was invited on account of his dancing, and frequently had the honor of being the Queen's partner.

Rapp was then what he continued to be twenty years later, with the exception of a few additional wounds. It is true he had in vain passed through all the forms of courts, French and foreign, but with manners the most rough, ungraceful, and awkward that ever belonged to a man of the world. But if in courts he never lost his rude uncultivated exterior, so also he preserved pure and intact a disinterested soul and virtuous heart. Rapp was always esteemed and loved, because he deserved to be so.

Berthier was one of Junot's friends with whom I had the greatest desire to become acquainted. I had seen him frequently at Madame Visconti's; he was small and ill-shaped, without being deformed; his head was too large for his body; his hair, neither light nor dark, was rather frizzed than curled; his forehead, eyes, nose and chin each in the proper place, were, however, by no means handsome in the aggregate. His hands, naturally ugly, became frightful by a habit of biting his nails; add to this, that he stammered much in speaking, and that if he did not make grimaces, the agitation of his features was so rapid as to occasion some amusement to those who witnessed it. He was the plainest of the three brothers; Cæsar was better looking than he, and Leopold still better than Cæsar. Madame O'Ogeranville, their sister, resembled mostly Alexander. Berthier not only loved Napoleon, but he was greatly attached to several of his brother officers; and often braved the ill-humor of the Emperor, in speaking to him of such of his friends as had committed faults. Berthier was good in every acceptation of the word.

"The best and dearest of my friends," said Junot, after having presented his comrades separately to me, "is still in Italy; Marmont will soon return with his wife, to whom I shall introduce you, and whose friendship I hope you will obtain, giving yours in return; he is a brother to me."

M. de Lavalette, another of my mother's guests on that day, was no bad representation of Bacchus: a lady might have been proud of his pretty little white hand and pink well-turned nails; his two little eyes, and immoderately

little nose, placed in the midst of a fat pair of cheeks, gave to his countenance a truly comic expression, in aid of which came the extraordinary arrangement of his head; not the locks only, but the individual hairs might be counted, and they received distinguishing names from the wits of the staff — as "the invincible," "the redoubtable," "the courageous"; and one in particular, which defied the discipline of the comb or the hand, and pertinaciously stood upright, they called "the indomitable."

Notwithstanding this personal appearance, and an address almost burlesque, Lavalette knew how to impose respect, and never suffered merriment to take unwarranted liberties with him. He had sense and wit; had seen much and retained much; had related multitudes of anecdotes with remarkable grace, resulting from a cast of ideas at once quiet, brilliant, and acute. M. de Lavalette was not, however, a superior man; the horrible and infamous prosecution of which he was the object has placed him on an eminence which he would never otherwise have attained; but he had the essential qualities of a good father, a good husband, and a faithful friend.

He married, a few days before his departure for Egypt, Mademoiselle Emilie de Beauharnais, daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais, brother-in-law of Madame Bonaparte. This young lady — of extreme beauty, gentle, and, thanks to Madame Bonaparte, her aunt, very well educated — had considerable difficulty in marrying, on account of the position of her parents. Her father obtained a divorce from his wife that he might marry a German canoness; and her mother married at the same time a negro. The poor abandoned child was fortunate in having attracted the affections of such a man as Lavalette, which she warmly returned.

Her husband, however, had not reached Egypt before the bride took the smallpox, and scarcely escaping with her life, lost her beauty. She was in despair, and though by degrees the marks of the pustules became less evident; though her figure was still fine, her complexion dazzling, her teeth good, and her countenance pleasing, she could not reconcile herself to the change of which both before and after his return she felt conscious that her husband must be sensible. The delicacy of his conduct never gave her reason for a moment to suppose that

his attachment was in any way diminished; but her sighs and tears, her profound melancholy, and weariness of life, showed that she could not overcome her own apprehensions; the excellent Lavalette had but one wish, and that was that his wife should be happy.

Lucien, Minister of the Interior, could not be at my wedding dinner, but Madame Murat, though about to lie in, made an effort to join us. Madame Leclerc was in the height of her beauty. Madame Bacciochi was dressed on the occasion with a degree of eccentricity which even now is fresh to my mind. She had presided in the morning over a female literary society; and proposing to establish a peculiar costume for the associates, she considered the readiest way to effect her purpose was to have a pattern made and appear in it herself, and in this new dress she afterward came to my mother; such a medley of the Jewish, Roman, Middle Age, and modern Greek costumes — of everything, in short, except French good taste — was, I think, never seen.

To see Madame Bacciochi thus attired was not surprising, because we were accustomed to her singularities; but it was impossible to resist the ludicrous impression she created by declaring her intention of offering such a dress to the adoption of all good Christians.

CHAPTER XLV.

Rapp and M. de Caulaincourt — Tragi-comic Scene — M. de Caulaincourt's Tribulation — The Duel Prevented, and the Reconciliation — General Lannes — Military Manners — Powdered Queues, and Singular Prepossession — Colonel Bessières and General Augereau.

M. DE CAULAINCOURT had known Rapp at the Tuileries, and it was not without surprise that he recognized him in our society. Approaching me he asked, in an undertone, whether "that great boy" (pointing out Rapp) had paid his visit to my mother. I answered in the negative. "Then at least he has left his card?" "No." "But, my dear child, it is not possible; you must have been so absorbed in admiration of your *corbeille* as not to have seen him. It is not credible

that a man should come and sit down in the house of a woman of good society, and eat at her table, without having first been introduced, and paid his respects to her."

As he was proceeding in a very animated tone, Rapp crept softly behind him, then hallooed into his ear: "What are you talking of, dear papa? Please to move out of my way, on a wedding day, you know, the old must give way to the young." And so saying, he threw his arms round the old gentleman's waist, lifted him gently from the ground, and set him down at a little distance.

M. de Caulaincourt's good nature made him generally beloved, but under it was concealed a strength of character known only to those who were much in his society; and such a circumstance as the present was calculated to show him off as a high-bred French gentleman in the true acceptation of the word. Looking at Rapp with an expression of dignified severity, he said:

"Colonel, you and I are neither old enough nor young enough for such play." Then bowing coldly to him, he offered me his arm, saying: "Will you come and see what is passing in the next room?"

The worthy man was agitated. I led him through my mother's room, which was filled with company, and made him sit down in mine, which my mother had converted into a second boudoir. Junot was surprised soon after to find me consoling my old friend, to whom I was endeavoring to represent that the matter did not deserve the serious turn he was disposed to give it. I repeated the whole to Junot, who, in spite of the old gentleman's opposition — for M. de Caulaincourt would by no means permit that he should seek apologies for him — went to remonstrate with Rapp, and in five minutes brought him to us, ready to fall on his knees to entreat pardon for the brutalities which Junot had assured him he had committed. "And Junot tells me also," he added, turning to me, "that I have failed in respect to you in acting so rudely in your presence. I might, however, absolutely refuse to beg pardon, because apologies are only necessary when one has done wrong intentionally, and certainly I did not intend to offend."

It was impossible to forbear laughing at this quaint excuse, and M. de Caulaincourt, frankly holding out his

hand, said to him: "You are a good fellow, and I shall be happy to become one of your friends." Rapp pressed the old gentleman's hand with a very pretty little hand of his own, not at all consistent with his massive figure; and here ended an affair from which my friend's high feelings of honor had threatened nothing less than a duel, except that my mother was so offended with Rapp that she scarcely ever spoke politely to him afterward.

M. de Caulaincourt, dining at our house some days afterward, requested an introduction to Lannes, who, of all the Republican generals, was the one who pleased him best. I passed my arm through his, and led him to the other end of the *salon*, where Lannes was conversing with Junot. "General," said I, "permit me to present to you M. de Caulaincourt, an ancient and distinguished general officer, who wishes to be acquainted with you."

The pleasing countenance of Lannes was immediately lighted up with a cordial smile, and, shaking him by the hand, he said: "Ah, my old friend! I like the ancients; there is always something to be learned from them. To what branch of the service did you belong? Were you biped or quadruped? Or — ah, *Diable!* I believe you are at present attached to the Royal Phlegmatics."* The fact was that, astonished at Lannes's reception, and the rolling artillery which at that time made a copious part of his vocabulary, M. de Caulaincourt had been seized with a severe fit of coughing which he could not stifle.

"Ah, what is the matter?" said the General, patting him upon the back as we do a choking child. "Why, this is an infirmity that requires reform, Junot; you must make Lassalle enroll him." Lassalle then commanded the veterans of the garrison of Paris, but was no relation to the famous General of the same name. The good old gentleman scarcely knew whether to laugh or to be angry.

Meanwhile Junot whispered a word to the General, who, suddenly changing his tone, said with an expression almost respectful: "What, are you the father of those two brave young men, one of whom, notwithstanding his early age, is Colonel of a regiment of Carabineers? Then you must be brave yourself! You have

*The expression "*royal-pituite*" is much more ridiculous in French than it can possibly be rendered in our language.

educated them for the country, and you have not, like too many of your class, sold them to foreigners. You must be a good man; I must embrace you.» And so saying, he threw his arms round him, and embraced him heartily.

We left the two comrades to resume the conversation we had interrupted, and went to rejoin my mother in an adjoining *salon*. «How do you like General Lannes?» said I. «Oh! very well! very well. But I expected quite a different kind of man: for example, he swears like a galley-slave; it makes one tremble. To be sure, he may be a good soldier and a brave man for all that.» «And what more could you expect in General Lannes than a soldier distinguished by his valor and his skill in beating the enemy?» «Why, my dear child, what could I think! It was the fashion of dressing his hair that deceived me. I thought that if a man knew how to dress himself he must have something of the manners of other times; how could I think otherwise?»

This naïve confession stupefied me. «Is it possible, then,» said I, «that you have judged a man only by his queue? You were very unfortunate in not having encountered General Augereau, in whom you would have found yourself much more mistaken.» At this moment a great man passed us, and saluted me with a bow of respect which is only to be met with in well-brought-up persons. «And who is that?» said M. de Caulaincourt; «he is powdered too, I think.» «It is Colonel Bessières; shall I introduce him to you, papa?» «No, no,» said he hastily; «I have had enough of introductions for to-day!»

It was in vain I assured him that Bessières left his bad language in the barracks; he felt no inclination for the experiment; but when some time afterward he met General Augereau he remembered my words, and had an opportunity of proving their truth. That General surpassed even himself in swearing, and my poor friend, in relating the conversation he had had with General Fructidor, as he called him, could not find words to express the astonishment he felt at the language he had heard.

CHAPTER XLVI.

My Presentation to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte — Duroc and Rapp on the Steps — Eleven o'clock — Politeness of Eugène de Beauharnais — Gracious Reception by Madame Bonaparte — Amiability of Hortense — Conversation with the First Consul — Bonaparte's Opinion of Mirabeau — The Rogue and the Tribunes — M. de Cobentzel and Singular Reserve of Bonaparte — Bonaparte upon the Society of the Faubourg Saint Germain — Portrait of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais.

MY PRESENTATION to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte was a great affair for my mother; she occupied herself upon my toilet with more minute care than I imagine she had ever bestowed upon her own in the highest tide of her vanity. One thing disturbed her much, no ceremonial. "Nevertheless, he acts the King," said my mother. The truth was that at this time the interior of the First Consul's family was like that of a very rich man, with no more etiquette; Madame Bonaparte had not even yet ladies in waiting.

We went to the Tuileries after the Opera, leaving the ballet of "*Psyché*" in the middle that we might not be too late, and arrived at ten o'clock. My heart beat as we alighted at the Pavilion of Flora, at the door which precedes that in the angle so long called the entrance of the Empress. As we ascended the five or six steps before the door on the left, leading to the apartments on the ground floor, we met Duroc and Rapp. "How late you are!" said Duroc. "It is near eleven o'clock." "Ah!" added the brave Alsatian, "Madame Junot is a worker of marvels; she is about to make an infidel of of our good Junot." And he burst into a loud laugh.

I was desirous of turning back; but Junot replied, "Madame Bonaparte desired me to come here after the Opera." "Oh!" said Duroc; "it is quite a different thing if Madame Bonaparte has appointed the hour."

At this moment the folding door of Madame Bonaparte's apartment opened, and Eugène de Beauharnais ran down. He was sent by his mother, because, having heard the wheels of a carriage within the Court, and finding that no one came up, she began to fear lest by

mistake, arising from the lateness of the hour, I might be told that she could not receive me.

I was sensible of this attention, and the more so as the messenger was himself very fit to dispel apprehensions of a doubtful reception. M. de Beauharnais gave me his arm, and we entered the large *salon* together. This fine apartment was so obscure that at first entering I saw no one in it; for it was lighted only by two chandeliers placed on the mantelpiece, and surrounded with gauze to soften the glare. I was very nervous on entering; but an observation from Eugène de Beauharnais contributed wonderfully to restore my composure.

"You have nothing to fear," said he; "my mother and sister are so kind!" These words made me start; no doubt I might experience that emotion which a young woman is so liable to feel at a first presentation to strangers, especially when she has some reason to imagine that she may not be very cordially received; but my spirits recovered surprisingly.

Madame Bonaparte was in the same place which she then occupied as mistress of the house, and where afterward she was seated as sovereign of the world; I found her before a tapestry frame prosecuting a work, three-fourths of which was performed by Mademoiselle Dubuquoy, whose ingenious hint that Marie Antoinette was fond of such employments had inspired Josephine's inclination for them. At the other side of the chimney sat Mademoiselle Hortense de Beauharnais, an amiable, mild, agreeable girl, with the figure of a nymph and beautiful light hair. Her gracious manners and gentle words were irresistibly pleasing.

The First Consul was standing before the chimney with his hands behind him, fidgeting as he had already the habit of doing; his eyes were fixed upon me, and as soon as I recovered my self-possession I found that he was closely examining me; but from that moment I determined not to be abashed, as to allow myself to be overcome by fantastic fears with such a man would be ruin.

Madame Bonaparte stood up, came forward, took my two hands and embraced me, saying that I might depend upon her friendship. "I have been too long Junot's friend," she continued, "not to entertain the same sen-

timents for his wife, particularly for the one he has chosen." "Oh, oh! Josephine," said the First Consul, "that is running on very fast! How do you know that this little pickle is worth loving? Well, Mademoiselle Loulou (you see I do not forget the names of my old friends), have you not a word for me?"

He had taken my hand, and, drawing me toward him, looked at me with a scrutiny which for a moment made me cast down my eyes, but I recollected myself immediately. "General," I replied, smiling, "it is not for me to speak first." The slight contraction of his brow would have been imperceptible to any other person, but I knew his countenance well: he smiled almost instantly, and said, "Very well parried. Oh, the mother's spirit. Apropos, how is Madame Permon?" "She suffers much; for two years past her health has altered so seriously as to cause us great uneasiness." "Indeed! so bad as that; I am sorry to hear it, very sorry; make my regards to her. It is a wrong head—a devil of a spirit;* but she has a generous heart and a noble soul."

I withdrew my hand, which he had held during this short colloquy, and took my seat near Madame Bonaparte. The conversation became general and very agreeable. Duroc came in, and took part in it. Madame Bonaparte said little on subjects she did not understand, and thereby avoided exposing her ignorance. Her daughter, without saying more than is becoming in a young girl, had the talent of sustaining the conversation on agreeable topics.

M. de Cobentzel was expected at Paris, and his arrival was spoken of. Madame Bonaparte said that she had heard some one observe upon the astonishing resemblance between Count Louis de Cobentzel and Mirabeau. "Who said that?" asked the First Consul hastily. "I do not exactly recollect. Barras, I think." "And where had Barras seen M. de Cobentzel? Mirabeau! he was ugly; M. de Cobentzel is ugly—there is all the resemblance. *Eh, pardieu!* you know him, Junot; you were with him at our famous treaty, and Duroc, too. But you never saw Mirabeau. He was a rogue, but a clever rogue! he

*I have already said that I shall preserve the turn of Napoleon's phrases and his manner of speaking; it was original, and at once Oriental and *bourgeoise*.

himself did more mischief to the former masters of this house than the States-General altogether. But he was a rogue." Here he took a pinch of snuff, repeating, "He was a bad man, and too vicious to be tribune of the people; not but in my tribunate there were some no better than he, and without half his talent. As for Count Louis de Cobentzel——"

He took another pinch of snuff, and was about to resume his observations, but stopped as if struck by a sudden reflection. He thought, perhaps, that the first magistrate of the Republic should not so lightly give his opinion upon a man just named by a great Power to treat with him. He stopped then with a sentence half uttered, and, turning to me, said:

"I hope that we shall often see you, Madame Junot. My intention is to draw round me a numerous family, consisting of my generals and their young wives. They will be friends of my wife and of Hortense, as their husbands are mine. Does that suit you? I warn you that you will be disappointed if you expect to find here your fine acquaintances, of the Faubourg Saint Germain. I do not like them. They are my enemies, and prove it by defaming me. Tell them from me, as your mother lives among them — tell them that I am not afraid of them."

This sentence, spoken with harshness, gave me uneasiness from two causes: it was disobliging both to Junot and to me; it seemed to reproach him for taking a wife from a hostile society, and to hint that I came into his own with unfriendly disposition. I could not forbear answering, perhaps hastily:

"General, excuse me if I cannot consent to do what is not in the province of a woman, and particularly in that of General Junot's wife; and permit me to carry from you to my friends only messages of peace and union; I know that they desire no others."

I would not interrupt the relation of this interesting interview to describe the person and manners of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, but I think it would be an injustice both to her and my readers to omit to describe her as she appeared at my first introduction to her. Hortense de Beauharnais was at this time seventeen years old; she was fresh as a rose, and though her

fair complexion was not relieved by much color, she had enough to produce that freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty; a profusion of light hair played in silky locks round her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her figure, slender as a palm tree, was set off by the elegant carriage of her head; her feet were small and pretty; her hands very white, with pink, well-rounded nails.

But what formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners, which united the creole languor with the vivacity of France. She was gay, gentle, and amiable; she had wit, which, without the smallest ill-temper, had just malice enough to be amusing. A careful education had improved her natural talents; she drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. In 1800 she was a charming young girl; she afterward became one of the most amiable princesses of Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I never knew one who had any pretensions to equal talent.

She was beloved by everyone, though, of all who surrounded her, her mother seemed to be the least conscious of her attractions. I do not mean to say that she did not love her, but certainly she did not express that degree of maternal affection which Hortense de Beauharnais merited. Her brother loved her tenderly: the First Consul looked upon her as his child; and it was only in that country so fertile in the inventions of scandal that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined, as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct toward her. The vile calumny met with the contempt it merited, and is now only remembered to be confuted.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Wedding Ball — List of Guests — Swearing — Invitation to the First Consul — His Visiting Cards — Diplomatic Breakfast — Visit to the Tuileries, and Invitation to Madame Bonaparte — The Monaco and Les Deux Coqs — The First Consul's Closet — Charm of His Physiognomy — The First Consul Accepts an Invitation to the Ball — The First Anniversary of the 18th of Brumaire, and the Ball Deferred — M. de Caulaincourt's Indiscretion.

MY MOTHER had determined to give a ball on the fifteenth day after my marriage; it was an ancient custom, and though not now the fashion, she would by no means forego it. One evening when we had dined with her, she required our assistance in arranging her plans: "For this ball," said she, "must be one of the prettiest that has been given this long time past; my house, it is true, is very small, but it must be turned into an enchanted parterre of flowers. Come, take your place at the desk, Madame Laurette, and make out our list of invitations, for all your husband's friends must be of the party." Junot thanked her, and kissed her hand.

"Oh! surely," she replied, "your friends are my friends now, only they swear rather too much; and you, I have been told, can do so, too, when you are angry. You must leave off that ugly habit; it does not become a gentleman." Junot laughed, and held up his finger to me. "What, because she tells me that you swear?" said my mother. "No, I hope she will never cease to pour all her confidence into my maternal ear; besides, remember, she has not yet made acquaintance enough with your ear for it to supplant mine; but come, to work."

Junot took the pen, and wrote down all the names of the ladies, beginning with Madame Bonaparte and Mademoiselle de Beauharnais. He then waited for the name with which my mother would commence the list of gentlemen.

"The First Consul of the French Republic, One and Indivisible; is not that the style?" said my mother. "The First Consul!" we exclaimed together. "Yes, the

First Consul; is there anything astonishing in that? I am tired of being on bad terms with anyone, and besides ——" "And besides," said Junot, laughing, "you think that perhaps you were more in the wrong than he."

"No, no," said my mother; "that is quite another affair. He was in the wrong altogether; but I considered that, as Laurette might be daily in his society, this sort of quarrels might produce disagreeable effects for her, and I wished to prevent that—was I not right?" We embraced her. "But the invitation," she added, "is not all. Do you think he will accept it? do you think he will come?" "I am sure of it; only name the hour that will suit you best, and I will come to fetch you," said Junot, enchanted at this prospect of reconciliation between his mother-in-law and his beloved General.

My mother looked at him with an air of astonishment perfectly laughable. "Fetch me! to go where?" "Where!" returned Junot, as much surprised in his turn; "to the Tuileries, to tender your invitation to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte." "My dear Junot," said my mother, with the utmost seriousness and *sang-froid*, "you are quite, nay, perfectly mad." "It seems to me that what I say is, nevertheless, very sensible; that nothing, in fact, can be more reasonable," replied Junot, somewhat disconcerted by the apostrophe. "And I tell you, you are mad. Would you have me go to request General Bonaparte to come again to my house, after having forbidden his appearance there?"

"How, then, do you propose to invite him?" asked Junot, with an accent impossible to describe. "Truly, how should I invite him? Precisely in the same manner as I do everyone else, except that the card shall be all in writing, and I will write it all in my own neat hand, which he knows perfectly well."

Junot strode up and down the room, exclaiming, "But that cannot be! You had better not invite him at all! He will think that you intend him a disrespect." "He would be much mistaken, then. But he would think no such thing; and you will see that, after having received my note of invitation, he will do as all well-bred men would; he will call on me before the ball, or at least he will have a card left at the door." "Do you think, then," said Junot, in the utmost surprise, "that he keeps

visiting cards?" "And why not? My dear child, because Bonaparte gains battles, is that any reason that he should not visit?"

For a long time my inclination to laugh had been suppressed with the utmost difficulty; Albert, throwing himself back in his armchair, had given way to his from the first; and this last observation, together with the stupefied astonishment of Junot, who, with his mouth half open, could not find words to answer, was altogether too much for my gravity, and I burst into one of those fits of wild mirth which one only enjoys at sixteen. My mother and Junot were still no less serious, my mother at intervals murmuring, "I do not see why he should not visit, and certainly I shall not go first."

My brother and I became by degrees more reasonable, seeing that she was perfectly in earnest, and certainly intended that the First Consul should come first to her. Now, it is true that not even a thought of royalty was yet attached to his name, but already for twelve months he had exercised the supreme authority of the State; and this power had placed him on an elevation which appeared quite natural and becoming to him; he was there because it was his proper place.

Albert knew my mother's character, and that by further opposition we should irritate without persuading her; he therefore sat down to the desk, and requested her to dictate her list, which she did with as much self-possession and composure as if the First Consul had never existed. The list consisted of seventy men and forty ladies—a large number for so small a house; but then, as now, it was a pleasure to be crowded, and the greatest approbation that could be expressed the day after a ball was, "What a charming *fête!* we were almost suffocated!"

The next morning Albert breakfasted with us, and it was resolved in our little council that we should all three proceed immediately to the Tuileries, and, in my mother's name, make our personal request to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte to honor with their presence the ball my family were to give on the occasion of my marriage, taking good care to say nothing of the written invitations which had been intrusted to me for delivery.

Madame Bonaparte received us in the most gracious manner; it was in such cases that she appeared to the utmost advantage. She had already gone through all that a royal novitiate demanded, and it can scarcely be imagined with what ease she stepped into the station of Queen. She accepted our invitation for herself and Mademoiselle de Beauharnais; the latter, she said, was absent from the Tuileries. She seemed, however, by no means willing that we should extend our invitation to the First Consul. "He has been," she said, "but to two *fêtes* since his entry upon the Consulate — the one at Morfontaine, where policy led him to meet the American envoy; the other was the *fête* given him by the Consul Cambacérès on his return from Marengo; and besides," added she, "he dances but little."

"My sister," said Albert, with his natural mildness of manner, "will not readily admit that; the First Consul has often, VERY OFTEN, danced the *Monaco* and *Les Deux Coqs* with Laurette, to the sound of my eldest sister's piano. Do you know Madame, that we may claim almost the rights of fraternity with General Bonaparte?" "Yes, he has often told me so," she replied, with an affectation of friendliness. But this was not true, for I know that the First Consul never spoke of my mother to Madame Bonaparte, except when she herself led to the subject, which she was not fond of doing.

After taking leave of Madame Bonaparte, we proceeded by the staircase of the Pavilion of Flora to the apartments of the First Consul. The aid-de-camp in waiting observed that the hour of admission was past. "But I have an appointment," said Junot. "And madame?" asked the aid-de-camp. He was the unfortunate Lacuée, killed at Austerlitz, nephew of the Comte de Cessac, and cousin of M. de Beausset.

"We are too recently married, my friend," replied Junot, "to be more than one and the same person; therefore announce me, if you please; and though ladies do not often come to trouble your hermitage, show that you know how to be gallant, and give my wife your arm." When the door was opened, and the First Consul saw me, he said, smiling very good-humoredly, "What means this family deputation? — there is only Madame Permon wanting to its completion. Is she afraid of the Tuileries, or of me?"

"General," said my husband immediately, "Madame Permon would gladly have joined us, but she is very ill, and finds it impossible to leave her chamber to come to request a favor of you, which she is very desirous to obtain. My wife is charged to address to you her petition in form."

The First Consul turned toward me with a smile saying, "Well, let me hear. What do you wish for?" It is difficult, if not impossible, to describe the charm of his countenance when he smiled with a feeling of benevolence. His soul was upon his lips and in his eyes. The magic power of that expression at a later period is well known; the Emperor of Russia had experienced it when he said to me, "I never loved anyone more than that man!"

I told the General what had been agreed upon, and had scarcely ended my little harangue, when he took my two hands, and said, "Well, I shall certainly be at this ball. Did you expect I should refuse? I shall go most willingly." Then he added a phrase which he often repeated: "Though I shall be in the midst of my enemies; for your mother's drawing-room, they tell me, is full of them."

Junot now made a sign to us to take leave; we accordingly made our parting salutations, and the First Consul, after pressing my brother's hand with as much cordiality as if we were still in my father's house, inquired on what day this ball should take place. "Next Monday, General; it is, I believe, the 10th of November."

"What! the 10th of November," said the First Consul, going to his escritoire; "that seems to me to be some particular day; let me see;" and as he spoke he found the calendar he was seeking. "I thought so," he added, on consulting it. "The 10th of November is the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire, and I cannot join a party on that day. Your mother will have no company; your acquaintance of the Faubourg Saint Germain will certainly not quit their retreats to make a festival of the anniversary of the re-establishment of the Republic. What concerns me personally," and his countenance as he spoke assumed an expression serious and severe, "is of little consequence, but I must see the Republic respected; it would not, therefore, be suitable that the anniversary of the day which restored it to us entire

should be celebrated otherwise than as a family festival. I do not refuse Madame Permon's invitation if you will name another day."

The change was immediately resolved upon, and he himself named the 12th of November. "Do you receive Josephine?" he inquired. I answered that Madame Bonaparte had accepted for herself and her daughter the invitation which my mother, to her great regret, had not been able to give in person.

"Oh, I have no doubt but Madame Permon is ill," said the First Consul; "but there is idleness, if not some other motive, which I will not mention in her absence. Is there not, Madame Loulou?" And so saying, he pulled my ear and hair till he made my eyes water, which I was not sorry for, as it furnished an excuse for not answering this blunt interpolation, and for the color which flushed my cheeks. While this was passing between us and the future master of the world, another scene took place in the apartments of Madame Bonaparte below stairs.

M. de Caulaincourt paid his court very attentively to Madame Bonaparte; an old friendship or relationship between them was connected with a remembrance of protection on his part, and of gratitude on hers. She was, in consequence, on very good terms with my adopted godfather, and almost every morning the pony, with its velvet saddle and gilded bridle, trotted from the Rue des Capuchins to the Tuileries.

Here it arrived on the morning of our visit, just as we had left Madame Bonaparte, and the conversation naturally falling upon the invitation we had brought, M. de Caulaincourt, to whom my mother had related all that had passed on the preceding night, glorying in the firm stand she had made in favor of a written invitation, unceremoniously accused me of having mistaken my instructions, and very innocently repeated to Madame Bonaparte all that he had learned from my mother, of whose plans he perfectly approved. This unlucky incident produced a rather awkward dénouement on our return to the *salon;* but our apologies were graciously accepted, and whether or not the truth ever reached the ears of the First Consul it produced no visible result.

My mother easily perceived that it would be ridiculous for her to celebrate the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire; the change which we had made in the day consequently received her perfect acquiescence, and passed off without any observation.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The Ball and the Flowers — The First Country-Dance — Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, Mademoiselle de Perigord, Mademoiselle de Caseaux and Myself — The Minuet de la Reine and the Gavotte — The Fine Dancers — Madame Leclerc and the Toilet of Madame Bonaparte — Noise of Horses and the Arrival of the First Consul — The Dance Interrupted — The First Consul's Gray Overcoat — Long Conversation between the First Consul and M. de Talleyrand — M. Laffitte and the Three-Cornered Hat — M. de Trénis and the Grand Bow — The First Consul Listening to a Dancing Lesson — Bonaparte Not Fond of Long Speeches — Interesting Conversation between Bonaparte and My Mother — Jerome, His Debts, His Beard, and Superfluous Traveling Case.

ALL was preparation in my mother's house for the expected ball, which she intended should be one of the most agreeable to be given this year in Paris. Our friends also looked forward to it with impatience. My mother had already refused the requests of about forty men and twelve women for tickets. She was delighted when such requests were made to her. The arrangements for ornamenting the house were perfect; and when at length all the trees, plants, and flowers assumed the places her taste appointed them, and innumerable lights shone among them from lamps of every color, the staircase and hall perfectly resembled an enchanted palace.

Madame Bonaparte arrived about nine o'clock, accompanied by her son and daughter, and led by Colonel Rapp. My mother met her in the middle of the dining-room; the other ladies she received at the door of the *salon*. She was polite and gracious to everyone, as she so well knew how to be. She conducted Madame Bonaparte to the armchair on the right of the fireplace, and begged her, with the hospitable grace of the South, to

make herself perfectly at home. She must have appeared to her, what she actually was, a very agreeable and charming woman.

My mother was, perhaps, the prettiest woman in the room, after the First Consul's two sisters. She had been for some time in better health, and the respite from suffering had restored to her features that harmony and regularity in which her beauty consisted. She wore on that evening a dress, made by Madame Germon, of white crape, trimmed with bunches of double jonquils. Its form was Grecian, folding over the bosom, and fastened on the shoulders with two diamond clasps. Her headdress had a degree of eccentricity in its composition which became her admirably.

As she could not, or rather did not, choose to appear on the occasion of my marriage with her hair wholly uncovered, she had a toque of white crape (made by Leroi, who then lived in the Rue des Petits-Champs, and had already acquired some reputation), through the folds of which her fine black hair appeared, resembling velvet, intermingled with bunches of jonquil, like those which trimmed her gown. She wore in her bosom a large bouquet of jonquils and natural violets, furnished by Madame Roux, but exhibited neither necklace nor jewels of any kind except two very fine diamond drops in her ears. This attire was set off by a person whose elegance of figure and manner were at least her most striking ornament.

At a quarter before nine o'clock Junot went to the Tuileries to be ready to attend the First Consul to my mother's, but found him so overwhelmed with business that it was impossible for him to name the hour at which he could arrive; but he was desired to request as a favor that the dancing might commence, the First Consul giving his assurance that he would certainly come, however late he might be compelled to make his visit.

The ball, then, was opened at half-past nine. Junot danced with Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, Eugène de Beauharnais with me, Hippolyte de Rastignac with Mademoiselle de Caseaux, and Mademoiselle de P—— with M. Dupaty. M. de Trénis was not yet arrived, nor M. Laffitte. These gentlemen were at this time in the extreme of everything that is inconceivable; and to join a

party at two or three o'clock in the morning was nothing unusual with them.

I had this evening, in the opinion of my mother and all our old friends, an important duty to fulfill: it was to dance the *minuet de la cour* and the *gavotte.* For three weeks Gardel's long lessons had been renewed, that this minuet, which with my whole soul I detested, might be executed in perfection. I had entreated my mother to spare me this painful exhibition, but to no purpose. Not to dance the *minuet de la Reine* at a bridal ball would have been a dereliction of all established customs, which she could not by any means sanction.

M. de Trénis belonged to our society: he was a worthy man, and far from meriting the character which he gave himself of being nothing but a dancer. He possessed much information and some wit; natural good sense and a correct judgment, very capable of appreciating the ridiculous extravagance of his own words; that of his dress, though in the height of fashion, was by no means so exaggerated. As of all the fine dancers of the day, he was the one with whom we were the most acquainted, I had engaged him to dance the *minuet de la cour* with me, hoping to be less timid with him than with M. Laffitte or M. Dupaty.

At half-past ten General Bonaparte was not arrived; everyone else was, and the five rooms in my mother's suite of apartments were much more than conveniently crowded. All the Bonaparte family except Joseph, who, I believe, was then at Luneville, came early.

Madame Leclerc, always beautiful and elegant, had taken her seat at a distance from her sister-in-law, whose exquisite taste in dress never failed to put her out of conceit with her own appearance, how carefully soever her toilet had been performed. "I do not understand," said she to me, "how a person forty years old can wear garlands of flowers!"

Madame Bonaparte had a wreath of poppies and golden ears of corn upon her head, and her dress was trimmed with the same. I was afraid that she would foolishly make the same compliment to my mother, and unwilling that a stupid remark should spoil the pleasure of the evening, I answered that my mother, who was older than Madame Bonaparte, had also flowers on her head and

round her gown. Madame Leclerc looked at me with an air of astonishment. "But it is quite different — quite a different thing," said she.

At a few minutes before eleven the trampling of the First Consul's horse guards was heard. Very soon afterward the carriage drove up to the door, and almost immediately he appeared at the entrance of the dining-room with Albert and Junot, who had received him in the hall. My mother advanced toward him, and saluted him with her most courteous obeisance, to which he replied with a smile:

"Eh, Madame Permon, is that how you receive an old friend?" and held out his hand. My mother gave him hers, and they entered the ballroom together. The heat was excessive. The First Consul remarked it, but without taking off his gray overcoat, and was on the point of making the tour of the room, but his searching eye had already observed that many of the ladies present had not risen at his entrance; he was offended, and passed immediately into the bedroom, still retaining my mother's arm, and appearing to look at her with admiration.

Dancing had been discontinued as soon as he appeared, and Bonaparte soon perceived it by the stillness of the *salon*, from whence issued only the murmuring sounds produced by the observations made upon him in an undertone.

"Pray, Madame Permon," said he, "let the dancing be resumed; young people must be amused, and dancing is their favorite pastime. I am told, by the by, that your daughter dances as well as Mademoiselle Chameroi. I must see it. And if you will, you and I will dance the *Monaco* — the only one I know."

"I have not danced these thirty years," replied my mother.

"Oh, you are jesting. You look to-night like your daughter's sister."

M. de Talleyrand was of the party. The First Consul, after having spoken to us all in the most agreeable manner, entered into a conversation with him in my mother's bedroom, which lasted without interruption for three-quarters of an hour. Toward midnight he returned to the *salon*, and appeared determined to make himself perfectly agreeable to everyone.

How great soever my reluctance to dance this unfortunate minuet, I had no choice but to answer to the summons of my mother, who, without concerning herself whether I was maid or wife, expected me to be always obedient to her commands. For a moment I thought myself safe. M. de Trénis was called for, but could nowhere be found. I went to tell my mother, but gained nothing. M. Laffitte was requested to supply his place. He had no hat; my mother soon found him one.

All these difficulties removed, I at length went through the dreaded minuet, having whispered to Gardel not to allow the gavotte to be played, and reckoned my last courtesy a real happiness. M. Laffitte was reconducting me to my seat, holding in one hand an enormous three-cornered hat that he had borrowed of I know not whom, and leading me with the other, when we met M. de Trénis. He looked at me with so terrible an air that I became uneasy for the consequences of having danced the minuet with another person. I told him mildly that I had waited till past midnight, and that my mother had at length required that I should dance with M. Laffitte. "I hope, my dear sir, that you will forget this nonobservance of my engagement, and particularly as your absence was its sole cause."

He acquiesced in his disappointment, and, seating himself between my friend Mademoiselle de Merigny and myself, commenced a most ludicrous harangue upon the regret he experienced, which was the greater on account of my share of the loss; "for I shall never, never forget the spectacle I saw," added he. I was alarmed, and entreated an explanation, which, after listening to most high-flown compliments on the excellence of my own dancing, I obtained at length in the following terms:

"That you should dance a minuet with a man — a good dancer, no doubt; yes, he dances well, but if he dance a country dance well — he never, never in his life, knew how to make the grand bow with the hat — he cannot make the grand bow."

Mademoiselle de Merigny and I could not help laughing. But M. de Trénis was too deep in his subject to attend to our merriment. "That seems to surprise you," he continued; "I can easily believe it. Not to know how to put on one's hat! — for that is the science — it is not

difficult to explain — stay — give me leave." Then, taking us both by the hand, he led us to my mother's room, where there were but few persons, and placing himself before the pier glass, hummed the close of the minuet air, and began the salute with the most perfect gravity, putting on his cocked hat with all the effect so important an affair demanded.

The laughing fit returned with redoubled force; but the comedy was not yet complete. Junot had joined us, and the First Consul, whose presence had not as yet caused us any constraint on account of his close conversation with M. de Talleyrand, now stepped gently behind M. de Trénis to share the amusement with which this original was providing us. He made a sign to Junot to engage him in conversation, which was easy, if dancing were the subject, provided, however, that it were seriously treated. For he never laughed, he said, unless the air of a country dance was very gay, and then the orchestra compelled him to smile. "How do you agree with M. Laffitte? said Junot, with as serious a countenance as he could command.

"Why," replied he, "as well as two men of talent can be supposed to agree when so nearly upon an equality. But he is an honest fellow, not at all envious of my success. It is true that his own may well render him indulgent. His dance is lively and powerful. He has the advantage over me in the first eight measures of Panurge's gavotte. But in the jetés! oh! there he has no chance: he has nerve, but I have grace."

The First Consul opened his eyes and ears, altogether unaccustomed to such rant. "It is prodigious," said he at length; "this man is much more irrational than many who are confined in mad houses. Is he a friend of yours?"

"Not exactly; but he is an intimate acquaintance — that is to say, we see him twice a week. But, except at a ball, he never talks of dancing, and can reason cleverly upon the manners of ancient Greece; it is a portion of history he has very much studied. He speaks several languages, and, Albert says, is worth more than his reputation."

Bonaparte never listened to so long a discourse; I have learned that it never answered to make long speeches

to him. He had returned to his place near M. de Talleyrand; I saw by the direction of his eyes that he was speaking of M. de Trénis. He met my eyes fixed upon him, and called me to him, to make me a compliment on my mother's ball; his praises seemed almost a reproach. My mother had been perfectly polite to him; but it appeared to me that she should have been more cordial.

I went to her, and, persuading her to walk with me, led her toward her own chamber, where I found the First Consul on the spot where I had quitted him; but Junot and M. de Villemanzy had replaced M. de Talleyrand. As soon as the First Consul saw my mother, he went direct to her, and said, "Well, Madame Permon, what have you to say to one of your old friends? It seems to me that you easily forget them. Do you know, I thought you very hard the other evening, and at the very time one of your friends held his knife in readiness?"

"Oh, horrible!" exclaimed my mother; "how can you, Napoleon, say such things?—*Per Dio tacete! tacete!*"

"But why would you not return my friendly salute? I took the first moment of recognizing you to make it."

My mother alleged the weakness of her eyes, and not without cause, for they became very useless in the last years of her life; but General Bonaparte would not be put off with this excuse. "What am I to think?" said he; "are we no longer friends?"

"*Non posso dimenticare, caro Napoleone, che siete figlio dell'amica; fratello del mio buon Giuseppe, del caro Luciano, e di Pauletta.*"—The First Consul made a movement, which I noticed, and replied with a bitter accent:

"So, then, if I still hold a place in your regard, I owe it to my mother and my brothers. It may well be said that to expect friendship from a woman is to expect the sands of the desert to remain fixed."

This discussion gave me pain; it seemed that my mother remembered that unfortunate quarrel excited by one of our cousins, who never could indemnify us for the affection which we lost through his means. The First Consul walked in silence toward the fire. My mother was seated upon a sofa opposite to him, her arms

crossed upon her bosom, and shaking her foot in the fashion which usually preceded a violent scene. Albert, going to and fro between the chamber and the *salon*, at this moment approached General Bonaparte to offer him an ice.

"I assure you," said he, "that neither Madame Permon nor myself require ice — indeed, I believe we are petrified; I knew very well that absence deadened remembrance, but not to such a point as this." He touched an unlucky string.

"Truly!" said my mother, with a constrained smile, but with her lips sufficiently opened to show her two-and-thirty pearls (on which General Bonaparte cast his eyes; he spoke of them to me the following day); — "truly! one may be permitted to forget after an interval of some years. Did you not wish to persuade me that it was difficult to remember, after a few days, an action which affected the fate of an entire life?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the First Consul, and his countenance darkened in an instant. He knit that brow, the movement of which already agitated the universe; his under lip pressed strongly against the other; and, joining his hands behind him, he walked a few paces without speaking; but all this was scarcely visible, as Junot and my brother told me, when I returned from joining in a country-dance. The First Consul promptly resumed his air of serenity, and, seating himself beside my mother, looked attentively at her hand, which he had taken to kiss.

"It seems to me that you do not correct any of your faults, Madame Permon?" and he pointed to the bitten nails of her fingers.

"No," said my mother, "they and I have grown old together. Leave all in its place; it is only you who are forbidden to remain as you are; you have still so many steps to climb before you reach the summit of your glory that to wish you repose would be to wish harm to ourselves."

"Do you really think as you speak?"

"You know my sincerity. I do not always say all I think; but I never say what I do not think. Have you forgotten my frankness?"

Bonaparte took my mother's hand and pressed it affec-

tionately. At this moment the clock struck two. He asked for his carriage.

"Will you not stay supper?" asked my mother.

"I cannot possibly," said he, with an accent of regret; "but I will come and see you again."

My mother smiled, and shook her head gently.

"Why that smile? do you doubt me, Madame Permon? If in this evening either of us has doubted the friendship of the other, I do not think it is I who should be accused of having caused that suspicion. Yes, I shall come and see you again. The Signora Lætitia shall bring me, since I must rest my claim to your regard upon her, or upon Joseph, or upon Lucien, or even upon Paulette; who knows? perhaps upon Jerôme. Speaking of that brave little citizen, you brought him up well while I was far off. I find him willful, and willful in bad things. The Signora Lætitia spoils him so totally that I much doubt whether he will mend where he now is."

To speak of Jerôme was to touch another chord which vibrated very sensibly on my mother's ear. "He is an excellent lad," said she—"all warmth of heart, and good sentiments. Jerôme is a true sailor; let him tan himself in the sea air, and he will return to you a Duguay-Trouin, or at least a Duquesne."

This was not the only time in the course of the evening that my mother had advanced an opinion with which she was not perfectly satisfied; but she loved Jerôme, I believe, almost as well as she loved me, and her partiality really went a great way. The First Consul was right when he said that at his return he found his brother singularly educated. The seniors of the family had taken care that everything should be in good order—that is to say, Jerôme was at the College of Juilly, and was frequently visited there by his family; but he still more frequently visited Paris himself to offer the respects of a young gentleman of fourteen to Mademoiselle Emilie and Mademoiselle Hortense de Beauharnais; then believing himself a man, the studies went on as they might.

Jerôme and I were of the same age; my mother, who coupled with his birth the unhappy circumstances of the death of M. Charles Bonaparte, loved him so much the more. In general, she had a warm affection for all the brothers, but had her preferences among them as

among the sisters. Madame Leclerc was her favorite, and to such a degree that I, who could not share her prejudice, often had warm discussions with her on the subject, in which perhaps jealousy might have its share.

At that time I loved Madame Murat the best of Napoleon's sisters, and Joseph and Lucien were, with the First Consul, those of the whole family whom I preferred. Jerôme had been very much loved, very much spoiled, not only by my mother, but by my brother, and, indeed, by all of us. I did not find that when he advanced in life, and consequently when his sentiments might be expected to develop themselves, he was to my mother in particular what he ought to have been. I do not accuse him, but I shall have future occasion to prove that I was not mistaken. But this, after all, is no crime.

The First Consul told us, while speaking of Jerôme, that he had contracted one of the oddest debts that could be imagined for a youth of fifteen. The First Consul was at Marengo: his brother was already in the service, but, being too young to take part in the campaign, was left in Paris. On the return of the First Consul, Bourrienne was presented with a number of bills, amounting in the whole to a considerable sum, the payment of which was pressing. Among others Biennais figured for eight or ten thousand francs. Great inquiries were made, and many reports were spread, as to how so large a debt could have arisen?

At length it was discovered that M. Jerôme Bonaparte had purchased of M. Biennais, Rue Saint Honoré, at the sign of the Singe Violet, a magnificent traveling case containing everything that could be invented by elegance and luxury, in gold, mother-of-pearl, silver, and ivory, the finest porcelains, and the most beautifully executed enamels; in short, the whole was a jewel. But one very essential thing was wanting to this dressing case, and that was a beard to make it useful; for whatever it contained would admit of no other application. Razors, shaving pots of all sizes in silver and china; combs for the moustaches; in short, every article of convenience for shaving, but the beard was wanting; and, unfortunately, the young man who was but fifteen had some long years to wait for it. The First Consul told this little history in a very entertaining style.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The Tribunes and Long Harangues — The Consular Court and the Roman Forum — M. Andrieux — Lucien, the Author of the 18th Brumaire — Depression of Lucien, and Remarkable Visit — Lord Malmesbury — Madame Bonaparte and Her Brother-in-law — Embarrassment of the First Consul — Lucien Announces His Departure — The Road to the Throne — Lucien's Children — Secrecy of Lucien's Journey — The Little Beggar — Portrait of Lucien — The Fléchelle Family and Injustice Repaired.

AT THE period of my marriage the Consular Court was rather singularly organized. Its arrangement was somewhat affected by the strong prejudices of the First Consul. He wished it to be in grand style, yet was fearful of incurring the reproach already directed against him by several tribunes, who, mistaking the PALAIS ROYAL (where equality no longer existed) for the Roman forum, delighted in making long harangues in which Cæsar, Brutus, Pericles, Solon, Aristides, and Lycurgus all found a place, but which had no more reference to the unfortunate French Republic than if its locality was beyond Tobolsk.

Lucien, immediately after the 18th Brumaire, was appointed Minister of the Interior. It is unfortunate that a prejudice, for it was certainly nothing else, prevented his being elected Second or Third Consul.

At first sight, the participation of two brothers in the Consulate would naturally lead to the conclusion that but one would direct the Executive; whereas, in reality, the national interest would have been far better defended than by a man such as the Consul Lebrun, who, unquestionably honest himself, was, nevertheless, too readily disposed to affirm every proposition, even of his second, and still more of his first colleague.

In accomplishing the events of the 18th Brumaire, at which he had labored with an influential activity, whose remembrance should never have deserted Napoleon, it cannot be doubted that Lucien believed his brother would confer on France a Government that should render her at once happy at home and great and formidable abroad. As for war, it was then looked upon merely as

a party of pleasure; in its prosecution, not only the glory but the good fortune of the French was calculated upon as certain.

In the interior, on the other hand, misery was at its height: although not in the Consulate, as Minister of the Interior much was in Lucien's power: the choice of prefects and of mayors; new municipal laws to be given to the communes; the whole mode of election to be reformed; manufacturers to be protected, which at that time were everywhere rising; new discoveries to be turned to account; and misery to be relieved by employment, the only alms which should be bestowed on the people — all this he foresaw, and undertook with courage and success. But he soon appeared sad and unhappy. Obstacles multiplied around him; he had spoken of them to my brother-in-law; my mother, who tenderly loved him, perceived it before he opened the subject. Lucien was unhappy, and doubly so through the means of his brother.

But in justice to Bonaparte, I must declare that he was unworthily deceived with respect to his brother; he was persuaded of the existence of facts entirely false. He was even inspired by someone with uneasiness for his personal safety. He never yielded to these suspicions, but the voice which accused his brother was one very dear to him. It was evident that he sought with avidity everything that could afford him a ray of consolation amid that perplexing obscurity with which others endeavored to fill up the distance that fate had just established between the two brothers — an interval which Lucien always respected, even when refusing to acknowledge it, but which the First Consul should have overlooked. A violent animosity had, however, arisen between Madame Bonaparte and her brothers-in-law, which not only interrupted the domestic happiness of this numerous family, but proved in the end a source of the greatest misfortune to herself.

I visited my mother every day, and frequently dined with her. One day that we had dined alone, Albert and M. de Geouffre being both absent, we had scarcely risen from the table when Lucien arrived. He was mournful, very serious, and appeared in deep thought. My mother remarking it, he admitted it, and told us he was

on the eve of departure, upon which my mother uttered an exclamation. «Did not you know it?» said he; «I take Geouffre with me.»

«If you wish to let me know your affairs by my son-in-law,» replied my mother, «command him to communicate them, for when you are in question he is a true Malmesbury.»*

«Yes, I am going,» said Lucien, crossing his arms over his bosom, and contemplating the fire with that sombre abstraction which indicates deep grief; «I am going! my counsels displease; and, moreover, there is at present a barrier between Napoleon and me which can never be removed, because it is beneath my character to justify myself, and thereby to recognize the legality of a tribunal which, on the contrary, I challenge. My brother believes the perfidious insinuations of a woman, with whom he ought to be too well acquainted to sacrifice his family to her; he suspects the fidelity of a brother whose devotedness has been the sole means of opening to him the road to a throne.»

«To a throne!» cried my mother.

Lucien replied only by a smile, at once melancholy and expressive. «Always remember, Madame Permon,» rejoined he, «that I certainly had no such thoughts on the 18th and 19th Brumaire.»

It may be well supposed that, in speaking afterward of Lucien to the First Consul, I was careful not to repeat this part of the conversation.

«Are you going far?» inquired my mother.

«I must not tell you; I ought not to have announced my departure. I request of Madame Junot not to speak of this conversation before her husband.»

* Lord Malmesbury was sent on a special mission to the Directory from England in the year vii., while M. de Talleyrand was Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is to be presumed that Lord Malmesbury's instructions were not very extensive, for at every word hazarded by Talleyrand — who, it may be observed, did not himself waste many — Lord Malmesbury uniformly replied: «Allow me to write home respecting that.» (*«Permettez que j'en écrive à ma cour.»*) And as we seldom fail to take advantage of the ridiculous, a caricature was exhibited, in which Talleyrand, stepping up to the English Ambassador, inquires how he is; and Lord Malmesbury shows him, according to the custom of caricatures, a long paper inscribed with the words: *«Permettez-moi d'en écrire à ma cour.»*

Some days afterward Lucien quitted Paris. A carriage, containing Arnaud, a miniature painter named Chatillon, and M. Felix Desporte, preceded him, and took the road to Amiens, while Lucien, in his berlin, with my brother-in-law, set out toward Bordeaux. He had with him his two little girls, the youngest of whom was still in arms; and on these two little beings he lavished all the cares of the most attentive woman.

My mother, learning that he was going to take his children, advised him to leave them with the kind and excellent Madame Joseph; but at the first word Lucien, starting from his chair, exclaimed: "No, no; I will not leave my children here; do not talk to me of separating from them! I may be accused of levity, of easy morals, but at least, neither mother, brothers, children, nor friends, shall ever have occasion to reproach my heart." He was much agitated; my mother embraced him and said, "Well, you are right; take these poor little ones; they are no longer blessed with a mother, and a fond father can alone supply her loss."

A messenger was dispatched after the carriage, which was journeying toward Amiens; it changed its course, and rejoined Lucien near Bordeaux. I know not the cause of all this mystery; perhaps it was designed to conceal from Austria, with whom negotiations were being carried on, the mission of the First Consul's brother as Ambassador to Spain. This could not, indeed, be kept secret above seven or eight days, but that is much in diplomatic relations; I state the facts as they occurred: Lucien arrived at Madrid, and replaced there two men whose abilities, when compared with his, made a very MÉDIOCRE appearance; these were Berthier and Alquier.

Some time after the departure of Lucien an affair was much talked of, and his enemies would fain have misrepresented it; but the following is the exact truth. The ages of the children are particularly accurate, a matter of some importance to the good or evil aspect of the story.

A boy, eleven years of age, neatly dressed, was standing in the Rue Des Petits Champs, near the Place Vendôme, and asking alms of persons in whose physiognomy he could descry a more than common share of humanity. A young man, wrapped up in a large blue greatcoat,

with knit pantaloons of gray silk, a round hat, and gold spectacles, casually looked upon the child as he passed. There was kindness in his countenance, and his smile emboldened the poor little importunate to hold out his hand; the gentleman frowned, yet gave him a coin of *douze sous* (sixpence).

"Why do you beg, child?" said he in a severe tone. The poor child began to cry, pointing with his finger to a woman and two little girls, the eldest of whom was ten, and the other nine, seated on the stone bench of the house which then stood in a little recess, where the passage to the Jacobin market now is.

"These are my mother and sisters," said he, sobbing. "My father is very ill, and I have a little brother younger than my sisters; I cannot work, and we must eat, and give my father his barley water: how can this be done if I do not beg?"

The gentleman, overcome with such a tale of misery, approached the woman, asked her some questions, and, having taken her address, left her a louis d'or.

On his return to the Home Department, Lucien, who has no doubt been recognized in the portrait I have just drawn, charged a confidential person to make inquiries respecting the Fléchelle family. The result of these inquiries was not only satisfactory, but of a nature to extort a blush from the Government, had it been possible for the Directory to blush for its evil deeds. Fléchelle had been employed in the grant office, where his conduct was irreproachable, but in consequence of one of those intrigues too common under a venal Government he was dismissed without pension or indemnity; and, as security against his complaints, was culumniated to the Minister of the day, who refused even to see him.

This man had four children, and from an easy competence his family were suddenly plunged into absolute destitution. Overwhelmed with grief, the vigilance of his wife alone defeated an attempt at suicide, and soon remorse occasioned an illness. Lucien the next day sent them, through his confidential agent, a hundred francs, and an abundant provision of sugar, coffee, candles, oil, etc., a cartload of wood, and a sack of coals: he also conferred on Fléchelle, as a just indemnity, the brevet of a place at the *barrières*, worth two thousand francs.

The agitating joy of the news proved too much for the father, enfeebled by long illness; he died, and left his family again exposed to misery. Lucien, immersed in cares at the moment of his departure for Spain, was unable then to assist them, but the excellent Mrs. Anson, meeting with this desolate family, became a second consoling and succoring angel to them.

Attempts were made to report the story at Malmaison in a very different light: I took the liberty of representing the truth. "The young girls are not sixteen or seventeen years of age," said I to Madame Bonaparte, "for I have seen them." "Then I have been deceived," replied she; "but you have much affected me by the misfortunes of this poor family; give me Madame Flé-chelle's address, for I will send to her to-morrow; I wish to have my part in the good work." She sent them, I believe, forty francs. Madame Bonaparte was often compassionate, but the indiscriminate nature of her protection and her recommendations often made her ridiculous, even in the eyes of those to whom she was benevolent.

CHAPTER L.

Madame Bonaparte's Apartments — Functions of M. de Benezeck and the Republicans — The Aids-de-Camp — Chamberlains — The Grand Dinners at the Tuileries — Improvement of Morals — The Ladies of the Emigration — Installation at the Tuileries — The Two Processions — General Lannes's Broth — The Fortnightly Parades — Intercourse of the First Consul with the Soldiers — My Cashmere Shawl, and My Father-in-law's Watch — The Swedish Minister and the Batiste Handkerchief — Bonaparte, a Drummer, and the Saber of Honor — The Baron d'Ernsworth — The King of Spain's Horses — The Diplomatic Corps in 1800 — M. de Lucchesini and the Italian Harangue.

MADAME BONAPARTE occupied the whole ground floor of the Tuileries, which was afterward her residence as Empress, and also that of Maria Louisa. Adjoining her dressing room was the small apartment of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, consisting of her bedchamber, and a study scarcely of sufficient dimensions to render the smell of her oil paints endurable, when she

this winter* painted her brother's portrait. The apartments of Madame Bonaparte were furnished tastefully, but without luxury; the great reception *salon* was hung with yellow draperies; the movable furniture was damask, the fringes of silk, and the wood mahogany. No gold was to be seen. The other rooms were not more richly decorated; all was new and elegant, but no more. The apartments of Madame Bonaparte, however, were destined only for private parties and morning visits.

The larger assemblies were held upstairs. As yet there was neither Chamberlain nor Prefect of the Palace; an old Counselor of State, formerly Minister of the Interior, M. de Benezeck, was charged with the internal administration of the palace, which was at first a little difficult to introduce among what remained of true Republicanism. The functions of M. de Benezeck embraced those afterward divided between the Grand Chamberlain and the Master of the Ceremonies. The *maîtres d'hôtel* and ushers performed the subaltern offices, and the *aides-de-camp* supplied the place of chamberlains.

The First Consul was in the habit of inviting two hundred persons every ten days to dine with him. These dinners were given in the Gallery of Diana, and the guests were of all ranks and classes, always including the Diplomatic Body, which at this time was become tolerably numerous. The wives of civil functionaries, of generals and colonels, formed the society, for as yet no one ventured to say the Court, of Madame Bonaparte. The General was rigid in the choice he made, not for his quintidian routs, but for the private and frequent invitations to Malmaison, and afterward to Saint Cloud. It is a fact, which only prejudiced minds will dispute, that the First Consul wished to perpetuate, as far as lay in his power, the amelioration of morals produced by the Revolution. This will perhaps excite a smile in the perusal; nevertheless, it is certain that the morals of the existing generation have been retempered by the Revolution.

* This same winter of 1800 the Tuileries caught fire, and Mademoiselle Beauharnais's portrait of her brother, which was a speaking likeness, was consumed. The fire was falsely imputed to incendiaries, but was occasioned by ill-constructed flues.

In 1800, when the Court of the Tuileries was formed, society wore an appearance of morality and domestic virtue which it had never before displayed in France. The Noblesse, or what was at length by common consent denominated the FAUBOURG SAINT GERMAIN, was constrained to follow the general current, although here again some exceptions were known in ladies who founded their fame on the importation of follies from Brussels, Coblentz, etc., and afterward from England.

Eventually, the Imperial Court, like all else pertaining to sovereignty, spread its malign influence. It was, however, comparatively but little open to censure, as the Emperor exercised a magical sway over every woman admitted to his Court.

When the different powers had adopted the new Constitution proposed after the 18th Brumaire, and which I believe was the fourth they were called upon to sanction, the Government quitted the Luxembourg for the Tuileries. It may be observed that the First Consul, who had at first lodged the Third Consul in the Pavilion of Flora, soon retook sole possession of it, and M. Lebrun, like Cambacérès, retired to the occupation of a private house. The whole Consular Triumvirate, however, was present at the reception of ambassadors or of national bodies. The 30th Pluviose, in the year viii. (19th February, 1800), the First Consul took possession of the palace of the kings, which, indeed, from the commencement of the Revolution, had been occupied by the National Representatives. At this time the Constitution of the 18th Brumaire exalted the Consular power above all other national authorities; it represented in itself the French people; and such an authority required a suitable abode.

Anyone who had witnessed the removal from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries on the 30th Pluviose of the year viii., if he had then fallen asleep to the sound of military music, playing all our patriotic airs, and had been awakened by the thunder of cannon on the morning of the 2d of December, announcing that the Emperor Napoleon was about to be crowned by the Pope in Notre Dame, would have discovered a curious contrast between the two processions. In the first, on account of the scarcity of private carriages at that time in Paris,

it was necessary to engage for councillors of state and senators hackney coaches, whose numbers were covered with white paper, producing an effect far more ludicrous than if the numbers had remained visible.

On the day of his installation at the Tuileries, scarcely had the First Consul arrived before he mounted his horse and held a review in the court of the palace, which was not then surrounded by a railing, but inclosed by ill-jointed boards; and the Place du Carrousel was then small and very irregular. The change was rapid; a word from Napoleon was sufficient.

The First Consul admitted that he was happy during his reviews. "And you, too, I am sure, are well content while I am with your conscripts," said he one day to General Lannes. "You do not grumble because the parade retards our dinner for an hour." "Oh dear no!" replied General Lannes, "it is all alike to me, whether I eat my soup warm or cold, provided you will set us to work at making a hot broth for those rascally English."

He had an aversion for the English that I have never observed in any other general of the Emperor's army, even of those who had fought under the Republic.

The quintidians (for we must speak the language of the period) were chosen for reviews, or rather for parades, in the court of the Tuileries. These parades were a spectacle worth seeing, especially during the Consulate. Under the Empire they might be more magnificent; but in 1800 their splendor was wholly national. It was the glory of France that we contemplated in those squadrons and battalions, which, whether composed of conscripts or veterans, equally impressed with fear the foreigner who surveyed them from the windows of the palace; for the ardor of the young troops was fostered by constantly beholding the old musketeers of the Consular Guard covered with scars.

The First Consul took pleasure in these reviews, which would sometimes occupy him for five hours together, without a moment's interval of repose. All the regiments in France came alternately to Paris and passed in review with the Guards every fortnight at noon. The First Consul was on these occasions always attended by the aid-de-camp on duty, the Minister of War, the General commanding the first Division, and the Command-

ant of Paris, the Commissary-General, the Commissaries of War attached to the city of Paris; in short, all persons to whom orders must be immediately transmitted, in case the First Consul should, in the course of the inspection, find any alteration or improvement requisite. By this means no delay could arise in the communication of orders: everything was done instantaneously and satisfactorily, for it was well understood that the eye of the chief closely superintended all, and that if punishment were awarded to negligence, punctuality would be duly appreciated.

Sometimes he galloped along the ranks, but this was rare; he never, indeed, sat his horse unless the troops had already passed in review and he was satisfied that nothing was wanting. Even then he would address a few questions to two or three soldiers casually selected; but generally after riding along the ranks on his white horse (*le Désiré*) he would alight, and converse with all the field officers, and with nearly all the subalterns and soldiers. His solicitude was extended to the most minute particulars — the food, the dress, and everything that could be necessary to the soldier, or useful to the man, divided his attention with the evolutions. He encouraged the men to speak to him without restraint. "Conceal from me none of your wants," he would say to them; "suppress no complaints you may have to make of your superiors. I am here to do justice to all, and the weaker party is especially entitled to my protection."

These words he one day addressed to a demi-brigade (I believe it was the 17th), aware that the regiment before its removal to Paris had suffered deprivations in the department where it had been in garrison. Such a system was not only attended with immediately beneficial results, but was adroitly adapted to answer a general and not less useful purpose. The Army and its Chief thus became inseparably united, and in the person of that Chief the Army beheld the French Nation. Thus the State, through him, dispensed both blame and commendation. Besides, Paris by this means became acquainted with the army; and the troops, in turn, visiting the capital, ceased to regard it as another world, and themselves as foreigners in it.

My husband, who invariably attended the First Consul

on these parades, communicated to me everything remarkable; and in reporting the achievements of a day, which to other men would have comprised the labor of a month, would add: "All this proceeds with magic mechanism; this man is a supernatural being." Junot, it is true, might view his favorite General with prejudiced eyes; but not on these occasions, for he was at this period of his life truly admirable.

The Diplomatic Corps showed great eagerness to witness the parades, a privilege usually enjoyed by foreigners from the windows of General Duroc, who already occupied that part of the ground floor at the end of the Empress's apartments. From the same place I saw the first parade after my marriage, on which occasion an amusing adventure happened to my father-in-law. Junot's attendance being required on horseback, he could not escort me to Duroc's, but intrusted me to his own family, who themselves had never seen a parade.

Arrived at the railing of the Pont Royal, we alighted, and, crossing the garden, endeavored to gain on foot Duroc's door, which is situated at the right corner of the vestibule; but it was late, and we were compelled to make our way through a dense crowd. My mother-in-law, always happy and always merry, only jested on the pommelings she encountered; but her husband, quite unaccustomed to such things, was in terrible ill-humor, and railed particularly at the carelessness of young Parisian ladies, who would risk handsome cashmere shawls in such a crowd, repeatedly assuring me that I should lose mine, and at the same time boasting his own prudence in securing his watch by guarding it constantly with his hand.

His cautions and vaunts were of course alike overheard, and as the most effectual means of momentarily eluding his vigilance, a dexterous twitch was given to my shawl; the manœuver completely succeeded — I screamed, the shawl was saved; but, alas! that moment sufficed for the abstraction of the carefully-guarded watch; and its unfortunate master, on discovering his loss, clamorously lamented over an old and valued servant of thirty-five years' standing, till reminded by Madame Junot that it stopped about once a week, and had within the last year cost him fifty francs in repairs.

Meanwhile we had reached Duroc's door, and were placed at a window. The parade had not yet commenced. The officers were silently promenading in the ranks of their respective regiments, speaking occasionally, but only in a whisper, to a soldier or subaltern, when the carriage of a weapon or the position of a hat seemed to demand rectifying.

Junot, who knew the passionate enthusiasm of my patriotism, had warned me that I should be much excited; he kissed his hand to me in passing, and, smiling to see my handkerchief at my eyes, whispered to Duroc, when both again looked at me, and I observed that my emotion affected them.

A foreigner sat near me whose admiration of the scene before him was so profound and so worthy of the occasion that it struck me, and he wore a badge so singular that I could not resist the impulse of curiosity, and inquired the meaning of it. It was a batiste handkerchief of extraordinary whiteness, tied around his arm like the scarf of an aid-de-camp. "It is a memorial of my Sovereign and of a glorious day, madame," answered he, and announced himself as Baron d'Ernsworth, the Swedish Minister.*

I introduced to him the parents of General Junot, to whom he was as polite as he could have been to the Montmorencies and the La Tremouilles of France; he was near fifty years of age, and of a fine figure, perhaps somewhat too much *embonpoint* for the elegance of the military costume which he wore. He spoke, with an expression which went to my heart, of the reputation of him whose name I bore. "So young," said he, "and already so famous; but with such a captain how can the lieutenants, though but children, be otherwise than worthy sons of their country!"

At this moment the First Consul stopped under our window, and said to a drummer of about sixteen or seventeen, "So it was you, my brave boy, who beat the charge

*A revolution took place on the 18th of August, 1772. The partisans of Guiland adopted as a rallying sign a white handkerchief tied round the arm; and the King, after his final success, granted, as an honorary recompense to his faithful adherents, permission to wear for life a white handkerchief round the left arm, in commemoration of the service they had rendered to the Crown.

before Zurich.» The countenance of the young soldier was suffused with crimson, but it was not timidity which called the flush to his cheek. He raised toward the First Consul his large black eyes, sparkling with joy at being thus publicly distinguished, and replied in a half-tremulous, half-confident tone, «Oui, mon Général.»

«It was you, too, who at Weser gave proof of the most gallant presence of mind by saving your Commander.»* The youth blushed still deeper, this time from modesty, and answered, in a lower voice than before, «Oui, mon Général.» «Well, I must discharge the debt of the country; it will be paid you not in a ring of honor, but a saber of honor; I appoint you a subaltern in the Consular Guard; continue to behave well, and I will take care of you.»

As the First Consul ceased speaking he raised his eyes to the low window at which we were seated, and, touching his hat, saluted us all with a gracious smile. My mother-in-law's eyes filled with tears, «How ought we to love this man!» said she, crying and laughing together; «see how the poor boy is overpowered.» The young drummer was leaning on the shoulder of a comrade and following Bonaparte with his eyes. He was pale as death, but how eloquent were his looks!

I know not what may have become of him, but I will answer for it if his life were sacrificed for Napoleon it cost him no regret. He was in the evening the subject of my conversation with the First Consul; he listened with interest, and addressing Berthier, who was just arrived from Spain, to take the portfolio of Minister of War, desired him to take down the young man's name, and provide him with an outfit for his new rank. He may be at this day either a general or of the number of the dead; one or other he most assuredly is.

*I was particularly struck by this fact, because all the occurrences of this first parade made a deep impression upon my mind; but the military annals of the period are filled with similar anecdotes, too frequent to obtain insertion in «*The Moniteur*,» or other journals. Speaking of the above the same evening to the First Consul, as comparable to the noblest deeds of antiquity, he replied, «Bah! ask your husband; he will tell you there is neither regiment nor demi-brigade in the army that could not cite ten such. He himself would be the hero of several.»

This parade was selected for my first attendance because some spirited horses sent to the First Consul by the Spanish King were then to be presented. The ceremony was said to recall the equestrian present made to Cromwell by a German prince. I know not what the Mecklenburgh horses might have been, but the Spanish were sixteen most beautiful creatures, both in coat and form; fourteen were from the royal stud, and two of them from the studs of the Count of Altamira and the Duke of Medina Cœli; and these latter were the tallest and finest of the troop; the first, El Jounalero, a really superb animal, and the other of equal size and younger, showed the fire, the slight fetlock, and arched neck of the Arabian breed.

The Diplomatic Corps was at that time composed of the Spanish and Roman Ambassadors, the Ministers of Denmark, Sweden, Baden, and Hesse Cassel; the Dutch Ambassador, M. Schimmelpening, celebrated for his beautiful and most courteous wife; Ambassadors from the Cisalpine and Ligurian Republics, and a Swiss Minister.

Prussia, still desirous of an accommodation with us, had, in October, 1800, dispatched M. Lucchesini on a special mission, but his credentials as Minister Plenipotentiary were not presented till 1801 or 1802; he remained but a few years with us, and after the campaign of Jena returned no more to France. The First Consul disliked him, and accused him of intriguing.

"Not that he entraps me," said Bonaparte; but he willingly would, and that offends me. If those who negotiate with me did but know how much more surely their tortuous path tends to ruining themselves than to misleading me, they would choose a straighter road."

An attention which M. Lucchesini hoped would work wonders was, on the contrary, displeasing to the First Consul, and threw the foreign diplomatist into a dilemma from which he could never recover, because he was long unconscious of it; this was haranguing the First Consul in Italian on delivering his credentials. Bonaparte had a strong objection to being addressed in Italian; he was, and chose to be, a Frenchman.

Soon after this the Congress of Luneville gave us peace with Austria, and that of Amiens with England. Russia also became our ally, and all this within less than a year. These are delightful recollections, and again I exclaim, Oh, what a time was that!

CHAPTER LI.

Revival of the Public Prosperity — Destruction of the Bands of Robbers — M. Dubois, Prefect of Police — The Exhibition of 1800 — David and the Picture of the Sabines — Girodet, and the Vengeance of an Artist — The Satirical Picture of Danaë — Gérard — Belisarius and the Portrait of Moreau — The King of Spain's Pistols given to General Moreau — Remarkable Words of Napoleon — Moreau's Distrust of him — Napoleon's Popularity.

I HAVE already observed with what rapidity General Bonaparte had succeeded in consolidating a corps, which every day acquired new strength and stability. All who surrounded him, it must be acknowledged, lent their aid with a persevering ability, of which he could thoroughly appreciate the advantage. Every day brought news of the seizure of some fresh band of brigands, robbers of diligences, forgers, or false coiners; the latter especially were very numerous.

Dubois, the Prefect of Police, was extremely zealous and active in discovering the guilty, and such as under futile political pretexts disturbed the public tranquillity; he was inestimable in his place, and Napoleon, who undoubtedly knew how to discern and to employ the men who would answer his purpose, took care not to remove him from his office till after the fire at Prince Schwartzenburg's ball.

Not only were all the interior wheels of the State machine beginning to play, but even the arts, that more silent and centrical spring, afforded striking proofs of the reviving prosperity of France. The Exhibition was this year particularly good. Guérin, David, Gérard, Girodet, and a powerful assemblage of talent, excited by that emulation which the fire of genius always inspires, produced works which will hereafter raise our school to an

elevated rank. The picture of the Sabines and of Marcus Sextus, besides several portraits, adorned the list of paintings for the year 1800.

I will here notice some circumstances connected with them worth preserving, and not recorded in the journals. The first is somewhat unworthy of the talent of David. On some frivolous pretense, instead of sending his "Rape of the Sabines" to the *Salon*, he privately exhibited it on payment of a franc, to the peril and danger of Parisian mothers, who, as was observed in a pretty little vaudeville which appeared at the time, dared not take their daughters with them.

Girodet was then in the full vigor of his genius, and united with it a mind of a superior order; but he was irascible and passionate, of which this year afforded an instance capable of tarnishing his high character.

He had painted the portrait of a female celebrated for her beauty and dramatic talents, and some discussion arising respecting the payment, the husband imprudently indulged in some very disparaging expressions, which were repeated to the enraged artist, who, disfiguring the portrait with a knife, returned it with an intimation that the lady might dispose as she pleased both of it and its stipulated price, as he should pay himself in his own way. If Girodet had confined himself to the threat, which was intended no doubt to alarm the parties, all would have been well, but he went further, and was wrong in so doing.

The *Salon* was to be open for some days to come; with a rapidity difficult to conceive, he painted and caused to be placed at the Exhibition a picture of extraordinary merit, representing the interior of a garret. In one corner was a miserable bedstead, covered with a wretched mattress and a blanket full of holes; on this lay a young and beautiful maiden, with a headdress of peacock's feathers, having no other clothing than a tunic of gauze, through which were seen a pair of legs of gigantic thickness. She held this dress with her two hands to catch a shower of gold that fell from the roof of the garret. Near the bed was a lamp, whose dazzling brightness attracted a crowd of butterflies, who all found their destruction in the traitorous light. Beneath the bedstead was seen an enormous turkey, stretching forth one of his

feet, on the toe of which was a wedding ring. In an obscure corner of the room was an old woman, dressed like a beggar, resembling perfectly a decrepit wretch who was often seen asking alms at the gate of the Palais Royal, and who, it was said, was the mother of the original in the cut picture, and of whom there was a striking likeness in the recumbent Danaë. Other allusions in the picture were equally remarkable, among them a frog swelling itself to an unnatural size, etc.

From the first moment of its exhibition this picture attracted the undivided curiosity of the visitors; but whether Girodet (who afterward testified some regret for the extremity to which his resentment had been carried) relented, or whatever the cause, the picture was in a few days withdrawn.

A piece of a different kind, and the principal ornament of the *Salon*, was Gérard's portrait of General Moreau. The hand which portrayed Belisarius and Psyché was there distinctly traceable. It was a *chef-d'œuvre*. Not only was the resemblance perfect, but it seemed to possess a soul. It was not color laid on canvas, it was animate; it was General Moreau himself who looked upon you.

The position, too, was admirably chosen. It would have been easy and natural to represent him in full action, with all the splendid appendages of military costume, for assuredly Moreau has more than once headed his troops in the hour of danger; but he was habitually calm and reflective; this, therefore, was the expression Gérard judiciously selected, and the dress and attitude were in keeping. Judging by other works of Gérard, this will probably always retain the beauty of its coloring.

Independently of his professional talent, Gérard was eminently gifted, and all his compositions are full of mind. His Belisarius is admirable; there are but two persons, an infant and an old man, but no circumstance is omitted that can excite interest in favor of the old Roman general. In the background of that gray head stamped by Justinian with the anathema of mendicity, is seen only a desert, and a scorching yet stormy horizon. The features of his youthful guide already exhibit the

livid paleness of death. Belisarius is thus alone with the agony of death on a narrow path, at the brink of a precipice: one step and he must fall. His arm, which advances a useless staff, seems to start from the canvas; he is abandoned by all Nature.

The portrait of Moreau reminds me of an anecdote concerning him, which occurred at that time, and was afterward related to me by Junot, who was an eye witness. When the rupture of the armistice in Italy and Germany was foreseen, General Moreau came to Paris to receive the orders of Government. He arrived at ten in the morning of the 17th of October, and instantly, without even changing his boots, went to the Tuileries. The First Consul was at the time in the Council of State, but as soon as he heard of General Moreau's arrival he hastened to hold a conference with him.

While he was in the *salon*, the Minister of the Interior, Lucien Bonaparte, happened to enter, bringing a pair of pistols of extremely fine and curious workmanship, which Boutet had just completed by order of the Directory as a present for the King of Spain. They were valuable, both for the skill the artist had applied to their construction and for a great quantity of diamonds and precious stones with which they were embellished. "These arms come very apropos," said the First Consul, presenting them to General Moreau with that smile which could win hearts of stone — "General Moreau will do me the favor to accept them as a mark of the esteem and gratitude of the French nation."

"Citizen Minister," added Bonaparte, turning toward his brother, "have some of the battles of General Moreau engraved on the pistols, but not all; we must leave some room for diamonds. Not because the General attaches much value to them; I know that his Republican virtue disdains such baubles, but we must not altogether derange the design of Boutet."

Methinks, after such expressions, Moreau might have placed confidence in the friendship Bonaparte offered him. Why should the First Consul have flattered him? Why, especially, should he at that time have offered him a hand which was not sincerely friendly? Was it to flatter the popularity of Moreau? At this period the popularity of Bonaparte was far superior to his. Hohen-

linden was not then gained, and even after that brilliant victory Napoleon had no cause to dread a rival in the hearts of Frenchmen; at this period he was really beloved.

CHAPTER LII

The Eastern Queen at the Comédie Française — Pauline and Her Portrait — The Young Sempstress of M. de Sales — Marriage of Convenience, and the Army of Egypt — Cavalcade of Asses — Dinner at General Dupuy's, and the Wife without Her Husband — The Cup of Coffee and the Orange — Bonaparte, Berthier, and the Husband Ambassador — An English Tour — Gallantry of Klèber — Goodness of Desgenettes — Return to France, and the Divorce — Dread of Scandal, and the Wife with Two Husbands — Saint Helena, and Admirable Conduct.

I WAS one day at the *Comédie Française* with my husband, attentively listening to Talma in the part of Orestes, when Junot, touching my arm, told me to look attentively at a young woman he was about to salute, and who was seated between Berthier's box and our own.

My eye followed his salute, and I saw a woman of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, florid as a young girl of fifteen, and of a gay and agreeable countenance. Her flaxen hair formed the only ornament of her head. She was wrapped in a magnificent white cashmere shawl, with an embroidered border, and appeared to be *en négligé*. She returned Junot's salute with an air of acquaintance which surprised me, and I inquired her name.

"It is Pauline," said he, "our Eastern Queen." He had already mentioned Madame Fourès to me, to caution me against the indiscretion of naming her before Madame Bonaparte. "This, then, is Madame Fourès," said I, and instantly put to him all the inquiries one woman will make concerning another woman whom she sees for the first time. He told me she had natural wit, and a desire of distinction, but a total ignorance of the manners of the world, that is to say, of good and elegant manners.

"I like her much," said Junot; "she is kind-hearted, simple, and unaffected, always disposed to join in mirth, and still more ready to oblige. I have a friendship for her, and hope to prove it; but there are, about the person of the First Consul, men who were at her feet in Egypt, and have since refused to know her, and repulsed her in the little intercourse she has been obliged to hold with them. Duroc, who has honor and a feeling heart, told me that the poor young creature knew not what would have become of her had she not opportunely met with him to convey a letter for her to General Bonaparte. She is no longer in want of anything, and this is no more than a debt which the First Consul owes to a woman whom he has sincerely loved."

I afterward learned a variety of particulars relating to Madame Fourès, and as she was long attached to the fate of Napoleon, and gave him in adversity proofs of gratitude and interest, I think it best to insert here all that I know of her.

Pauline was born at Carcassone. Her father was a gentleman, but her mother either a chambermaid or cook. The education of the young daughter partook of the mixed rank to which she owed her birth; she received some instruction, and finally went out to work. She was one of the prettiest girls in the town, and perfectly virtuous. My friends, M. and Madame de Sales, showed her a kindness, which her conduct justified, and treated her more like a child of their own than a workwoman, for her conduct was most exemplary.

She recited M. de Sales's verses, and sang with taste, and it was here principally that her beauty acquired her the surname of Bellilotte.

The son of a retired merchant named Fourès was charmed by that pretty Hebe face and the fame which attended it; he paid his addresses to her, but as he was far from agreeable she hesitated for some time; an accidental introduction to the table of M. de Sales, to entertain his guests with her singing, and the impression she was sensible of having made there, induced her to consult M. de Sales on the subject of the marriage. "M. Fourès offers me the advantage of a fortune," said she, "moderate, it is true, but independent. I think I will accept him," and shortly after she married him.

The intended Egyptian expedition was soon announced at Carcassone, and Fourès, who had seen service, willing to answer the national appeal to all the retired officers capable of bearing arms, set out for Toulon, the general RENDEZVOUS. He tenderly loved his young bride, and made her the companion of his journey, while her adventurous spirit wished for nothing better than to share all danger and fatigue with her husband. She put on male attire therefore, and they arrived in Egypt; it is not true that Napoleon had seen her in France, or that he had dressed her as a naval aspirant on board the "Orient," as I have read in a foolish book, whose author has collected together all the most absurd falsehoods respecting Napoleon.

When at Cairo, the General-in-Chief was one day riding, followed by a numerous staff, to attend a sort of fair about a league from the town, when the party was detained on the road by a troop of asses, commonly used for the saddle in that country. They were mounted by officers and some of their wives. General Bonaparte, who is well known to have had a quick eye, was struck by a passing glimpse of a female face, yet he pursued his route without a hint of the circumstance.

The next day Madame Fourès received an invitation to dine with General Dupuy, Commandant of the city, who had with him a Madame Dupuy, and the invitation was sent in her name as well as his. "It is singular," said Fourès, "that I am not invited with my wife, for I am an officer. He was a lieutenant in the 22d Chasseurs á Cheval. He, however, allowed his wife to go, strongly recommending her to make it understood that she had a husband, a fact already but too well known. Madame Fourès was most politely received. The dinner party was select, and everything passed off quietly, and without the smallest indication of what was to follow; but at the moment coffee was about to be served, a great commotion was heard in the house, the folding doors hastily opened, and the General-in-Chief appeared.

Dupuy made many apologies for being found at table, and pressed a cup of coffee upon Napoleon, which he accepted. He was taciturn, and fixed his attention on the young Frenchwoman, who, blushing crimson, dared not raise her eyes, and grew momentarily more and more

dismayed at finding herself so obviously an object of attention to a man whose great name was already the theme of the world. The General-in-Chief refreshed himself with an orange and a cup of coffee, and then took his leave, without having addressed a single word to Madame Fourès, but also without having once taken his eyes off her.

A few days after Fourès was sent for by Berthier. "My dear Fourès," said the Chief of the Staff, putting into his hands a voluminous packet, "more fortunate than any of us, you are about to revisit France. The General-in-Chief has had reports of you which inspire him with such perfect confidence that he sends you to Europe as the bearer of dispatches to the Directory. You are to set out within an hour; here is an order to the Commander of the port of Alexandria. Adieu, my dear fellow; I wish I were in your place."

"But I must go and apprize my wife, that she may make her preparations," said Fourès, recovering at length from the stupefaction he had been thrown into by a favor which he received with instinctive doubts. He was, however, dissuaded by unanswerable arguments, from carrying his wife with him; and Berthier affected sympathy with his distress at the necessary separation.

Fourès, amid his grief, was tolerably self-satisfied; for, inconceivable as were the singular favors which had sought him out in his obscurity, we all have a reserve of vanity to assist us in comprehending what is incomprehensible; and before he reached his lodging Fourès had discovered within himself many reasons to explain the General's choice. His wife, who understood them rather better, took leave of him, "with a tear in her eye," and the good lieutenant, embarking, sailed for France. At that period it was more easy to embark for France than it was to land there. The English were on the alert, and no sooner was a sail descried on the surface of the ocean than twenty grappling irons fell pounce upon it, and it was carried — God knows where.

Fourès's small vessel shared the common fate of those which left the ports of Egypt; it was taken, and himself searched even to his shirt for the important papers he was supposed to have concealed; but on examining those which his utmost address could not withhold, the English

captain found them to contain nothing but well known particulars which he remembered to have seen ostentatiously published in the "*Moniteur*," from a previous dispatch that had had the good fortune to escape.

This gentleman, vastly polite and accommodating, inquired of the lieutenant ambassador where he would choose to be landed. He was himself bound for Mahon; from thence he sailed to the Molucca Islands; thence on a grand tour in the Pacific, or toward the Pole, depending on the instructions he might find at Macao; finally, he would very probably revisit the waters of the Nile; and if M. le Lieutenant preferred a residence on the coast during this little tour, he, a captain in the service of his Brittanic Majesty, was quite at his command. Poor Fourès timidly asked if he could not return whence he came.

"For," observed he, very judiciously, "now that I am but an empty mail, what end would it answer to absent myself from my wife? Let me return to Cairo." The English captain, who, among other circumstantial intelligence from the interior of Egypt, was pretty well acquainted with the affairs of Madame Fourès and the General-in-Chief, landed the good lieutenant according to his desire, with great politeness and apparent cordiality, and wished him good luck. Fourès hastened to embrace his Bellilotte, but Bellilotte was no longer beautiful for him; he found his lodging deserted, and, his affection being sincere, the poor fellow's consternation and misery were proportionate. His wife was easily found; she inhabited an hotel close to that of the General; and being persecuted with his entreaties to return, she obtained a divorce pronounced by Commissary-General Sartelon.

Napoleon was much attached to Madame Fourès, who possessed every qualification calculated to attach him — qualifications still more brilliantly attractive in a distant and barbarous country, where the rest of her sex within reach were of a station and character from whom Bonaparte would not so much as have thought of seeking a companion. In Pauline he found an active and ardent imagination, an affectionate disposition, abundance of native humor, and a mind cultivated without pedantry.

Perfectly unaffected and disinterested, she was all

tenderness and devotion. Combining with so many attractions a captivating exterior, Bellilotte could not fail of being beloved by a man to whom pretension, affectation and self-interest were odious in women.

She was as full of fun and gayety as a girl of twelve, and Napoleon often joked her upon this gayety, and upon the laughing he had heard in the donkey adventure on the road to Boulac. Her situation threw her into frequent contact with the inferior agents of the commissariat and military treasury, and Bonaparte would often laughingly joke her upon her intimacies with them; but had he believed such things he would never have mentioned them, even in jest, and she gave him in reality no cause of complaint.

When Napoleon determined on quitting Egypt she alone was apprised of so important a resolution. With much grief she was convinced of the impossibility of following him through the chances of a dangerous journey. "I may be taken," said he, when in tears she petitioned to attend him, promising to brave every difficulty, a promise she would religiously have observed — "I may may be taken by the English; my honor must be dear to you: and what would they say to find a woman at my elbow?" After his departure, Egypt was to her but a vast desert. Napoleon left orders with Klèber to ship off, with as little delay as possible, certain persons whom he named. I have already reported how these orders were executed with respect to my husband and brother-in-law. Poor Bellilotte met with no better fate, and being a woman, felt it more acutely.

Klèber, who in spite of a stature of six feet, and great military talent, was sometimes mean and pitiful in his notions, delighted in the power of tyrannizing over a woman who had been the mistress of Bonaparte, and in preventing his friends from joining him; but Desgenettes, ever ready to assist the unhappy, conceiving the distress of Madame Fourès, deprived of her defender, and exposed to the vengeance of a man who loved her, and whose jealousy must produce vexatious, perhaps dangerous consequences, came to her assistance, and interposed so effectually with Klèber for the delivery of the passport that Madame Fourès immediately obtained it and sailed for France, where she found her Egyptian friend in cir-

cumstances which gave him new claims on her affection.

Napoleon was, however, but newly reconciled to Josephine, and was too deeply immersed in serious and important labors to admit of any distraction. Though indifferent to Josephine, his attachment for her had once been sufficient to enable her to replace, in his imagination at least, a connection that might have afforded him happiness. Bellilotte was therefore discarded: from Duroc, who was especially charged with the disposal of her fate, I know the internal struggles which this decision cost Napoleon; but her name was Josephine's most effective weapon in all her domestic quarrels, and she would have allowed him neither peace nor respite had she once learned that Madame Fourès had a house in Paris. Napoleon, anxious above all things to avoid publicity, recommended a house out of town. And Pauline, ever resigned to the wishes of him she loved, hired or purchased a cottage at Belleville near the Pré-Saint Gervais, where she lived at the time Junot pointed her out to me at the *Comédie.*

Fourès also returned from Egypt, and the divorce pronounced abroad being invalid at home unless confirmed within a limited time, which had now elapsed, he reclaimed his wife, who refused his demand; and long and angry debates arose, which, reaching the ears of the First Consul, he with some harshness ordered the unfortunate wife to marry again. An opportunity offered in the person of M. Ramchouppe, who was enamored of her; and Bonaparte promised a consulate on the conclusion of the match. She consulted her old patron, M. de Sales, who was now practicing with credit as an advocate at Paris, and who still entertained a warm friendship for Bellilotte as well as for Fourès. She finally determined, contrary to his judgment, to marry M. Ramchouppe, and set out with her new husband for his consulate.

For many years nothing was heard from her; but on learning the captivity of Napoleon, the noble and exalted soul of Pauline rose superior to fear and prejudice. She realized part of her remaining property, and sailed from port to port, anxiously watching an opportunity to go to Saint Helena and to attempt the deliverance of him who

had ever been dear to her as her best friend, and who personified the glory of her country.

Her plan was some time organizing, and no sooner was it completed than Napoleon's death crushed all her hopes. Pauline was in Brazil when the news reached her; where she may be now I know not, but in whatever quarter of the globe, should this book meet her eye, I could wish that it may convey to her the expression of my admiration and gratitude for a feeble woman, whose courage and feeling prompted an undertaking which men had not heart enough even to attempt.

CHAPTER LIII.

Awakening and Nocturnal Sally of Junot — The Adjutant Laborde — Chevalier's Machine — Accomplices and Informers — Attempts against the First Consul's Life — Difficult Arrest — The Madmen — Conspiracies — Secrets imparted to Caffarelli — Lavoisier — Poverty a Bad Counselor — The Rule and Its Exceptions — Description of the Machine — Maxim of the First Consul — The Military Family.

Some days after my marriage I found Junot depressed and abstracted, visiting the Prefect of Police several times a day, often awakened in the night by an old adjutant called Laborde, who came to make reports, which seemed to be of great importance; he once got up at three o'clock in the morning, dressed himself, and sallied out on foot with this man, although the cold was excessive, and he had been suffering all day with a violent headache, which had entirely deprived him of appetite. But the interests at stake were very dear, and all else was forgotten.

At length, on the 7th of November, he appeared more calm, and told me that the First Consul had just escaped a danger which must have been followed by the most disastrous consequences; for not only must the plan, if executed, have succeeded, but all the neighboring inhabitants would have been its victims. This was the infernal machine of Chevalier, a prelude to the conspiracy of the 23d of December. Chevalier, whose name is almost the only one connected with this affair, was far from being its

sole contriver. Men named Bousquet, Gombaud-Lachaise, Desforge, Guérauld, and a Madame Bucquet, were arrested at the same time, and, with Chevalier, confined in the temple. This machine, which Chevalier was constructing, was seized in a chamber which he shared with a man named Veycer, in a house called the house of the Blancs-Manteaux. He had left his former lodging because the police were in search of him.

Veycer, his fellow laborer, was at first his comrade, and afterward, whether through remorse or by means of bribery, was induced to assist in his arrest. It was apprehended that Chevalier, finding himself lost, might in a moment of despair set fire to the combustibles around him and blow up with himself the house and all that it contained. Veycer's business was to prevent this, but Chevalier, as was natural to the part he was playing, was extremely suspicious. On retiring to rest he fastened his door with an oaken bar, and had always at hand a pair of excellent and well-loaded pistols; all this his bedfellow was aware of, and was not unmindful of his own safety.

On the eve of Chevalier's arrest the progress of his machine was at a standstill for want of money; and Bousquet, who appears to have been hitherto the banker of the diabolical enterprise, was equally without funds. Veycer was dispatched in quest of money, which, of course, was not difficult to procure, as only six or eight francs were wanted. He brought them late at night, so that nothing could be undertaken till the morning.

Chevalier's confidence in his comrade (whose real name was not Veycer, and whom I shall simply call his comrade) was strengthened by this new service, and he slept amid fusees and cartridges as tranquilly as if surrounded by roses.

The comrade had little difficulty in persuading him not to burn a light, so that the room was in perfect darkness, and to this circumstance he owed his safety; for, on hearing the first shake of the door by the police agents, he sprang forward to remove the bar that opposed them, and Chevalier, perceiving that he was betrayed, fired a pistol, which lodged its contents in the wall, but would not have missed his comrade had there been a light.

This arrest took place at two in the morning of the 7th of November, a date impressed on my memory by the circumstance that, had my mother's intended ball that evening taken place, with so many of those wretches about the town who went by the name of the MADMEN, and had been agitating for three months past, the probable consequences of their learning that the First Consul was about to spend a part of the night, unguarded, at a private house, where, on entering or returning, his person was so much more accessible than amid the crowds that surround a public spectacle, could not but make both my mother and myself shudder.

The sect called the *Enragés* was composed of the very dregs of the worst days of the Revolution. The cleverest of them, and their ringleader, was one Moses Bayle, formerly a Conventionalist, who headed the attempt on the vaults of the Tuileries, opposite the *Vigier* baths, when the first grating yielded; but the second, having a stronger lock, set force at defiance. The same party, under the same leader, attempted to assassinate the First Consul before the affair of Ceracchi and Aréna. This conspiracy, which had been framed almost unknown to the police, so completely were its authors protected by their insignificance, was discovered by an honest man whom they would willingly have made an accomplice; but, revolting at the enormity of the project, he sought out General Caffarelli, aid-de-camp to the First Consul, and revealed to him the whole affair. This man's name owes its preservation chiefly to its similarity to one of great celebrity, Lavoisier.

Paris was at this time infested with swarms of pardoned Chouans, and other vagabonds of all descriptions, who conspired against the First Consul's life, not for the sake of liberty, but because so terrible a catastrophe would throw all Paris into confusion, and enable them to repeat the horrors of the 10th of August and 2d of September. But it was the opinion both of Junot and Fouché, who agreed on this point alone, that other heads controlled, and other counsels animated the machinations of which these illiterate and half-armed banditti were made to appear the sole contrivers. Since the First Consul had been in power more than ten obscure conspiracies had been discovered, and he, with the same great-

ness of mind which never afterward deserted him, enjoined the authorities not to divulge them.

"They would lead the nation to suppose that the State is not tranquil, nor must we allow foreigners this momentary triumph; they would easily take advantage of it, and it shall not be."

I heard the whole history of Chevalier's affair from the old adjutant Laborde, who came the next morning to relate it to Junot; and also from Doucet, Chief of the Staff of Paris. The little machine was brought for Junot's inspection. It was a small cask filled with squibs, and balls containing seven or eight pounds of powder. It was bound at each extremity with two hoops of iron, and near the middle was introduced a gun barrel, having the trigger strongly attached to the cask with pieces of iron. This infernal machine was to have been placed in the road of the First Consul. Fireworks were to have been thrown in all directions to increase the disorder; while *chevaux-de-frise*, manufactured by a locksmith, who was taken into custody, being placed in the adjacent streets, were to prevent the arrival of troops, and thus give time to men, capable of so diabolical a conception, to commit their meditated crimes.

Junot especially directed me not to mention this affair to any of my mother's associates; and so well did I obey his instructions that my mother knew nothing of the matter till the 23d of December. I soon, indeed, accustomed myself to hear almost mechanically matters of the utmost importance discussed; a habit that was common to me as well as to all the young wives of my time, whose husbands were continually about the Chief of the State, or engaged in highly confidential transactions.

The first time that I dined at the Tuileries, I was placed as a bride next to the First Consul; the Duchess de Montebello, then Madame Lannes, was seated on the other side; it was about a week after this discovery; he asked me if I had mentioned it to my mother. I answered, "No, for I was unwilling to give her uneasiness; and besides," added I, "Junot tells me such things must be talked of as little as possible." "Junot is right," added he; "I myself have recommended it to him. It is now no secret, as beyond a doubt the arrest of Chevalier

is pretty generally known; but I do not wish explanations, sought for more from curiosity than interest, by persons so nearly connected with me as Junot." And he added, "As for you, Madame Junot, now that you make a part of the family of my staff, you must SEE, HEAR, AND FORGET (vous devez *tout voir, tout entendre, et tout oublier*). Have this device engraved on a seal. But I remember that you can keep a secret." (He alluded to the affair of Salicetti.)

CHAPTER LIV.

Garat, and the Ridiculous Cravats — Haydn's Oratorio — Brilliant Assemblage at the Opera — Junot's Dinner with Berthier, the 23d of December — General Security and Extraordinary Noise — The First Consul at the Opera, and Duroc at the Door of My Box — The Infernal Machine — M. Diestrich, Aid-de-Camp to Vandamme — Return from the Opera — My Presence at the Tuileries the Evening of the 23d of December — Remarkable Scenes — Danger of Madame Bonaparte — Involuntary Tears — Correct Details Relative to the Infernal Machine — Exaggeration of the Number of Victims — Junot's Coachman, and the Danger Avoided — Agreement of Fouché and Junot — Junot's Nightmare — My Life in Danger.

MY MOTHER'S health was strikingly improved since my marriage. Contrary to my brother's inclinations, as well as mine, she had called in a new physician, named Vigaroux, the son of a skillful surgeon of Montpellier, and he seemed to work wonders. He engaged to cure her in six months, and she was surely enough relieved from pain. She dined with me, went to plays, was going about on visits the whole morning, and, far from feeling fatigued, she was the better for all this exertion.

Garat, one of my mother's oldest and most assiduous acquaintances, came one day to entreat our attendance at the Opera on the 23d of December to hear Haydn's fine oratorio of the "Creation," which he, jointly with Steibelt, had arranged, and in which he was to take a part. My mother, who was passionately fond of good music and of Garat's singing, readily promised a compliance. She was to sit in my box; and as Junot dined

with Berthier, the new Minister of War, it was settled that I should dine with her ready dressed, and Junot would join us after dinner.

My toilet completed for the evening, I entered the carriage with my brother-in-law, and we found my mother beautiful, gay, and enchanting. She was splendidly dressed in black velvet and diamonds, and no one would have supposed her of the age of sixty-two.

We dined early; my mother ordered her horses while we took coffee, and we set out immediately afterward. It was seven when we arrived at the Opera. The house was crowded, and being well lighted, and the ladies in full dress, the spectacle was very brilliant.

We distinguished Garat with his opera glass in his hand earnestly surveying the boxes to recognize his acquaintances; and though eight o'clock at night, he sought to catch a gleam of AURORA. He was more ridiculously dressed than usual; no very easy matter. His coat collar stood higher than his head, and his rather monkeyish face was difficult to discern between ells of muslin by way of cravat below and a forest of curls above.

The instruments were tuned, and this immense orchestra, more numerous than I had ever seen it before was preparing to render Haydn's *chef-d'œuvre* more perfectly than he had ever the gratification of hearing it himself.

Junot found my mother and me in high spirits, occupied in looking round this magnificent house, and returning the friendly and smiling salutations of our acquaintance. He was himself in a peculiar state of mind. Berthier had been repeating to him a conversation he had held with the First Consul respecting Junot; and his words were so full of kindness and friendship that Junot was sensibly affected, and his eyes watered, while happiness played in smiles on his lips.

Scarcely were thirty bars of the oratorio played before a violent explosion was heard, like the report of a cannon.

"What means that?" said Junot with emotion. He opened the box door, and looked about for one of his officers or aids-de-camp. "It is strange!" said he. "How can the guns be fired at this hour? Besides, I should have known it! Give me my hat," said he to my brother; "I will go and see what it is." Instantly Chev-

alier's machine occurred to me, and I seized the flaps of Junot's coat, but he looked angrily at me, and impatiently snatched it from my grasp.

At this moment the door of the First Consul's box opened and himself appeared, with General Lannes, Berthier, and Duroc. He smilingly saluted the immense crowds, who mingled frantic yells of pleasure with their acclamations.

Madame Bonaparte followed in a few seconds, accompanied by Colonel Rapp, Madame Murat (who was near her confinement), and Mademoiselle Beauharnais. Junot was re-entering the box to convince himself of the First Consul's serenity, which I had just remarked upon, when Duroc presented himself with a discomposed countenance and an excited air. He spoke in whispers to Junot, and we heard nothing of his communication; but at night Junot repeated it to me. "I love Duroc; he is almost as much attached to the First Consul as Marmont and myself."

Duroc's words sufficiently explained the disturbed condition in which he appeared. "The First Consul has just escaped death," said he hastily to Junot; "go to him; he wishes to speak to you, but be calm. It is impossible the event should remain unknown here a quarter of an hour; but he wishes to avoid being himself the means of spreading such intelligence; so come with me and let me lean on your arm, for I tremble all over. My first battle agitated me less."

During the short conference of the two friends the oratorio had commenced; but the fine voices of Mesdames Branchu and Walbourne; and that of Garat, could not absorb the attention of the audience. All eyes were turned toward the First Consul, and he alone at this moment occupied our attention. As I have before observed, I had said nothing to my mother of Chevalier's infernal machine; but my brother-in-law knew the whole affair, and I whispered a word in his ear, to dispatch him in search of news. I felt a presentiment of some misfortune.

The moment Duroc spoke to Junot the latter turned pale as a specter, and I perceived him raise his hand to his forehead with a gesture of surprise and despair; but, being unwilling to disturb my mother and the people in

the adjoining boxes, I contented myself with whispering to Junot to ask for intelligence. But before his return we had heard all. A subdued murmur began to spread from the stage to the orchestra, the pit, and the boxes. "The First Consul has just been attacked in the Rue Saint Nicaise."

The truth soon circulated throughout the theater, when simultaneously, and as it were by an electric shock, one unanimous acclamation was heard. How tumultuous was the agitation which preceded the burst of national resentment! for in the first quarter of an hour the nation was represented by that crowd, whose indignation against so foul an attempt no words are capable of expressing.

Meanwhile I was engaged in observing the First Consul's box, which, being immediately below me, enabled me to see and hear nearly all that passed in it. He was calm, and appeared only warmly affected when the general murmur conveyed to his ear any strong expression of the public feeling. Madame Bonaparte was not equally mistress of her feelings. Her whole frame was agitated; even her attitude, always so graceful, was no longer her own. She seemed to tremble, and to be desirous of sheltering herself under her shawl — the very shawl which had saved her life. She wept: notwithstanding all her efforts to repress her tears, they were seen trickling down her pale cheeks, and when she looked toward the First Consul her shivering fit returned. Her daughter too was greatly upset. As for Madame Murat, the character of the family shone in her demeanor; although her situation might have excused the display of anxiety and distress so natural in the sister of the First Consul, she was, throughout this trying evening, perfectly composed.

Junot, having received the orders of the First Consul, returned to desire we would not wait for him, and immediately left us upon duty. The Prefect of Police, whose box was next to mine, had long since quitted it and hastened to the Prefecture. When Junot was gone, my mother, who was now acquainted with the whole affair, told me that a young man of a military appearance, in the box beside me, had just told the ladies who occupied it that the conspirators had at first intended to lay their train at the door of the Opera, in which case the entire theater would have been blown up; and she

desired me to look at him, and tell her whether he were deserving of credit.

It was M. Diestrich, aid-de-camp to General Vandamme, and the ladies in the box were his mother and sister. I had once seen him at my own house on Junot's reception day, and had met him two days before at General Mortier's. I begged him to tell me whether there was any new misfortune to be dreaded. "It is difficult," said he, "to answer that question. Death has been averted from the whole assemblage within these walls only by the observance of a general regulation that no carriage of any description shall be suffered to remain at the door of a theater the first night of a new piece. But," added M. Diestrich, lowering his voice, "none of the authors of this infamous crime are yet arrested; who can answer that a second blow may not be prepared against the First Consul at the moment of his leaving the theater, the first having failed? As for myself, I am come to fetch my mother and sister, and when I have seen them safely home I shall return, for the arm of a man is always necessary in a tumult." "I will go too," said my mother, "this gentleman is perfectly right; give me my shawl, put on your own and let us go;" and she continued urging my departure, and even wrapped me in my furs.

I knew that my mother would go, but for myself I would fain know Junot's proceedings and keep him in sight. I thought the First Consul's side his most probable station at such a moment. It was not his duty to be running through the narrow alleys of Paris hunting the conspirators from their lurking places, and I might reasonably suppose he would not be far from the Opera house. While I lingered, Junot opened the box door, and hastily said: "Go with your mother; after setting her down, borrow her carriage to convey you to Madame Bonaparte's; I shall be there, and will take you home;" and away he ran. In spite of the excessive cold he was covered with perspiration.

My brother-in-law accompanied us, and having set down my mother we proceeded to the Tuileries. The First Consul was returned from the Opera, and everything appeared as calm as if nothing had happened; but in the *salon* things wore a different aspect. Several of the

authorities were assembled, the Ministers, the Consuls, the Commandant of Paris, General Mortier, Commandant of the Division, etc. The First Consul, who had hitherto appeared indifferent to all the attempts against him, showed this time no indulgence, and he had good reason.

Madame Bonaparte was quite overpowered; she cried incessantly. Independently of the danger the First Consul had so narrowly escaped, she had herself nearly fallen a victim to the explosion. As she was stepping into the carriage, General Rapp, who was not usually so observant of the perfect agreement of colors in a lady's dress, observed to her that her shawl matched neither her gown nor her jewels. Her perfect elegance in the adjustment of all the accessories of the toilet is well known, and she returned to repair the oversight. Scarcely did it detain her three minutes, yet these sufficed for separating her carriage from that of the First Consul, which it was to have followed close. This delay saved her!

The explosion took place just as Madame Bonaparte's carriage reached the Carrousel; its windows were broken, and pieces of the glass fell on the neck and shoulders of Mademoiselle Beauharnais, who sat on the front seat of the carriage, and her shawl did not protect her from some slight cuts.

It is well known that the barrel containing the powder and charge (and which resembled those borne by the water carriers) was placed on a crazy little cart, drawn by a mare, and so stationed as to impede the road. It was intended, while in the act of removal by the guards, to explode by internal machinery, and destroy everything within reach. It was afterward said that the rapidity of his carriage alone had saved the First Consul, and no doubt this circumstance had its share in his deliverance; but the real cause of it was the result of mere chance. The piquet of chasseurs escorting the First Consul preceded and followed the carriage.

One of the foremost, perceiving that an old cart obstructed the way, called to the driver to get on one side; but seeing no one (for Saint Régent, who lighted the train, was concealed behind a palisade), he struck the mare smartly on the haunches with the flat of his saber, which set her in motion, and advancing three or four

steps she seems to have deranged the packthread, which, by opening a valve, was to admit air and cause the explosion.

The consequent delay was but momentary, yet it sufficed to insure the safety of the First Consul, whose carriage had meanwhile turned through the Rue de Malte into the Rue Richelieu, instead of passing through the Rue Saint Nicaise, where the machine was. The mare was killed, but without any external mark of injury, so that a description of her was everywhere placarded, and the body deposited at the Prefecture of Police in order that the public might see and examine it, and perhaps be able to say to whom she formerly belonged.

Such was the violence of the explosion, so terrible the impulsion, that a part of the wheel and one of the iron bands that encircled the cask, darting across the intervening space from the Rue de Malte to the Hôtel d'Elbœuf, and unarrested even by the lofty height of that hotel, were hurled some distance beyond it.

Curiosity proved fatal to many inhabitants of the Rues Saint Nicaise and de Malte. Madame Léger, mistress of the Café Apollo, at the corner of the two streets, running to the door, according to her custom whenever the First Consul was to be seen passing, had both her breasts carried off by one of the hoops of the barrel, and survived but three days.

One of the waiters at the same *café* was killed, and the other wounded. The number of the victims has been much exaggerated. I have proofs that on that day the deaths did not exceed nine: they may, including the consequences, have afterward amounted to twenty-nine or thirty. Great, no doubt; but far less frightful than if we had had to deplore the loss of two thousand people, as would have been the case had not the sentinel peremptorily resisted the placing of the cart at the door of the Opera House.

It was not till my return home at night that I was informed of Junot's share in the danger. On his road to the Opera from the Ministry of War, which was then at the Hôtel d'Avray, Rue de Lille, passing under the arch of the Carrousel, he recollected that it was only seven, and the First Consul would not have set out. He therefore ordered his coachman to stop at the Tuileries; but

the restiveness of his young and spirited horses (we drove at that time the finest in Paris) frustrated this scheme. They were going with tremendous rapidity, and the coachman found it impossible to stop them till it would have become necessary to make a very awkward turn, and to again pass a narrow part of the street. Junot, therefore, with some signs of impatience, relinquished his design, and again gave the word "to the Opera." Had he alighted at the Tuileries, Napoleon's carriage being full,* he must have followed in his own; and the train of guards, the last of whom had his horse killed, would most certainly have been blown up. No one, however, appeared sensible of the danger he had escaped but myself and the coachman, who for more than a year could not pass the Place du Carrousel without a shudder.

All the authorities, the corporations, the tribunals,—everything that could call itself constituted, or wore the appearance of a body,—congratulated the First Consul and entreated him as a favor to pay more attention to his personal safety. The Council of State, with Boulay de la Meurthe at the head of its deputation, demanded especially that he would take measures for the maintenance of public order. But the most remarkable address was that of the City of Paris. This unfortunate city saw her interests at stake, exposed as she was to become the victim of miscreants, who cared not if, in the accomplishment of their own criminal views, they brought destruction on thousands of unoffending citizens.

It was Etienne Mejean, Secretary-General of the Department of the Seine, at the head of the Mayors and of the General Council, who spoke, instead of Frochot, then Prefect, who was too ill to exercise his functions. Contemporary memoirs have made the Prefect present the Mayors to the First Consul, and have quoted his speech on the occasion. The question may or may not be an important one; but knowing the truth I report it.

The next day, the 24th of December, the agitation of Paris was extreme. The heinous nature of the plot was known overnight, but its details were not generally understood till the morning; and I cannot too often repeat,

* Lauriston, aid-de-camp on duty; Lannes, commanding the guards, and Berthier, Minister of War, were with Napoleon.

that the indignation they excited was universal, and the interest manifested for the First Consul beyond expression.

It may be well imagined that all the authorities, civil and military, were at once in a state of activity, requiring no other stimulus. Opinions differed upon the direction the researches should take. Junot and Fouché, who did not usually agree on police measures, could not convert the First Consul to their persuasion that all these frequent atrocities had their mainsprings both in France and at a distance from it. Napoleon was of a different opinion. "They are the work," said he, "of those same *Enragés*, who embrace in their number a multitude of *Septembrisers;*" and nothing could shake this idea. Yet it was notorious that these men were but the foreposts of a party, and the cat's-paws of their secret instigators.

"Do you believe that the cutthroats of the 2d and 3d of September, or that the executioners of the Republican marriages at Nantes, or the men who filled the ditches of Avignon with corpses, the assassins of the prisoners at Versailles, those wretches who for two years waded ankle deep in blood, signing decrees of death against the aged, such as the Abbess of Montmartre at ninety, or young victims of sixteen, such as the maids of Verdun — do you believe, sir," and he advanced a pace or two nearer to Fouché — "do you believe that all these men love liberty and the Republic? Can you answer YES? If you do, I for my part shall say NO. I tell you that they are men determined on licentiousness — men who, on the very eve of the massacers I have enumerated, had not wherewith to pay for a loaf, and six months afterward were living in opulence; because they could, without a symptom of remorse, wear the clothing and sleep in the beds of their victims. You will tell me, perhaps, that some among them are still poor: it may be so; but for the most part they have long feasted on blood. I know what I know," added he, shaking his head.

"A handful of wretches, who have calumniated Liberty by the crimes they have committed in her name, are the guilty parties," said the First Consul. Dubois would not contradict him, though it was evident he thought with Junot and Fouché. Fouché replied, "These

are fellows incapable of conceiving. They execute as the horse did who drew the machine, but can go no further. It would be useless were I to run after these men of the Abbaye-aux-Bois.* Only leave me time, and I will unravel many things."

For two days Junot scarcely allowed himself an instant's repose. He would not intrust to subalterns a commission so important as the pursuit of the agents in so atrocious an enterprise. He rose almost before daybreak, and from the headquarters of the garrison directed everything that fell under his jurisdiction. The activity, intelligence, and honorable devotedness of his coadjutor M. Doucet, Chief Adjutant General of the garrison, cannot be too highly praised.

At ten o'clock on the evening of the 5th Junot came home, overcome with fatigue, and though he had promised to fetch me from my mother's, could not rally his faculties from the drowsiness which oppressed them.

On my arrival, my maid told me he was gone to bed, and had requested I would wish him good night. Accordingly, I entered my chamber, and, finding him in a deep sleep, leaned over him and said, "What! already asleep?" His nights generally restless, were at this anxious period disturbed by frightful dreams; and at the moment I spoke he was dreaming that he was in the Cabinet of the First Consul, which was filled with conspirators, one of whom was in the act of firing a machine. My words had partly roused him, and the firelight favoring the illusion of his dream, he mistook me for the assassin, and with a furious kick drove me to the further extremity of the room. My cries awakened him, and, becoming sensible who had been the object of his attack, he was much agitated.

*The Abbaye-aux-Bois, situated in the Faubourg Saint Germain, was the principal place for the meetings of the conspirators at that time.

CHAPTER LV.

My Visits to the Tuileries after the 23d of December — Conversation with the First Consul — Inutility of an Additional Victim — Bonaparte's Opinion of My Mother's Drawing Room — His Condemnation of the Emigrants — "M. Roger de Damas," a Synonym for Bravery — The Horse and the Cloak — Madame Murat at the Hôtel de Brionne — Promenade to Villiers — M. Baudelocque and Madame Frangeau — "We are Not Rich" — The First Consul's Character — Portalis at Malmaison — The Preamble of the Civil Code.

WE WERE more than commonly assiduous in our attendance at the Tuileries after the explosion of the infernal machine; my mother herself pressed it upon me, and, when desirous of my company, would sacrifice it to send me to the Palace. "Be very particular," said she, "to express to General Bonaparte the distress which this horrible affair has occasioned me. No set speeches, such as you would address to a Tribunal or a Council of State, but depict in its true colors all that I suffered on the evening and night of the 23d of December."

The attempted assassination made her shudder; she wept violently on her return home, and in the night had a violent access of fever, which made her very ill for two days.

When I acquitted myself of her commission to the First Consul, his answer was of a nature to have confounded anyone less acquainted with his character than I was. He looked me steadily in the face, fixed on me that piercing and fiery eye, which, by its quick and earnest expression, magnetized those it encountered, and desired me to repeat my mother's message.

"I have had the honor, General, of expressing to you, in my mother's name, the lively anxiety she felt in the incidents of the 23d. She hopes you do not doubt her sincerity."

"Yet she ran away, and you too, before the end of the oratorio."

I made no reply, but looked at General Bonaparte with an expression which he probably interpreted literally; for he added, withdrawing his gaze from me, and

turning toward the window, although it was night, and nothing could be seen in the Palace court, "To be sure it would have availed nothing toward my safety, had any peril awaited me, that one more victim should have exposed herself to it."

"Let me add, General, that in the eyes of my mother it was her daughter who was in danger; in mine, it was my mother. We mutually owed regard to each other's safety; for myself, I do not exaggerate when I affirm that I left the Opera with the greatest reluctance; for I knew that Junot must partake the danger that threatened his General, and this idea was painful to me; but I could not suffer my mother to run the risk without being in some degree criminal."

"Yes, yes; undoubtedly, undoubtedly," answered the First Consul, with an inflection of voice it would be impossible to describe; "I am altogether ridiculous to have spoken so thoughtlessly, for you must call it so. I know in your mother's circle everything is acceptable that may make me appear in an unfavorable light."

"General," replied I, much hurt that he persisted in the belief that my mother's drawing-room was a center for the dissemination of hatred against him, "how can I convince you? It can be accomplished only by one means, and that is in the power of God alone—it is, that the accent of truth may reach your heart. I have the honor to tell you, Citizen Consul, that never has a word to your prejudice been uttered in my mother's drawing-room but either she or my brother has instantly imposed silence on the holders of language which my mother's friendship for you, and for all your family, would interdict, even though it were the language of truth."

"Ah!" said the First Consul, "you admit, then, that persons inimical to me are received in your mother's drawing-room?"

"I have spoken with frankness, General, and shall continue to do so. Unquestionably, among my mother's acquaintances are some who are unfriendly to the present Government; I pretend neither to blame nor absolve them. I know that they are suffering the consequences of a long exile, that their property is confiscated, that most of them are in indigence, that many still groan

under the proscription; but all these evils are not ascribable to you, and to resent them upon you would be equally unjust and absurd. But, on the other hand, I believe also ——"

I stopped, and, half smiling, looked at the First Consul, who continued my sentence — "That I should be unjust in my turn if I obliged them to cry, *Vive la République!* Is not that your meaning, Madame Junot? But if they do not like that word, why do they return to France? Who recalls them? They are not wanted in any branch of the Administration. Fouché and Chaptal will be quite as good Ministers as M. le Comte d'Entraigues, and Junot and Lannes will command my soldiers as well as M. Roger de Damas, brave as he is."*

"But, General," answered I, "is not our native soil the property of all her children? Cannot a Frenchman return home without the inducement of a place? Is there not an attraction infinitely more powerful? I know there is, by the experience of my own family; my uncle, M. de Comnène, is returned to France, to live in peace and in the hope of a better future. And he certainly did not want confidence in your generosity, for he re-entered France without a passport, without even an encouraging word; and as he was far from expecting to find his niece the bride of one of your Generals, he reckoned only on the magnanimity of the Government toward a man who surrenders himself."

"Your uncle does not like me, and I may add he does not like the Republic; besides, he emigrated, and I consider all emigrants in the light of parricides. Neverthe-

* Whenever the bravery of the emigrants was Napoleon's topic, M. Roger de Damas was always the example. He related a certain story, which I never heard but from him, about the head of a horse enveloped in a cloak, and a leap into the sea, horse and rider; Quiberon was the theater. But as it was neither easy to follow Bonaparte in his narrative, nor to extract from him a repetition, I never exactly understood the particulars of this anecdote. All that I could gather from it was, that M. Roger de Damas, seeing himself on the point of being taken, had wrapped his horse's head in his cloak, that the animal might not be sensible of his danger, and striking the spurs into his sides, had made him leap into the sea. I made inquiries of a person who had served in Condé's army, and he assured me the circumstance was true, but had not happened at Quiberon. I give it as I heard it, and that was from Napoleon.

less, I have complied with Junot's demands in favor of M. de Comnèna; for," added he, "Madame Permon carefully avoids presenting a petition to me, even in favor of her brother."

This was true; my mother had said, "If he be so disposed, he will do it for Junot; and if not, what good can my interference effect?"

My mother was, however, mistaken; the General would never have refused to Madame Permon what the First Consul of the Republic might perhaps have thought it inconsistent with his duty to grant to General Junot.

I remember that the same day the First Consul talked to me of all my family; inquired whether my grandmother was still living; what was become of my uncle, the Abbé de Comnèna; he also spoke of my brother, and his friendly intentions toward him. Junot's relations were not mentioned; he spoke only of my own.

As I have before said, I went often to Madame Bonaparte; Madame Murat, who was expecting her confinement, was also a frequent visitor, and I never met her without pleasure. She was unaffected, a dutiful daughter, a fond wife, and every way interesting.

One day I visited her at the Hôtel de Brionne, where she was then living; she occupied the ground floor, and M. Benezeck, with all his family, the first. I found her getting into her carriage for a ride to Villiers (Neuilly), which the First Consul had just given her, and she proposed my accompanying her, to which I acceded, and we set out, having the precaution to take her nurse, Madame Frangeau, with us.

Madame Frangeau was the favorite of Baudelocque, and could recount the minutiæ of youth, maturity, and declining age of her patron, with commentaries and additions which each recital magnified by half; will not the simple mention of her name recall to the Queen of Naples, the Queen of Holland, the Duchesse de Frioul, and to all the young mothers of that day, who, like myself, were subjected to her six weeks' thraldom, her gown of the fashion of the Regency, and her whimsically antiquated headdress, oddly contrasted with finery in the style of 1800?

This little ride to Villiers dwells on my mind, because so excessive was our mirth at Madame Frangeau's stories

that at one moment I had fears for Caroline. She, however, thought not of accidents; she was better engaged in devouring ten or twelve large bunches of grapes and two rolls *à la duchesse*, which Madame Frangeau had ordered to be put into the carriage. I never saw such an appetite! "Will you have some?" said she, recollecting at last that all the way from the Barriers she had been eating without a companion.

After driving round the park of Villiers, and laying in a fresh stock of provisions (for the basket was emptied) we returned home. "The First Consul, in the gift of this country seat, has been most generous to us," said Caroline. "We are not rich, and if my brother had not added the means of furnishing and supporting the house it had been useless to us." In after times, when Murat, returning from Italy, undertook the government of Paris on Junot's departure for Arras, no impossibility of this nature prevented his furnishing and inhabiting the Hôtel de Thelusson.

Our evenings, even after the play, if it were not too late, were spent at Madame Bonaparte's. There we enjoyed the happiness of meeting the First Consul.

His conversation, always attractive by its depth of thought, and the air of originality reflected from his rich and brilliant imagination, acquired increased interest from the consciousness that at such a moment all he said was of importance. For this reason I seldom missed the quintidian dinners. In spite of crowd, noise, and bustle, it was easy to hear the conversation of the First Consul with the men of talent and learning of France. The most profound civilians, the ablest financiers, the most subtle diplomatists, thronged around to hear him, and appeared to be rather taking lessons from him than imparting their knowledge to a young man, whose pale complexion bore witness to watchings and fatigues far exceeding theirs, though the superiority of years was greatly on their side.

For a just appreciation of the First Consul's character, he should have been listened to at Malmaison, or in Madame Bonaparte's *salon* at Paris; but never was he so interesting as at the period I am sketching, imperfectly, indeed, considering the strong and vigorous coloring required, when designed for eyes which cannot by the aid

of personal recollection fill up the mere outlines of the picture.

It was when surrounded by the first men of the day that the First Consul should have been seen and heard; he then exhibited a fire which diffused life and warmth on all around him: I had never before seen him in so splendid a light, and I was more than astonished at it. Its effect upon me was at once seducing like an attractive charm, and strongly agitating from the conclusive and perfectly convincing brevity of his eloquence.

On M. Portalis arriving, the First Consul met him, and, taking his hand, led him to Madame Bonaparte. He had a great esteem for him. Portalis was not then afflicted with blindness; his sight was painful, but he did not yet require a guide. The First Consul spoke to him as soon as he entered about the preamble of the Code, which had been intrusted to him.

"You are idle, Citizen Portalis," said the First Consul, laughing. "You must make more haste; all the world is crying out after our Code; we must move fast where business is concerned."

"Ah! General," answered the worthy man, laughing in his turn, "you give others credit for your own gift of magic. As for you, you were endowed at your birth; but we, poor simple mortals, must feel our way soberly. Besides, do not you know, General, that our Code has only been a year concocting; and that a code of laws is an immense national monument, which requires time to erect? You have worked at it as well as we, and you know it is a skein not easily unraveled."

"Yes, certainly, certainly," said the First Consul; "but we must advance," he repeated still; "we must advance: is the preamble ready?"

"The First Consul is well assured that I shall always fulfill, not my duty merely, but far more than my duty, to second his great and noble projects for the happiness of France," replied M. Portalis; "the preamble is completed."

"Ah, you are a good and excellent Frenchman!" said the First Consul — "well and good! I like such men as you and the brave Duveyrier. I am happy when I see such around me; and so seconded, I cannot do otherwise than well."

CHAPTER LVI.

Female Breakfasts at the Tuileries — Madame Vaines — The Lioness en Couche, and Visit to the Ménagerie with Madame Bonaparte — Marengo, the Eldest of the Lions — The First Consul Joins Us at the Botanical Gardens — Bonaparte and Félix the Keeper — The Liar Caught in the Fact, and the Crocodiles of the Bosphorus — Reminiscences of Egypt by the First Consul — The Psylli and the Serpents.

I WAS engaged to breakfast with Madame Bonaparte at the Tuileries. Her custom of inviting young married women, too timid to make themselves agreeable in the society of superior men, was delightful to me. Chatting with Madame Bonaparte, during the perfectly unceremonious repast, upon fashions, and all the little interests of society, these young ladies acquired confidence, and threw off that reserve which the presence of the First Consul was calculated to inspire.

Madame Bonaparte did the honors with grace and vivacity; we were generally five or six, and all of the same age, the mistress of the house excepted. At Malmaison the number was sometimes twelve or fifteen, and the breakfast was served in a small circular *salon* looking into the court, and which is now present to my imagination, though I have not entered it these sixteen years.

One day, at the Tuileries breakfast, I met Madame Vaines, who was high in favor both with the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte, and another person, whose name I forget; all I remember is, that it must have been a female, for men were never admitted to these morning *fêtes*, the First Consul positively prohibiting it. Madame Bonaparte told us she was going to make a visit to a lying-in lady, and inquired if we would accompany her. We acceded, but begged to know in our turn who was the object of our visit. She answered, that to be sure it was a personage who might eat us, but that at present she was in a gentle mood; in short, it was the lioness of the Botanical Garden, who had been delivered at her full time of three whelps, all living. The First Consul

had been already there; but as Madame Bonaparte had informed him of her proposal, he had promised to join us if his engagements would permit.

The lioness was doing well, but was, as Madame Bonaparte had told us, in a languishing mood. Félix Cassal, her keeper, entered the cage, took the cubs from her, and the poor beast, without moving, turned her eyes on him with an expression of softness and affection. She was extended in her cage on a good litter, and her little ones lay rolled in thick coarse carpets, as warmly as in the African sands.

Madame Bonaparte took one of the cubs in her hands, which drew forth a growl from the mother; but Félix spoke to her, and acknowledging his voice by a momentary glance of more fierceness than the former, she again turned to the offender, and renewed her growl. Madame Bonaparte was alarmed. "Oh! never fear," said Félix; "she is behind a strong grating, and, besides, she has not yet recovered her strength; she would not hurt much." "Oh!" said Madame Bonaparte, "I can dispense with the trial of her strength; there would be quite enough remaining to make me repent having caressed her son."

This Cassal was an extraordinary man in his way. He was a great traveler, and had made interesting observations, even on the common habits of the country he had passed through; and though he pretended to have seen marvels altogether incredible, yet all he said was not false, and both amusement and instruction might be extracted from him. He had himself purchased the lioness of some Arabs, who had taken her in the environs of Constantinople. While she was *enceinte*, a child having wounded her in the eye with a stone, she threw herself into so violent a passion as to produce abortion; and as she brought forth the present litter a hundred days afterward, that must have been the utmost extent of her parturition, which disproves the conjectures of Pliny and Buffon; the latter, I believe, asserts that the lioness is six or seven months with young.

She littered on the 18th Brumaire, and Félix named the firstborn whelp Marengo. "Was not I a good godfather?" said he to Madame Bonaparte.

He made me touch one of the whelps; but the lioness, who had turned away and appeared to think no more of

the matter, suddenly started up to her full height, and uttered a roar that shook the very walls.

Félix soothed her, and took the cub himself. He told us that the First Consul, on his visit to the lioness, had caressed her, and was very well received. "He inquired the hour of her delivery," said Félix; "the nature of her food, and especially of her beverage; and the General who was with him gave me a bright piece of gold, that the lioness might drink to the health of the Republic, a direction I have obeyed. Oh, he thinks of everything, the Citizen Consul!" While he spoke, I was meditating on the fortunes of this extraordinary man, which seemed to be mysteriously linked with all the wonders of his age.

The First Consul met us on horseback before we had quitted the gardens, and Félix no sooner perceived him than he hurried forward to report the bulletin of the lioness; assuring him that she had drunk to his health, and that she was wonderfully well. Napoleon caressed her, and talked with Félix of all his beasts, with as much ease, and as perfect a knowledge of their properties and habits, as if this branch of science had been his particular study.

Félix, finding such encouragement, entered upon one of his best stories; but just as he arrived (on his own showing) at the most astonishing point, Napoleon patted him on the head with:

"Félix, you lie, my boy; there are no crocodiles in the place you speak of, nor never were; but it is all one — proceed with your story."

This was more easily said than done. Félix was so thoroughly disconcerted by the First Consul's apostrophe, that it was impossible to recover the thread of his adventure.

"Well, it will do for another day," said Napoleon good-humoredly; "only remember that crocodiles do not devour those who bathe in the Bosphorus, otherwise it would have been much easier to kill Leander by that means than by drowning, as he had no boat, poor fellow!"

We promenaded for some time in these beautiful gardens and their fine greenhouses. They are greatly improved since; yet the Botanical Gardens were even then the most

complete institution of the kind in Europe. Other museums were richer in particular articles, but ours alone possessed that superiority in all, which has since rendered it the universal rendezvous for the study of natural history. Napoleon observed that day: "It is my wish to render this the most attractive spot to all learned foreigners in Paris. I wish to draw them here to see and admire a people in their love of science and the arts. The museum of natural history shall be what those of sculpture and painting, and of ancient monuments, will be. Paris should be the first city of the world. If God grant me a life long enough, I would have her become the capital of the universe, in science as well as power. Our painters are already the first, the best in Europe. Excepting Canova and Appiani, Italy herself cannot boast talents equal to ours in painting and sculpture. Their poets also are inferior to ours. Cesarotti and Alfieri cannot dispute the palm with our young writers. In short," added he, "I am proud of my country, and I would have her always mindful of what she is and may be."

We visited the Cabinet of Natural History. The First Consul, remarking on the length of a serpent from the island of Java, was reminded of those of Egypt, and consequently was led to speak of the Psylli. He joked much about Denon, who was bent on knowing the flavor of these creatures (not the Psylli, but the serpents), and Junot declared that the first he ate, on his initiation, seized his chin, and would not let it go, twisting itself five or six times round his chin, which in truth was immoderately long. Speaking of serpents, the First Consul related to us a droll incident that had occurred in his own house at Cairo. Junot was there, and has since repeated it to me much more at length.

One morning at breakfast, the Psylli and serpents came under discussion. The General-in-Chief said he believed only in the serpents. "I believe there are mountebanks in Egypt," added he, "as well as elsewhere. The Psylli exercise the juggling talents there, with even more facility than our men with a divining rod seek for water; and when a Psylle announces that he is going to eat a serpent, I verily believe he meets with more gapers than another would on the Pont Neuf."

"I assure you, General," said Junot, "that I have seen

these men perform inconceivable feats. I have seen the chief of those creatures do incomprehensible things."

"What! the chief of the serpents?" said the General-in-Chief.

"No, General, the chief of the Psylli. You may laugh at me, but, on my honor, it would astound you to see his performances."

"I tell you they are conjurers, and nothing else. Hold! you shall have proof. Go instantly to the chief of the Psylli," said he to a domestic interpreter; "send him here, with two of his men."

The chief of the Psylli lost no time in obeying the summons. As soon as he arrived the General-in-Chief told him, through the medium of the interpreter: "There are two serpents in this house; find them, and thou shalt have two sequins (twelve francs) for thyself, and as much for thy followers."

The Psylle prostrated himself, and asked for two troughs filled with water. When they were brought he stripped himself, then filled his mouth with water, laid himself flat on his face, and began creeping, in imitation of the reptile he was in search of, and spouting the water through his closed teeth to mimic its hissing. When he had in this manner made the tour of the ground floor, he said to the General-in-Chief, with a savage laugh: "*Mafiche, mafiche,*" which signifies "There are none." The General-in-Chief echoed his laugh, and said: "*Comment diable!* can this idiot really play the magician?" And he ordered the interpreter to give the Psylle to understand that the serpent had been seen. "Oh! I know that," said the Psylle. "I felt it on entering the house."

"There, now," said the General-in-Chief, "now the comedy is beginning. Well; seek thy serpent, and if thou findest it thou shalt have two additional sequins." The Psylle climbed with the same maneuvers a staircase which led to the upper story, where Bourrienne lodged, pursued by a troop of inquisitors with the General-in-Chief at their head. The corridor was lighted by a loophole overlooking the country, through which the unvarying azure of the beautiful Egyptian sky was distinguishable. The Psylle closed his eyes and shuddered. "There is your actor beginning his part," said the First Consul to Junot. The serpent detector then said in a

low voice: "There he is!" "I shall be delighted to pay him the honors of hospitality," said the General-in-Chief; "but, my friend, I think thou art mocking us. Dost know that this animal has completely mystified us with his hissing for the last hour, making us run about after his imaginary serpentship?"

The Psylle, nowise discouraged, still crept and hissed about, till presently an actual serpent was seen to interpose its long line across the loophole, and was heard answering with fraternal good will the hissing of the Psylle; it was six feet in length, and Junot has assured me that its eyes sparkled through the dusky corridor like a bright fire. It approached the Psylle, and was no sooner within his reach than he caught it, with incredible address, in one hand, just below the jawbone, in such a manner as to oblige the mouth to open, when, spitting into it, the effect was like magic; the reptile appeared struck with instant death, and, during his lethargy, the enchanter extracted the venom from his poison fangs.

"Well, my General, what say you to this adventure?" asked Junot of the General-in-Chief.

"What would you have me say to the result of chance? Your Psylle is a lucky impostor, that is all."

CHAPTER LVII.

Study of New Men — My Dinners — Advice of the First Consul, and Changes in Society — The Days of the Consuls — The Household of Cambacérès — Messieurs d'Aigrefeuille and Monvel — A Dinner at the House of Cambacérès — The Solicitors at the House of the Second Consul — The Court of the Second Consul, and Promenade at the Palais Royal — Mademoiselle de Montferrier and Monsieur Bastarrêche — Beauty and the Beast — Bon-mot of Bonaparte — M. de Souza and His Wig — General Mortier and His Family — The Two Brothers of Berthier — Services of Mortier — His Retirement.

For some months after my marriage not a day passed that Junot did not introduce to me several of his friends, and a multitude of acquaintances. I was accustomed to see much company at my mother's. Her

circle was a wide one, but it sank into insignificance compared with ours. This perpetual distraction was at first extremely fatiguing, and my mother, who came to install me in my new dignity of mistress of my house, giving me credit for the manner in which I acquitted myself of my arduous functions, added that, for her part, as a spectator only, one of these *soirees* more than satisfied her, and had its arrangement fallen on her it would have cost her a week's illness.

For some time I was of her opinion, but before a month had elapsed I was sensible of a growing inclination for company, and in a short time, aided by a disposition to view all things on the brightest side, and a lively interest in seeking out, and associating with a visible form, all circumstances relating to the life and character of men whose names had long struck my ears in society, and my eyes in the journals, I began to feel real pleasure in my new situation. Junot, to whom I imparted my change of sentiment, sincerely congratulated me upon it, and promised to assist me whenever my researches should require his aid.

There were at that time few open houses at Paris, the privilege being confined to the ministers and authorities; and even they received only large and formal parties. I was anxious to effect a reformation in this respect, and once expressed my wish to the First Consul, when he was mentioning his own desire to see a more free communication between the society of Paris and the members of the Government.

"Accomplish that, and you will be a charming little woman," said General Bonaparte. "If you make the attempt you will succeed, for you know what it is to hold a drawing-room. Let Citizen Cambacérès see that for this purpose it is not sufficient merely to give a dinner."

The Consul Cambacérès received company every Tuesday and Saturday, and for the first six months of the year ix. no other house could stand a comparison with the Hôtel Cambacérès; it was soon, however, not only imitated, but excelled. The principal members of his household were Messieurs de Lavollée and Monvel, secretaries, and Messieurs de Chateauneuf and D'Aigrefeuille, who had no appointed functions, but voluntarily acted as

chamberlains, and the moment a lady was announced one of these gentlemen went to the door to receive and conduct her to a chair.

I had a great friendship for Cambacérès, which neither absence nor distance ever impaired; yet I must acknowledge that, notwithstanding the host's peculiar elegance and superior powers of pleasing, and notwithstanding even that friendly welcome and perfect politeness which, under the influence of the master's example, extended itself to the very lowest domestic of the household, no sooner had you passed the gate of the Hôtel Cambacérès than the very air seemed impregnated with ennui, sleep took possession of the eyelids, and a sort of lethargy suspended every faculty as completely as in the temple of Morpheus.

The dinner party never exceeded five and twenty, and of these the proportion of ladies was small; there were never, indeed, more than two of such considerations, from the offices of their husbands, as that their pretensions to precedence might have occasioned jealousies. There was an excellent cook; and the carving fell to the department of the *maître d'hôtel*, Cambacérès himself never doing the honors, except of a dish of rare game.

This was a great innovation in the etiquette of French society, but I found it agreeable; I cannot, however, say as much for his custom of entertaining the guests nearest to him with an enumeration of all his maladies of the day, assuring us he was too ill to eat, yet always concluding by making an excellent meal. He had great conversational powers, and his narratives acquired novelty and grace from the turn of his language. His evening drawing-room was crowded with judges, registrars, and other officers of all the courts in France, who seemed already to anticipate the future Archchancellor; he bore, indeed, even at that period, the character of the ablest civilian in the country.

The Third Consul, too, had already entered upon his future department, the Financial and Administrative; and he also had his two evenings appropriated weekly. How many original figures have passed before my eyes in these two houses! How often, when my eager scrutiny has been awakened by the announcement of a name which had figured conspicuously in the Revolution, have

I been disappointed by an insignificant or repulsive exterior! how often, seated beside such a one the whole dinner time, which with Cambacérès was never short, I have been stupefied by the utter nullity of his ideas! but on communicating my feelings to Cambacérès, he would answer, "This man's reputation was the result of chance; opportunity fell in his way, and instinctively he seized it by the forelock."

The conduct of Cambacérès during the Revolution has been much talked of, and I do not pretend to excuse it. I hate the sanguinary years with which his name is connected, and everything that recalls them; but, difficult as the task may be, I would fain see him exempted from the censures which attach to the men of that period. Napoleon did not approve of the events of 1793, but he excused the famous vote of Cambacérès by the reflection that the thing once done — that is to say, the King once condemned — the interests of France, and especially of Paris, demanded the immediate consummation of that terrible drama.

He disapproved of the sentence, which he characterized as a resolution unjustly adopted toward a man who was guilty only of the crimes of others; and I never heard him pronounce the name of Louis XVI. without the additional epithet of "THE UNFORTUNATE KING." I record his opinion here, because I conceive that on a matter so momentous, and which so nearly concerns his own destiny — since it still influences that of France — it must be of the highest interest to us.

Cambacérès was originally Councilor in the Court of Finances of Languedoc. When the Comte de Perigord presided over the states of that province, of which he was commandant in 1786, Cambacérès was in misfortune. M. de Perigord, always benevolent and ready to assist the needy, asked and obtained for the almost indigent Councilor a pension of two hundred francs, and for his father one of two thousand francs, out of the royal lotteries.

The courtesy of Cambacérès was general, but his countrymen from Languedoc he welcomed with a peculiar urbanity, the more invaluable that it had none of the varnish of fashionable politeness. Many Languedocians went direct to the Hôtel de Cambacérès on alight-

ing from the diligences; he received them with kindness, examined their petitions, and if he could not assist them, unhesitatingly told them the truth, pointing out at the same time how they might obtain other advantages, and never failed to forward their interests. I may be allowed to call Cambacérès an honest man; for, looking around on all his equals in power, I have never found one of such absolute good faith and probity, to which many others can testify.

His figure was extraordinarily ugly, as well as unique. The slow and regular step, the measured cadence of accent, the very look, which took three times as long as another's to arrive at its object — all was in admirable keeping with the long person, long nose, long chin, and the yellow skin, which betrayed not the smallest symptoms that any matter inclining to sanguine circulated beneath its cellular texture.

The same consistency, though probably unstudied, pervaded his dress; and when demurely promenading the galleries of the Palais Royal, then the Palais Egalité, the singular cut and color of his embroidered coat; his ruffles, at that time so uncommon; his short breeches, silk stockings, shoes polished with English blacking, and fastened with gold buckles; his old-fashioned wig and queue; and his well-appointed and well-placed three-cornered hat, produced altogether a most fantastic effect.

Even the members of his household, by their peculiarities of dress, served as accessories to the picture.

He went every evening to the theater, and seldom failed to make his appearance afterward with his suite, all in full costume, either in the gardens of the Tuileries or of the Palais Egalité, where everything around exhibited the most ludicrous disparity with this strange group, whose solemn deportment and deliberate and circumspect discourse might serve to personify the disciples of Plato following their master to Sunium.

The First Consul was sometimes annoyed that the ridicule attached to his colleague appeared to recoil upon him, and I remember once seeing him enraged as he listened to the translation of a passage from the English journals. The Second Consul was caricatured, and from the Second to the First the transition is so easy that the

journalist made no scruple of it. The First Consul stamped his foot, and said to Josephine:

"You must interfere in this matter — do you hear? It is only a woman that can tell a man he is ridiculous; if I meddle I shall tell him he is mad."

I know not whether Madame Bonaparte achieved her commission to the Consul Cambacérès; but this I know, that although always highly distinguished for his knowledge, his politeness, and his dinners, he yet always remained that which had so highly discomposed the First Consul.

Cambacérès had a charming grandniece, the daughter of his nephew, M. Duvidal de Montferrier. I have always wondered that he did not place her at the head of his establishment; but perhaps he was terrified by the aspect of her companion, whom it would have been difficult to exclude, for he was the husband, and the most jealous upon earth! Among the events of life, there are always some much more difficult to comprehend than others. Of this class was the marriage of Mademoiselle Rose de Montferrier with M. Bastarrêche, a banker of Bayonne, afterward established at Paris in partnership with M. Jubié, the possessor of an immense fortune, but the most frightful of monsters.

It would be impossible faithfully to portray Mademoiselle Rose de Montferrier at the age of eighteen, because, with eyes and profile of corresponding beauty, her principal charms consisted of a nymphlike figure, and a complexion of which no comparison can give an idea. It was superior even to Madame Murat's; it breathed an animation, a warmth of coloring which, without metaphor, reminded one of the flower whose name she bore, and with the delicacy of its tints was combined the velvet of the peach.

Considering the high position of Cambacérès, it was naturally expected that Mademoiselle de Montferrier would make a brilliant match. But long afterward, even after the death of M. de Bastarrêche, Napoleon could not forgive Cambacérès for consenting to it: "It is the Beauty and the Beast realized," said he. All Paris heard with surprise that the young lady showed no repugnance; and with this news circulated magnificent details of the splendid equipages and wedding dresses; nothing was

talked of but diamonds, pearls, and jewels innumerable given by AZOR.* "AH!" said the First Consul, "THE PRESENT MAKES US FORGET THE FUTURE."

Before quitting the Consul Cambacérès, I must relate an adventure which happened about this time. A Portuguese, named Don Alexander de Souza, had just arrived in Paris, on his road to (or from) an embassy at Rome.

M. de Souza was a very little man, about four feet ten or eleven inches high, and the whole of his delicate person cast in a most diminutive mold: he was not only thin, but absolutely shriveled; yet he had the air of a gentleman, and his manners were those of a person of quality. The authorities received him with something more than the cordiality due to the friend of our enemies, and M. de Souza had nothing to complain of on his passage through Paris. The Second Consul would not let slip such an opportunity to give a sumptuous dinner. All the authorities were invited, and many of his friends; Junot and I were of the number, as were Duroc, Lannes, and Mortier, now Duke of Treviso, and then Commandant of the First Military Division.

I have not before mentioned this excellent man or his wife, all goodness, simplicity, and gentleness. He was Junot's superior as Commandant of the Division, while Junot was only Commandant of Paris; but we lived on the best and most friendly terms; for General Mortier was, and still is, the best and most worthy of men; but at this period he would laugh like a child, and his mirth sometimes compromised the dignity of the General Commandant's epaulettes.†

M. de Souza, on occasion of this dinner, wore a magnificent coat of Segovian cloth, embroidered in gold with a perfection we cannot attain in France. A frill of fine cambric rose almost imperceptibly at the top of his well-buttoned coat, in the English fashion, and his head dis-

* "*La Belle et la Bête, ou Azor et Zemire,*" an opera then in vogue.

† General, afterward Marshal, Mortier was killed on the 28th of July, 1835, while riding by the side of Louis Philippe on the Boulevard du Temple opposite the Jardin Turc, by the explosion of the infernal machine invented and fired by Fieschi, with the intention of killing the King and his two sons.

played a peruke *à la Pitt*, more fully to exemplify that Portugal was not only the very humble servant of England, but equally the submissive slave of her minister.

M. de Souza was seated at the table between me and Madame Jolivet, wife of a Councilor of State. All the civilities lavished on the foreign traveler failed to banish the ennui with which this republican land seemed to inspire him. I was obliged to stifle my yawns in answering some trifling questions, and had little hope of a gayer termination of the repast, when an incident, certainly not included in the instructions of Cambacérès to his *maîtres d'hôtel*, gave a new turn to the aspect of affairs.

Cambacérès had for some time placed his household on a very respectable footing: his domestics had all the superb livery of the Consuls, and the *maîtres d'hôtel* had exchanged their black dresses for maroon cloth, with wrought gold buttons. There were always two courses at the Second Consul's, and as each course consisted of eighteen or twenty removes, it may be supposed the arm of the *maître d'hôtel* intruded pretty frequently between each of the guests; but poor little Souza's stature presented no obstacle; the dishes passed over his head; and on one of these occasions one of the purveyor's gold buttons, being loose, hitched in the little gentleman's wig and carried it off.

The catastrophe was sudden, and no one knew how it had happened; even the *maître d'hôtel* himself had moved some distance before he discovered his involuntary theft; meanwhile the bewildered eyes of M. de Souza were seeking his wig in the direction of the ceiling, as if he imagined it had really taken wings, and those of the thirty persons around him, fixed on his startled figure, caused him an embarrassment which completed the burlesque of his appearance.

Yet we should all have behaved decently had he taken the accident in good part; but, wishing to be dignified under his misfortune, he thought, perhaps, to impress us vastly by saying, with the utmost seriousness, to the *maître d'hôtel*, who came in all haste to apologize:

"Sir, will you restore me my wig?" And he set to work to replace it; but the discomposure which was evident through all his studied calmness prevented his accurately

distinguishing the position of the tuft *à la Pitt*, and the wig, to my inexpressible satisfaction, was put on all askew, so that the tuft just surmounted the right ear, till Madame Jolivet, in a tone of more than usual acerbity (for she was offended at the incivility of her neighbor, who had not addressed a word to her since he had conducted her to her seat), said to him, "Sir, your wig is awry;" and as she spoke she obligingly raised her hand to the head of the little gentleman, who bounded away from her friendly assistance with a vivacity that had nearly dashed me to the ground.

I had avoided looking at either my husband or General Mortier, certain that my suppressed laughter must have burst forth; it became, however, at length uncontrollable, and appeared equally to master the whole company; for no sooner had mine exploded than a mad and inextinguishable peal resounded from every side; but General Mortier's was loudest, and so violent as to oblige him eventually to rise from table. The polite host, on whose imperfect vision this byplay was lost, no sooner understood the matter than he exhausted himself in apologies to M. de Souza, who, while panting with rage, replied, bowing, that it was of no consequence; and the unfortunate wig, in spite of Madame Jolivet's officious care, remained awry. General Mortier, I am sure, will to this day remember that dinner and the hearty laugh it afforded him.

Having mentioned Mortier, I must complete the portrait of a friend. General Edward Mortier, at the time I knew him, in 1800, was of about the same age as most of the general officers of the army; and this similarity of years is not surprising, for the youth of France, inflamed with the love of their country and the desire of defending her, simultaneously deserted their firesides to enter the service.

These young men left their cherished families and brilliant fortunes, that offered them all the enjoyments of luxury, for hard couches and munition bread, which they were seen carrying on the bayonet, gayly singing the *Marseillaise*. But of all this bright and valorous troop not a single young man was seen running about Paris exciting the people to revolt, shouting at the clubs, breaking the lamps, committing, in short, the acts of

men at once divested of reason and disaffected to public order.

General Mortier lodged in a large Hôtel in the Rue des Capucines, with his wife, his sister-in-law, and a young family. In the same house were Madame César Berthier (whose husband was under the command of General Mortier), General Menard, and another. General Mortier had married a young and charming wife, who inspired me at first sight with friendship.

Without being extremely pretty, or in any other way personally remarkable, she pleased by an expression of mildness, and a general gracefulness which prepossessed at the first glance. A good mother, and fond of her home, from which it was difficult to entice her, her thoughts were chiefly devoted to the domestic happiness of her husband and family. She had an agreeable sister, perhaps even prettier than Madame Mortier, but less pleasing, as she had more formality and self-love.

In this house we seemed, from the moment of entering, to breathe peace and happiness. I felt myself cheerful as soon as I set my foot upon the staircase; but these sensations would all have vanished had I but mistaken the door and entered the ground floor, where a clamor prevailed that might have typified the infernal regions.

General César Berthier, brother of the Minister of War, might be a very good soldier: I am no judge of such matters. All I can say is, that he had a very genteel and agreeable wife, whom he made miserable with so little reserve that I speak of it no more openly than he himself did in my presence, whom he scarcely knew. Madame César Berthier was sister of Madame Leopold Berthier; but the manners of the two brothers widely differed. Leopold, with more amenity of language and more disposition to please than César, does not appear to have had much power over the heart of his wife, for she divorced him to marry General Lasalle, the most amusing and bravest of profligate hussars. Leopold had wit, a qualification very scarce with César; and his stammer and bluntness of language spoiled the little he had. Both ladies were natives of Versailles; their maiden name was d'Aiguillon, but they were no way related to the ducal house of that name.

Madame César, when young, must have been very engaging, for she was well shaped, had a little turn-up nose, fair hair, and arms of remarkable beauty. At the time I knew her she was beginning to be marked with an eruption, but she was still young, and on the whole a pretty and elegant woman, fond of the toilet, and successful in its disposition. Her daughter, Madame Bruyère, is a charming woman.

My esteem for General Mortier was first inspired by my husband, who had much regard for him, and held both his civil character and military talents in high respect.*

Probity and honor were among his conspicuous virtues. Junot, who was restive under authority, and knew how to obey only one man, was sometimes at issue with his superior, which always grieved him. I have often seen him, after writing a letter, repent, and immediately disavow it; and constantly on such occasions have I been witness of General Mortier's kindness of character.

Though young, he had the advantage of Junot in years, and slight as was the difference, it justified him in offering some fraternal and jesting remonstrances to his junior, and sparing him many an unpleasant collision with the First Consul, provoked by his hot-headedness, which would certainly have been magnified by such men as Bourrienne, Fouché, and some others, who, by their situation about the First Consul, had access to his ear to prejudice those who enjoyed his favor. General Mortier's post gave him ample means of mischief, but he never injured a single individual.

Mortier was distinguished from the moment of his entrance into the service. He first joined the Army of the North, then that of the Rhine; and afterward, in our day of misfortune, he valiantly seconded Masséna in the defeat of the Austro-Russian army. In the Moretta-Thal, near Schwitz, he had a remarkable engagement, in which he repulsed General Rosenberg, just arrived from Italy with Russian troops to fall upon us; an action which

* The military reputation of General Mortier has no need of my pen to illustrate it in its brilliancy; but I would fain instance his integrity in Hanover, which glorious era and many other achievements of his life are attested by the eloquent lines of M. Bignon.

had a direct influence on our fate, and France ought to bear sincere gratitude toward all who belonged to this Army of the Danube.

His conquest of the Electorate of Hanover, with an army inferior in number by more than two-thirds to that of the enemy; in short, the convention of Sühlingen constitutes an honorable monument, which Marshal Mortier raised at once to the glory of his country and to his own. Again, he was in a most perilous situation at Diernstein,* on the banks of the Danube, with only five thousand men of the Gazan division. Encountered by the Russian vanguard under the command of Prince Bagration, twenty-five thousand strong, he not only resisted, but forced his passage, and rejoined the main army on the opposite side of the river.

At the head of the Eighth Corps in the next campaign, 1806, he attacked the Elector of Hesse Cassel, and in one day the whole of Westphalia fell into our hands, with the treasure, provisions, and military stores of the enemy. Mortier might have been enriched by more than glory in this action; but he left to his country the charge of providing him with a recompense. Some weeks afterward he took possession in the name of France of the Electorate of Hanover, which his sword had conquered two years previously. Here, though as Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, and as it were thrice-puissant Proconsul, he might have exercised his power as he would—ask the inhabitants! They will tell you, even to this day, that Mortier's conduct was that of an honest soldier.

Next came the day of Friedland, to which he valiantly contributed. Then he went to take a command in the Peninsula. The victory of Ocaña, in destroying the strongest of the insurgent armies, composed of fifty thousand men, while the French were but twenty-five thousand, was of immense importance to the interest of France, for it decided the invasion of Andalusia. Having penetrated the Sierra Morena, he did not entangle himself in its defiles, but, leaving that task to Marshal Victor, he traversed Spanish Estremadura, laid siege to Badajos, carried it at the end of fifty-four days, and made seven thousand prisoners.

*In 1805.

Returning from thence to Russia at the head of the Young Guard, he gave new proofs of devotion to his country and its Chief. Then came the campaign of 1813. Still in command of the Young Guard, Mortier's conduct was, like the past, faithful and brave. Lutzen, Kœnigswartha, Bautzen, Hochkirch, Wurtschen, and Reichenbach, saw his efforts, sometimes unsuccessful, but never useless.

In the battle of Dresden, again, he deserved praise. He defended, step by step, the soil of his country. Overcome by the Prince of Sweden and General Bulow, he fought not the less bravely at Craonne, La Fère, Provins, Nangis, Meaux, Lagny, Saint Mandé, and at length at Paris.

In retiring to his estate at Plessis Lalande, Marshal Mortier has had leisure to meditate on the progressive misfortunes of his country, that country which he had served so gloriously. I have experienced a moment's happiness in retracing so illustrious a life. It has not many parallels.

CHAPTER LVIII.

The Quintidi and the Parade at the Tuileries — The Young Man with the Petition — The First Consul and the Young Man — The Governor of the Bastile and the Pension — M. De Latude, and Forty Years in a Dungeon — M. de Sartine and Recriminations — Vincennes, the Bastile, and Bicêtre — Santerre, Rossignol and Ronsin — The Dynamometer — The Revolutionary Army and the Infernal Legions — The Girl and the Burned Village — General Charbonnier and the Aid-de-Camp — "Art Thou a Good Patriot?" — General Vandamme and his Saber Exercise — The Village Ultérieur — The Scheldt a Fine Road.

One Quintidi,* at the moment that the First Consul was descending to hold the review in the court of the Tuileries, an event happened sufficiently singular to attract attention and interest. In the dense crowd that surrounded the line was a young man of about fifteen, dressed in a worn but neat black coat,

* One of the ten days of which the "week" consisted — in the Revolutionary Calendar.

which indicated that its master was above the hireling class. His figure was interesting; he was pale, and his neighbors observed that he trembled violently, often put his hand to his bosom, and appeared impatient to see the First Consul.

When the drums beat the young man's emotion became so powerful that his breast was seen to swell with the palpitation of his heart. The First Consul descended the stairs, and, as he reached the middle of the vestibule, the young man threw himself before him and presented a paper. The last few months had so teemed with plots and attempts against the life of the First Consul that twenty arms, all strangers to his suite, were instantly stretched forth to seize the boy, who, raising his hand and fixing an imploring look on the First Consul, still held forward his petition.

"Leave the young man — I am going to speak to him," said the First Consul; and advancing toward him: "What do you want, my boy?" demanded he.

The young man could not reply, but falling on his knees, presented his petition. The First Consul read it with an expression of countenance which struck all who surrounded him. His eyes then rested with a look of deep commiseration on the still kneeling young man, to whom he said:

"Rise, *mon enfant;* we kneel to God alone. Is your mother still in Paris?"

An almost stifled "Yes" escaped the lips of the young petitioner.

"Acquaint her that a pension of twelve hundred francs is awarded her, and will commence six months prior to the present date."

At the sound of these words the poor youth fell again on his knees, raising toward the First Consul his tearful eyes and trembling hands, which endeavored to seize his; but his emotion was too violent. His extreme paleness increased on hearing the favor granted to his mother; but it speedily gave place to purple. The veins of his forehead swelled till they were ready to burst, his eyes closed, he fell insensible at the feet of the First Consul, and Nature bringing her own relief, a profuse hemorrhage ensued, and the First Consul was covered with the poor boy's blood.

"A surgeon," cried he instantly — "a surgeon!" But joy, it is said, is never fatal; the young man recovered his senses, and bursting into tears, seized almost forcibly the hand of the First Consul, and kissed it with transport.

"You are a Providence to my family!" exclaimed the youth; "I will pray for you every day of my life."

The First Consul smiled as he pressed the young hand, and pursued his way to the review; but before he mounted his horse he recommended the boy to Junot, and to the Minister of War, and then gave him a friendly salute, saying:

"If you wish to enter the service, apply to the General Commanding the City of Paris: he will mention it to the Minister of War, and we will seek to do something for you."

The young man answered only with a low bow, and followed the First Consul to the steps of the portico. He saw the beautiful *Désiré* brought; the General, leaping lightly to his saddle, galloped off, and was soon amid the thronged ranks of his soldiers, followed by a numerous and brilliant suite, who surrounded him as the satellites of a planet constantly revolve around their center; he saw those grenadiers, still black with the powder of Marengo, with their high leather caps overshadowing their faces; that fine regiment of *chasseurs*, then commanded by Eugène Beauharnais; those gilded uniforms, those horses, that military music; and last of all the magician, who fascinated with his look of fire all who approached the sphere of his influence. . . . The young man cried: "Yes, I will serve! I will be a soldier, that a ray of that glory may fall on me."

This young man, so unfortunate and so grateful, was the son of Monsieur Delaunay, Governor of the Bastile, massacred the 14th of July, 1789.

Junot said to me one day: "I must bring you into conversation with a man of whom you have certainly heard, and whose Memoirs, you have, of course, read; M. de Latude — do you know him?" "Ah!" I exclaimed; "M. de Latude, and you ask whether I know him? I do not know him personally, but I am well acquainted with his misfortunes, which have so deeply interested me, that I should be delighted to see himself." Two days

afterward Junot told me: "This morning M. de Latude will breakfast with us; he will bring Madame Lemoine, for he no more moves without her than without his ladder."

It was well known that M. de Latude, when young, wanting to obtain a favor of Madame de Pompadour, thought to excite her gratitude by writing her a letter with his own signature, announcing that accident had just discovered to him a plot for poisoning the Marchioness by means of a box of confectionery, to be conveyed to her that very day, after which, mixing a harmless emetic with the sweetmeats, he dispatched them anonymously. M. de Sartine, the Lieutenant General of Police, was summoned in haste, and fell into great disgrace for having suffered so heinous a plot to be detected by a stranger. Returning enraged to his office, he accused his first commissary; he the second; and so on, till all their recriminations ended in a full disclosure of M. de Latude's artifice.

M. de Sartine's vengeance was proportioned, not to the offense, but to the apprehensions he had endured from the favorite's displeasure; and the unfortunate intriguer was thrown into a dungeon at Vincennes, without any judicial form. At the end of three years he escaped by means of a ladder manufactured from his own linen, was retaken and confined ten years in the Bastile, when he escaped a second time; was again overtaken by the terrible vengeance of the Director of the Police, and finding a new dungeon at Bicêtre, was there recommended to the extreme rigor of the governor: in short, his captivity for a harmless, though unworthy trick lasted thirty-seven years. On his first release, Brunetière had been acquainted with him and had told me this story, but had afterward lost sight of him, to my great relief, for I ardently desired to see M. de Latude.

I received him with a respect and tenderness truly sincere; but my enthusiasm was not proof against an old dotard repeating his oft-told tale with a soporific prolixity, which occasioned me in despair to address Madame Lemoine. She was a retired mercer, who one day picking up a packet in the Rue Saint Denis, found it to be a tablet made of the crumb of bread on which, with a large fishbone for his pen, the poor sufferer had written in his own blood the history of his imprisonment.

Madame de Pompadour and M. de Sartine being both dead, Madame Lemoine, who lost no time in applying to the Superintendent of Police, had little difficulty in procuring his liberation in consideration of his long detention; she devoted herself wholly to her grateful *protégé*, who always called her his guardian angel; and uniting their scanty means (for De Latude enjoyed from funds at Junot's disposal a pension of two hundred francs), they lived together nearly on the terms of father and daughter.

His ladder was a real masterpiece of human patience; it contained a hundred pieces of wood, all cut with a penknife from the faggots which served him for fuel; and the cord, composed of single threads drawn from his linen, and twisted by himself, was nearly of the thickness of my thumb. On his first flight from Vincennes his ladder was not long enough by fifteen feet, and he was therefore obliged to drop down, and dislocated his wrist.

Madame Lemoine told us that the First Consul had desired to see M. de Latude, and I pictured to myself how completely he, who could not tolerate much talking from his most intimate friends, would be wearied by the puerile and tedious loquacity of this AFFECTING VICTIM OF DESPOTISM, who had passed forty-one years of his life in various prisons. The visit of M. de Latude left a distressing impression on my mind, for it destroyed a pleasing illusion.

In the course of the same week I experienced a surprise of a different kind, also caused by a person I had never seen, and whose name sounded in my ears like a cry of carnage.

One morning, while we were at breakfast, a tall, stout man presented himself, of an unobjectionable appearance and countenance. Junot saluted him; but I perceived that his salute was constrained. Our breakfast over, we passed into the drawing-room. The stranger walked forward with a firm and resolute step. "This is an odd person," thought I to myself. Junot offered him coffee, which he refused with, "No, thank you, General, I never take my cup in the morning; as for a small glass, if Mademoiselle will permit——"

"It is my wife," said Junot in a very serious tone.

"Ah! *c'est la citoyenne Junot!* and the personage began

to stare at me with an attention which excited rather merriment than anger; for it was evident that this man, though rude by nature, had no intention of being so. Ah! it is the *citoyenne Junot! Diable*, colleague, you have not taken your soundings ill."

I whispered to Junot to tell me the name of this GENERAL, for it seemed that he had at least pretensions to that title. "No," replied Junot, "you must guess it; it is a name prodigiously well known."

Meanwhile the tall man was conversing with Junot's first aid-de-camp, M. Laborde; but I could gather nothing from the absurdities, solecisms, and ill-arranged sentences, which were passing between them.

An instrument lay on the table, invented and constructed by Reigner, the mechanical armorer, for measuring the human strength, by pressing with the two hands two bands of leather which confine a semicircular plate of brass, engraved with a scale, and furnished with a needle, which is made to move in proportion to the force of the pressure, and indicates by the number to which it points the strength of the individual.

Junot took it up, and pressing it, made the needle run so rapidly and forcibly, that it nearly struck the opposite extremity of the dynamometer, indicating a very unusual strength of wrist. The strange General then took up the instrument, but instead of using, examined it, and then said, laughing:

"Stay! that resembles those implements I took with me when I went down yonder to the west with Ronsin and Rossignol. I had also a learned aid-de-camp, a mathematician, with me.

"Well, when the Convention appointed me to command the Republican army, I refused, because I know myself, and know that I am not strong in the article of maneuvers; I refused, but what of that? What the Convention chose, it chose. I was obliged to take the command of one of the invincible columns. Ronsin commanded another, and poor Rossignol, he had a third. Well, I told you just now I had a learned aid-de-camp. He declared to the Convention that all the instruments, of which he gave me a list, would be required for this campaign, and they gave me them all. Two little wagons were filled with them.

"Away I carried them; my aid-de-camp, Platière, made use of them, and then sold them;" and he ended with a loud laugh; but my laughter stopped short. This speech had made him known.

It was Santerre! Santerre the brewer, of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, who was, on the 11th of August, 1792, appointed Commandant of the Parisian National Guard, who had the custody of the Royal Family in the Temple, and who commanded the troops on the 21st of January, 1793; he was first sent into La Vendée to command a corps with those two wretches whom he had named in my hearing. I had heard from inhabitants of Saumur, Montagne, and other neighboring towns, frightful details of all that Santerre had done in La Vendée.

Though his name is known as associated with the great political tragedy, yet it figures in a few lines of history, and on one or two pages so stained with blood as to destroy the possibility of distinguishing those actions in which he figures. I knew much of him, but was, I confess, far from imagining that this man would himself become the narrator, to afford me new light on the horrors committed in La Vendée by what were called the INFERNAL LEGIONS, commanded by himself, Ronsin, and Rossignol. He required no hint to assure us, himself, that he had written to the Ministry of War, and at the same time to the authorities, advising them to send wagons loaded with combustibles into La Vendée to consume all the woods and coppices, and even all furze, heath, and broom, by fire, so as to cut off the retreat of the Vendeans.

"It is a terrible conception to be tolerated by reason," said Junot, when this man was gone; "and yet perhaps humanity itself would have followed that course, in order to put an end in six months to evils which lasted forty. It would at least have been more humane than letting loose upon them, like bloodhounds, the capitulated garrisons of Mayence and Valenciennes, and afterward those INFERNAL LEGIONS led by the dregs of the most abject Jacobins."

I asked him why he would not tell me Santerre's name.

"Faith, because I did not care to introduce to you so creditable an acquaintance. I am not best pleased with

his visits, and accordingly they are not very frequent. He is an odious creature; he is neither military, civil, citizen, nor artisan; he abandoned his own profession, and all the professions at whose doors he has knocked have refused him admission. Republican General as I am, it is not possible for me to give my hand in the middle of the Tuileries gardens to Santerre, THE REVOLUTIONARY GENERAL, which means General commanding the Revolutionary army, where the guillotine marched always in readiness, like a piece of artillery with the match alight.* I do not like such characters," said Junot; "I am a Republican by taste and principle; but I have a horror of the blood, the massacres, the confiscations, which constituted that frightful system of horror under which France groaned for several years. Santerre is a wretch, and he is under a sort of surveillance from the Staff of Paris, which obliges him to present himself, I believe, once a fortnight. Well! this man, I am sure, says now that I am haughty, and have not fraternized with him; no, certainly I have not, because I cannot esteem him."

I inquired whether he was brave; several officers, who had arrived since his departure, answered no — that is, that his reputation was extremely doubtful.

Santerre once wrote to the Commune of Paris: "Learn that I have burned all the mills, with one single exception, and this narrowly escaped; I fortunately learned before setting it on fire that it belonged to a patriot."

In a hamlet near Savenay he met with a young girl, who pleased him, and he told her so. Her instant answer was, that she was a Vendean, and he not only a Blue, but a chief of the Blues, and that, consequently, there existed between them obstacles which could never be removed. The girl had a grandfather, sixty-five years of age. The Chief of the Blues had the village again ransacked, and finally burned; he then carried off the young girl and her unhappy grandfather, who died in a state of idiocy from grief! Poor old man, and poor France!

At this period of my life, no day passed that I did not see Napoleon, at least, unless my mother was very

* Lannes, Bessières, and several other Generals of Napoleon were known to entertain similar view.

ill. It was easy for me to seek a conversation with him upon what I had seen, nor was he backward in questioning me about all that interested me, so that he was not long in ignorance of Santerre's visit.

"How is that?" said Napoleon; "I thought he had been dead these four years. Well, what say you of him? Is he not handsome and engaging? These are the honest men who would fain see the happy days of 1793 restored. M. Santerre would find it delightful to obtain the epaulettes of Lieutenant-General, as he did those of Brigadier-General, by leading to the scaffold men less worthless than himself. Did you know Rossignol?" I had never seen him; but in the course of a quarter of an hour I was perfectly acquainted with him, for his own question brought to the First Consul's recollection accumulated details respecting this man, Ronsin, and Charpentier, which were really curious; and Junot afterward filled up their outlines for me.

"He is one of the most remarkable evidences that we can oppose to all that the manifestoes have said against us," observed the First Consul, when the name of Charpentier was mentioned. "That man commanded an army — that of the Rhine, at a time when we had everything to fear; all our frontiers were exposed, like a dismantled town after an assault, yet perhaps no victories have been more splendid than those then gained by young soldiers, in absolute want of bread, shoes, money, and of clothing, and under Generals such as Charbonnier, Santerre, Ronsin, and Rossignol. Rossignol, speaking of *Les Echelles*, in Savoy, said one day in a Committee of Public Safety, with perfect seriousness:

"'I can easily understand that my infantry could pass, because my men, however loaded, can mount a LADDER; but for my cavalry and artillery, though a thousand devils should interfere, they could not teach a horse to climb a LADDER.'"

On the subject of General Charbonnier no one was more amusing than M. Dietrich the lively young officer I met at the Opera the evening of the explosion of the infernal machine. He had served on the staff in Holland, when Vandamme, happily for the army, was also there. It was ascertained one morning that the English had landed. M. Dietrich was instantly sent to the head-

quarters of the General-in-Chief; this was General Charbonnier, who, though it was but little after nine, was found at a table, and already half intoxicated.

"General," said he to the unprepared Commander, "the English have landed—your orders are urgently wanted; be pleased to honor me with them, and I will instantly set out again."

The booby of a pretended warrior looked at him with eyes somewhat unsteady, and inquired:

"Art thou a good patriot?"

"Yes, my General."

"Well! seat yourself there; breakfast, and send the English to the devil."

M. Dietrich was then but eighteen, full of gayety and mirth: and certainly his mirth could not want a better occasion; but he feared General Vandamme, who, he very well knew, was capable of shortening him by the head had he failed in any part of his duty. Aware of the critical nature of his situation, he endeavored, while the General-in-Chief employed himself in swallowing some dozens of Ostend oysters, to persuade him into giving orders for the regiments to march; but, finding all his efforts unavailing, he was at length resolving to return to the Chief of the Staff, when Charbonnier, who, like all drunkards, had one fixed notion, recalled him.

"Stay there," said he; "I am going to speak to you—take a glass."

"Thank you, General, but it is too early; I am neither hungry nor thirsty."

"What! too early! I am wrong, then, in drinking and getting my breakfast? Well, thou art but a silly prattler. Take a glass, I tell you."

M. Dietrich accordingly drank his health, in hopes of soothing him and being permitted to retire, but the latter was more easily proposed than executed.

"So," said the General, "you are a good patriot!"

"Yes, General, a very good patriot; but, unhappily, so insignificant a point is not the present question. A serious object has brought me here. General Vandamme is expecting me, and is, meanwhile, exposed to the enemy's fire."

There had been some fighting, and an hour's suspension of arms had been agreed on, to wait M. Dietrich's

return. Vandamme was one of the bravest men in the world, but fiery and passionate, and quite capable of surprising and killing General Charbonnier. The young officer's head was filled with these reflections; he had no hope but in the General's speedily rising from table, and that a cup of coffee might sober him. Suddenly he heard the cannon, and a brisk fire of musketry; and, starting up, he exclaimed:

"Do you hear? do you hear? In the name of Heaven, General, call one of your officers, and send orders!"

"What is the matter now? Leave me alone, you and your —— Republic. Leave me alone to finish my breakfast as becomes a General-in-Chief."

"But, General ——"

"Ah! this is too much; I repeat to you, once for all, leave me in peace."

"But, General, you are exposing the army to the greatest danger."

"Bhrrr!"—and he began to sing.

"General Vandamme's division cannot possibly hold out without support. It will be compelled to yield the ground! Where would you have it take refuge if obliged to fly?"

"Ah! they in flight!—they! No, no!—and if they should, leave them alone; the fools know the roads well enough."

At that moment the quick gallop of a horse was heard; in less than a minute General Vandamme was in the room, and his saber whizzing round the ears of Charbonnier.

A nobler figure than that of General Vandamme at this period cannot well be imagined; his finely-formed head, his regular features, his beautiful curly hair, his glistening eyes, which, when angry, seemed to flash fire, his exquisitely-turned hand, altogether opposed a perfect contrast to the ignoble appearance of Charbonnier. Vandamme, justly incensed, stood before his brutalized chief, making his sword fly round his head, and recommending him to prepare for instant death.

"This is thy last hour, wretch! How! is thy soul base enough to deliver up thy comrades to be massacred by the enemy, and that enemy the English? Let everything be instantly in order; let the troops march; or

rather stay here and sleep thyself sober; the army has no need of thee to conquer." And pushing Charbonnier from him with a violence that flung him to the farther end of the room, he went away with Dietrich, and both jumping on their horses, rushed into the midst of the fire just as the artillery opened.

Vandamme's valor in circumstances doubly critical from the stupidity or treason of Charbonnier was eminently conspicuous. The incapacity of one might have destroyed the army, but the courage and conduct of the other saved it. This was the first attempted descent of the English, before the arrival of Brune in Holland.

Charbonnier, after the departure of Vandamme, began to grow gradually sober. The cannonading was so incessant that he could not doubt the whole army was engaged. In the midst of his intemperance, and of that thick cloud which blocked up every avenue to his brain, he yet retained some portion of that bravery which made him originally remarkable, and had procured for him the appointment of a military Proconsul. He plunged his head into water, and mounting his horse, hastened to the battle; but all was already retrieved by General Vandamme.

Afterward, when peace and order had revisited us, the First Consul awarded to each his due. Charbonnier returned to the rank of a Chief of Battalion, and had the command of a garrison. It was this same Charbonnier, who, receiving one day dispatches from the Convention, which directed him to wait ulterior orders (*des ordres ultérieurs*), spent a whole week in seeking on the map the village ULTÉRIEUR.

Another time, when he was giving very particular orders for the passage of cavalry from Antwerp, the Commissary, who had attentively followed Charbonnier's finger on the map, ventured to ask him where the road was.

"What!" said the General; "do not you see this road?"

"I see nothing, General."

"How!" and he stamped, for he was passionate — "how! not see that road! It is large enough, however; it is superb! I am sure it is more than a hundred feet wide!"

I can well believe that, for it was the Scheldt!

CHAPTER LIX.

M. Charles — Unimpeachable Antecedents — Madame Bonaparte at the Serbelloni Palace — Espionage of Madame Leclerc — Bonaparte's Eyes, and the Police of the Hall of the Throne — Arrest of M. Charles at Milan — Conversation with Pauline Bonaparte — Reciprocal Affliction and Consolation — Madame Bonaparte's First Residence at Malmaison — Madame La Générale — Sister Rosalie and the Almoner of the Army of Egypt — The Master in the Master's Absence — Madame Bonaparte's Divorce Advised by Gohier — Return from the Army of Egypt, and Banishment of M. Charles — Bonaparte and Duroc on the Boulevards, and Unexpected Encounter — Junot's Friendship for M. Charles — The True Friends of Junot.

Among the friends introduced to me by Junot were some whose names especially attracted my attention; for instance, Monsieur Charles, born at Romans, of an obscure family, who entered the army at the commencement of the Revolution, in a troop of cavalry formed at Besançon, and was a Lieutenant, when being ordered into Italy, he was attached as Assistant to the Adjutant-General Leclerc at Milan; and when the latter, on his marriage with Pauline Bonaparte, was made a Brigadier-General, Charles was also promoted to the rank of Captain and appointed aid-de-camp to the General.

Just at this time Madame Bonaparte (Josephine) arrived at Milan, and lodged at the Serbelloni Palace, where she had an establishment as a Sovereign.

M. Charles was introduced to her in common with all the officers of the army, and as he belonged to the establishment of General Bonaparte's brother-in-law, he obtained more than common attention.

Napoleon, almost always absent from home, was either occupied in Milan itself, or in journeys in the neighborhood; he therefore did not see anything that transpired there but what fell immediately beneath his own eye. His sister, Madame Leclerc, was not like him; she was unoccupied, but desired some sort of employment, and therefore commenced a strict watch over the conduct of a sister-in-law whom she hated, such an occupation being as good as any other; but I believe she deceived herself, for although she was not long in ascertaining that M.

Charles and Madame Bonaparte were in close communication, and that this intimacy occupied much of their thoughts, she found that this attachment might be, but was not in fact, anything more than a tender friendship.

M. Charles was about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age; small, well made, with good features, a dark, clear complexion, and hair black as jet; he was altogether attractive, although a little deficient in the polish of elegant society. He wore a superb hussar's uniform covered with gold lace, and breakfasted at the Serbelloni Palace whenever Napoleon left it, and no one in the army or in Milan was a stranger to the interest Madame Bonaparte testified for him.

This fact reached at length the General-in-Chief. Through whom? Probably his own eyes! So it might certainly be presumed; for those penetrating eyes constituted the sole police of the Throne Room at the Tuileries: and such was their clearness and precision that the darkest corner of the Hall would scarcely avail to escape their keen inquisition. Be this as it may, at the headquarters of the Army of Italy it was suddenly rumored that M. Charles had been arrested by order of the General-in-Chief, and would certainly be shot.

I do not answer for the cause of General Bonaparte's displeasure against M. Charles; I am narrating only, and though, like Werther, I should narrate the same thing for the tenth time, I could say no more than I do, that M. Charles was arrested against the will, and perhaps on account of *Madame la Générale-en-chef*, a proceeding grievous to both, at least so it may be presumed. Madame Leclerc, who was known to be GOODNESS ITSELF, said to me, "In short, conceive, Laurette, that my sister-in-law had nearly died of vexation; and we certainly do not die of vexation from merely parting with our friends. There must be more than friendship concerned in this matter. For my part, I have comforted my brother, who was very unhappy. He was aware of it all when he came to Paris, before he set out for Egypt. Poor brother!"

And the kind sister pitied him most liberally for the unhappiness which she herself had probably caused him. Madame Leclerc was a droll character to study. She has been well sketched and well painted; but so strange was

her character, that no one has ever succeeded in making a finished picture of her.

M. Charles was obliged to quit the Army of Italy, and, returning to Paris, the interest of Madame Bonaparte procured him a partnership in the mercantile house of Louis Bodin; there he made a great fortune, which was afterward impaired. He kept a good house, and associated with the bankers, the only class which held regular receptions at the time of Madame Bonaparte's return from Italy, and her husband's departure for Egypt. It was then she purchased Malmaison, and established herself there.

A friend of my mother, who was inhabiting Ruelle, used to tell us that she saw *Madame la Générale*, the name she was known by in the village, walking very late in the garden. "By moonlight," said Rosalie, "and when, leaning on the arm of her son, her white dress and flowing veil are contrasted with his dingy attire of black or blue, the effect is quite fantastic. They might be taken for phantoms. Poor woman! she is then thinking, perhaps, of her first husband, who fell a victim to the Revolutionary executioners! Thinking also of him by whom, through the mercy of Providence, her loss is repaired, and of whom a cannon ball may in a moment deprive her. How does he manage, down yonder, to hear mass amid all those Turks, Mademoiselle Laure?" asked the pious girl. "Why, I suppose he has a chaplain," answered I; and at that time I really believed it.

Madame Bonaparte sometimes came to Paris to visit Barras, Madame Tallien, and Madame Gohier, to whom she was very partial; sometimes she would also see her mother and brothers-in-law, but not often, for she did not like them; the war, however, though certainly mutual, was not begun on their side. She was then in direct hostility with Joseph, the mildest and best of men, and at enmity with Madame Bonaparte the mother, and Madame Lucien, an angel of goodness. I know not what caused the animosity that had arisen between them, but I was sufficiently acquainted with Madame Lætitia and Madame Christine to answer for them.

Malmaison, at the time I am speaking of, was a pretty country house with agreeable environs, but very inconvenient and most unwholesome. Brunetière, who was

somehow mixed up in the affair, told me that Madame Bonaparte had made this acquisition as a child buys a new toy that strikes her fancy, without considering whether it will long amuse her. The park was small, sloping on all sides, and resembled a pretty English garden.

It was inclosed, excepting the length of the lawn in front of the *château*, with a wall stretching along the road of St. Germain ; the lawn was bordered with a ha-ha, on the brink of which stood a small flight of iron steps, affording a resting place and a view over the road, which could also be seen from the park. The fine plantations that now surround the *château*, and all its out-offices, were not then in existence.

M. Charles inhabited Malmaison in the quality of master; friends, we know, have privileges. Gohier, who was always thrown into a brown study by the recollection of the 18th Brumaire, but was otherwise an honest and sensible man, strongly persuaded Josephine to a decided step.

"Divorce," said he, when all in tears she refused the advice he gave her to break off a connection which compromised her in the eyes of the world, "divorce; you tell me it is only friendship that exists between M. Charles and yourself ; but if that friendship is so strong that it impels you to violate the observances of the world, I shall say to you, as if it were love, divorce; because friendship so exclusive will stand in lieu of all other sentiments. Believe me, all this will cause you regret." Gohier was right; he saw the matter in its true light, but Josephine would not listen.

When, after his return from Egypt, Bonaparte was on the point of himself effecting what Gohier had some months previously advised should be done prudently and quietly, Josephine screamed, wept, and was in despair. She would not hear of a divorce when he was at a distance, much less could she endure it when the splendor of his glory enlightened all Europe with its rays; but in consenting to surrender his proposal, he exacted, as an absolute condition, the banishment of M. Charles, and her promise never to see him more.

Napoleon detested M. Charles; he never mentioned him, or suffered him to be named in his presence. But

I know some incidents on this subject which have excessively surprised me, for I did not believe him susceptible of so much emotion.

One morning when Napoleon was walking out with Duroc to survey the works of the bridge of Austerlitz, which was then building, a cabriolet dashed at a rapid pace along the boulevard. Duroc felt the Emperor press his arm for support and rest heavily upon it, and saw him at the same time grow unusually pale. Duroc would have cried out for assistance, but the Emperor silenced him with, « It is nothing; be quiet! » The cabriolet contained M. Charles, whom Napoleon had not seen so close since he left Italy.

What could be the sentiment which agitated him? Was it still love for Josephine? He loved her no longer; he was then attached to an enchanting woman, the only one he ever really loved. Napoleon considered this man his enemy, and hated him.

Not so Junot; he had been intimately associated with M. Charles in Italy, and they entertained for each other a sincere friendship. Junot did not always bestow his regard so well; he was far more easily deceived by appearances than I was on his behalf, frequently granting his friendship where it was betrayed, while he denied it to his true friends. How long did he distress me respecting Duroc! but at length he came to his senses. Duroc was the best of friends.

M. Charles purchased, in the year 1803 or 1804, a property called Casan. His affairs being subsequently much embarrassed it was sold, and he returned to Romans, his native town, where he lived retired and respectably.

CHAPTER LX.

Superior Men Appreciators of Bonaparte — Rival Generals — Klèber's Feelings toward General Bonaparte — Klèber's Letters — Bonaparte's Eyes Turned toward the East — Projects of a Great Man — Desire of Preserving Egypt — Explanation of Bonaparte's Return from Egypt — The Army of Druses — The Successor of Klèber — General Menou — Junot, Lanusse, and the Consequences of a Duel — Bonaparte's Enmity toward Tallien.

All the leaders of thought of the day have avoided either thinking or speaking ill of Napoleon. Châteaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Casimir Delavigne, the Abbé de la Mennais, all these men have passed judgment on the Colossus; they have seen his faults, but have recognized his great qualities: these learned men have not spared their criticism, mingled with approbation. Klèber, though his enemy, yet profoundly admired him, because his fine genius was capable of appreciating greatness.

When Bonaparte was Commander-in-Chief in Italy, other Generals, jealous of that young head so useful to his country, could not assemble but they must discuss, with reflections not over-charitable, the military operations of the young General, who, as some said, after having announced his intention of conquering Italy, like another Hannibal, was now gone, like him, to take his rest at Capua. This was in allusion to his retiring on Piedmont after having threatened Lombardy.

Klèber, who had talent enough to understand this maneuver, and who, being yet a stranger to Napoleon, was not then at variance with him (which, it may be observed, he uniformly was with the General commanding him), did full justice to Bonaparte's abilities, both military and civil; and on these occasions always defended him against the mediocrity which attacked him, with that vigor and generosity inspired by talent and courage.

Bonaparte was haunted by visions of the East. He would sometimes dilate on this subject for three hours

without intermission, and often uttered the greatest follies with inconceivable seriousness. He frequently conversed on the subject of the East with our friend Admiral Magon, questioning him upon India. Napoleon would listen with avidity, watching the Rear-Admiral's countenance, and seeming to snatch the words from his lips. Sometimes he would exclaim:

"It is there — it is in India we must attack the English power. It is there we must strike her! The Russians will not allow us a passage to Persia; well, then, we must get there by another road. I know that road, and I will take it!"

Originally, Turkey was the scene of his projects; but his ideas were afterward very different, and more practicable. When the Egyptian expedition was at last decided on, Napoleon said to Junot and to some others of his officers:

"I am going to repair, if possible, the misfortune of our ravaged or lost colonies. Egypt will be a magnificent compensation; and the acquisition of that beautiful country for France shall be the object of this expedition."

Such were his predominant views during the passage, on his arrival, and while he resided there. How much did he suffer when he saw his fleet destroyed, and all the means of internal safety endangered by that loss!

Bonaparte's ardent passion for the retention of Egypt is so well known to all who were with him, that it appears to me impossible for the most perverted mind to see his return to Europe in any other light than as a struggle for the preservation of that colony, which in his very dreams formed a nucleus for the incessant discharge of shafts against England.

Was his project of forming a junction with an army of thirty thousand Druses near Mount Lebanon nothing? and that of conquering those parts of Egypt that were inhabited by tribes easily guided, uniting those tribes with the Druses, and attempting to penetrate into Persia, was this nothing?

One day, speaking of Egypt, he made use of an expression which I then thought very extraordinary, and I jokingly reminded him of it three days before his coronation.

"It is vexatious," said he, "to have been prevented meeting my Druses; I MISSED MY FORTUNE."

General Menou had been long in the service before the breaking out of the Revolution; had served in India and had acquired in his travels a love of the marvelous sufficiently amusing, but which prevented all reliance on his tales. It is a singular coincidence that this same General, the Marquis de Menou, who turned Turk in 1801, presided over the Constituent Assembly on the 19th of June, 1790, when those throngs were introduced, calling themselves Arabians, Chaldeans, Syrians, Americans, Poles, Prussians, etc., etc., and he very gravely replied to the oration of the Arabs: "Gentlemen, it was Arabia which gave the first lesson of philosophy to Europe: France now discharges the debt by giving you lessons of liberty." When commanding the Republican troops, he was defeated at Saumur by La Rochejaquelin and Lescure. On the 14th of October he commanded in Paris, but resigned.

Of an adventurous disposition, though no longer young, he joined the Egyptian expedition by his own desire. By the assassination of Klèber after the battle of Heliopolis, he, as senior, succeeded to the command. His administration was able, but, like that of the Generals of Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barry, distinguished by the goodness of its suppers and the disgrace of its army.

Abercrombie, with 18,000 Englishmen, landed at this same strand of Aboukir, and Menou lost the Battle of Canopus, and with it the possession of Egypt. Shut up in Alexandria, and cut off from all communication with the rest of his army, he had not even the consolation of effecting the reduction of Cairo, a charge which devolved upon Belliard: the definitive capitulation at length received his signature, and, returning to Europe, he was well received by Napoleon, who appointed him Administrator-General of Piedmont.

One day, soon after the arrival of General Vial, the envoy of General *Abdalla* Menou, the First Consul being in his cabinet with Berthier, Junot, and Bourrienne, who were busily unsealing the numerous fumigated packets brought by General Vial, the First Consul hinted his intention of changing the command of the

Eastern army; he spoke of Menou, lauded his pleasing manners in a drawing-room, his agreeable way of telling a story.

"But," added he, "all that is useless at the head of an army; and Klèber, with his cynical sayings and his rough exterior, is far better suited to the Army of Egypt in its present situation." The generals then in Egypt came under consideration, and when Berthier named some of them he shook his head; at length he resumed the conversation after a long silence, and as if talking to himself:

"Regnier? — Damas? — Friant? — No, none of these. — Belliard? — He is a child, though a brave one. — Old Leclerc? — No. — Well! after all, Abdalla Joseph Menou serves our turn best yonder, Berthier; but we must give him an able chief of the staff, or rather second in command, and here we have a choice."

This suggested an idea to Junot. "General," said he, "you know best what you are about, but *I* know whom I should choose." The First Consul turned on him an interrogative look. "General Lanusse."

"Oh! oh! you do not bear malice?"

"Why should I, my General? I fought Lanusse for a foolish gaming quarrel, which, besides, was but a pretext. I thought he was not attached to you, that he partook the sentiments of General Damas."

"Oh! as to him, he does not like me, indeed! Well, I have a great mind to appoint him."

"General Damas, my General?"

"Yes. Lanusse has talent and courage, but Damas is not behind him in either, and as a general officer he is of quite a different caliber: besides, Lanusse has confounded democratical notions, and is in correspondence, as well as his brother, with a man so immoral as to compromise even his acquaintances; think of the effect M. Tallien's friendly support must produce. I do not like M. Tallien. I hate that man; he is wicked himself, and a corrupter of others. The two Lanusses are both gamesters, and they have learned it of him. But Damas, he is an Aristides."

This was true. Damas was one of those virtuous and extraordinary men whom nature but rarely molds.

He died only two or three years ago, in the Rue du

Saint Père, Faubourg Saint Germain, in the bosom of his numerous family; his funeral was simple (for his circumstances had been very limited), and borrowed all its solemnity from the presence of a group of generals, his former brethren-in-arms. General Edward Colbert, his aid-de-camp in Egypt, pronounced his funeral oration, in which he professed his attachment to his former General.

CHAPTER LXI.

Lucien's Embassy to Madrid — Bonaparte's Orders Relative to Egypt — Lucien's Letter to General Menou — A Faithful Friend of the Republic — Reduction of Egypt, and Tardy Mission — Sicily — Naples and M. Alquier — The Sister of the Queen of the French — Mesdames de France at the Palace of Caserta — M. Goubaud, the Roman Painter — The Princesses and the Tricolored Cravat — The Painter of the Emperor's and King of Rome's Cabinet.

At this time, Lucien having accomplished the principal object of his embassy in Spain, turned his attention to his brother's orders respecting Egypt, and sent my brother-in-law, M. Geouffre, on a mission to General Menou; he had at first selected for that service M. Clement, first adjutant of the Consular Guard, and embarked him at Barcelona; but the secret had not been well kept; the English were apprised of the hour of sailing, and M. Clement, with his written instructions, fell into their hands.

Lucien was satisfied of my brother-in-law's entire devotion to him, and felt, moreover, assured that with his address, experience, and knowledge of the world, he would not suffer his mission to miscarry, even though he should be taken by the English, who lay in wait at the entrance of every port to take every vessel that ventured from shore.

The French ambassador obtained an order from the King of Spain for the arming of an American vessel; my brother-in-law embarked in the disguise of a sailor, and as far as Malta the voyage was favorable. There he was informed of Menou's capitulation; but not being able

absolutely to rely on his authority, determined, as the safest course, to seek some Italian port, and attaching two of his comrades to his fortunes, they took flight in a small boat, and landed on the Sicilian coast, which they found entirely deserted, the inhabitants being frightened away by the frequent invasions of Algerine corsairs.

The sanitary laws of Sicily were that year excessively severe, under the apprehension not only of the plague, but also of the yellow fever, which was raging violently in Spain. As any quarantine would have subjected him to extreme inconvenience and delay, M. Geouffre took every possible precaution to avoid observation, and found an asylum for the night in an old chapel, whose ruins gave melancholy evidence of the devastation committed by the pirates. The next morning a priest who was passing the ruined chapel on his road to Palermo undertook at my brother-in-law's request, the delivery of two letters from him; one to the Spanish Consul, who also fulfilled the functions of the French Consulate; and the other to the Governor of Palermo, in both of which, with a very slight and excusable departure from truth, he represented himself as attached to the Spanish embassy.

The next day the priest returned with favorable answers, and M. Geouffre, with his two sailors, whom he amply recompensed, and the priest who served him by the road both as interpreter and paymaster, arrived at Palermo, where he was most graciously received by the Spanish Consul, and procured through his means every facility for his progress to Naples. From that place he embarked in a small felucca, and landed at the foot of the mole, certain of finding at the house of the French Ambassador, Alquier, whom Lucien Bonaparte had succeeded at Madrid, every accommodation he could desire. With Alquier no secrecy was necessary on the subject of his Egyptian mission, and they lamented together its ill success, and the important loss the nation had sustained.

The French Ambassador presented my brother-in-law at the Neapolitan Court, then in all its brilliancy, and preparing for the double nuptial of the Prince of Asturias with a Neapolitan princess, sister of the present Queen of the French, and of the Infanta Donna Marianna with the Prince Royal of Naples. The Princess of Asturias I had the honor of being particularly acquainted

with, and was much distinguished by her; her memory is very dear to me.

After a short stay in the beautiful and harmonious Parthenope, which still mourned the divine Cimarosa, my brother-in-law returned to Spain, having derived no other advantage from an expedition that endangered both his liberty and life than that of having seen Naples and its enchanting bay.

Parthenope has recalled to my mind a story that occurred in that same Italy, and very near Naples; it relates to Madame Adelaide and Madame Victoire, and happened at this period. Mesdames de France inhabited the Castle of Caserta, a royal country house belonging to the Court of Naples.

Their Court was still tolerably numerous, and to divert the tedium its younger members must otherwise have contracted from their recluse mode of life, the Princesses frequently had little balls, composed only of their own suite. A single violin formed the orchestra, under the direction of M. Chazote, governor of the young Comte de Chastellux. It seems he was not very clever, and that Collinet would not have been likely to engage him as his second, for he inhumanly mangled the most common airs, such as the *monaco*, *les deux cogs*, and other new dances.

The dissonance was once so insupportable to the practiced ear of Madame Adelaide, that, starting from her seat, she took the violin from M. Chazote's hands, and her Royal Highness played through the whole country-dance with a taste and precision which called forth the gratitude and the amazement of the dancers, nearly all of whom were ignorant that she could handle the instrument. Madame Adelaide appeared as much amused with fingering her bow as the dancers in following it, for no sooner had she concluded the country-dance she had carried off from poor M. Chazote, whom she told to "Go and dance," than she tuned her instrument, and issued the word of command, "To your places."

But the Duchesse de Narbonne, who perhaps thought the Princess was forgetting her dignity, majestically crossed the room, and remonstrated with such firmness that the excellent Princess surrendered her own amusement and that which she was conferring. A spectator has assured me that nothing could be more picturesque

and graceful than Madame Adelaide, in her stiff Gothic dress, playing so unusual an instrument; at a little distance, Madame Victoire, who could never laugh, even in the *salons* of Versailles, and was now cold, serious, and severely melancholy, appeared to look with a reproving eye on her sister, while the young Louise de Narbonne, the ornament of the Court, as she would have been of Versailles, and the two Comtesses de Chastellux, all three young, pretty, and dressed with the simplicity becoming their age, formed a striking contrast with the starched exiles of the old Court.

M. Goubaud, the young Roman painter of the household of the Princesses, made an exquisite sketch of this little scene.

Youth loves smartness, and is coquettish in males as well as females. This young M. Goubaud, who was in high favor both with Mesdames de France and Madame de Narbonne herself, who was never prodigal of her favor, was then a pretty boy of eighteen or twenty. One day he went out to attend a fair, or village *fête*.

Goubaud, while eyeing the pretty girls, paid no attention to the most coquettish, and running after the most timid, suddenly spied an immense silk handkerchief with a broad border of lively and glaring colors. The *fête*, the peasant-girls, all disappeared before the flattering idea that that very night, or on the morrow at farthest, he shall outshine the whole household of Mesdames in this large and many-colored cravat. He purchased it, and returned to Caserta as enraptured with his bargain as if he had bought the Pope's tiara, which, be it said *en passant*, was not then at Rome.

The next day was Sunday, and it was the custom of the house for the Princesses to pass to Mass through the ranks of their assembled household, inclining their heads, speaking to the women, and smiling at the men. Goubaud, decked like a bridegroom, and proud as a peacock, had placed himself opposite to an open window, where he might appear in all the plenitude of his beauty. The usher of the chambers, opening the folding doors, announced Madame Victoire and Madame Adelaide.

Madame Victoire, whose habitually calm countenance seldom betrayed any feeling, on perceiving the young Roman appeared perfectly astonished. She paused a

moment, seeming about to speak; then, apparently unwilling to compromise her dignity, she recovered her composure, and passed on without noticing the confident and smiling salute of the good youth. He now awaited Madame Adelaide, who was far more beloved than her sister; but she not only passed like Madame Victoire without speaking to the young painter, but darted on him an indignant glance which distressed him. The Duchesse de Narbonne, who followed, fixed on Goubaud a piercing look which seemed to say, "What! have you such audacity?" The young artist mentally reviewed every act of his that could possibly have given offense, and finally comforted himself with the reflection that the displeasure of his patronesses was undeserved.

The return from Mass was equally solemn, and the whole establishment, modeling their conduct after that of the Princesses, seemed to shun Goubaud as if he had just imported the yellow fever from Cadiz.

The young artist, who had a grateful and susceptible heart, retired to his study and gave himself up to melancholy reflections; scarcely had he entered, when a messenger from Madame de Narbonne brought him a brief and precise order to quit Caserta that very day.

His patience now deserted him, and anger for a moment superseded grief; but his eyes falling on the magnificent view which unfolded before him all the magic images of beauty, surrounding a dwelling in which, welcomed as a friend, as a beloved child, he had passed the happiest days of his life, "I should be mad," thought he, "to retire without inquiring the cause of my disgrace"; and he immediately requested a parting audience of Madame de Narbonne, who granted it on the instant; but, as he entered, panting for breath, "What!" cried she in a fury, and without giving him time to speak — "what! you have the boldness, the impudence, to present yourself before me in your odious cravat?"

Goubaud was confounded.

"My cravat, MADAME LA DUCHESSE! ——"

"Yes, sir; your cravat. Is not exile a sufficient misfortune? Must Adelaide and Victoire of France, the daughters of Louis XV., be persecuted in that exile, insulted even with the sight of a tricolored flag?"

"*Ah! mon Dieu!*" cried Goubaud, and the immense

corners of his cravat striking his eyes, he snatched it from his neck and stood dismayed, as if really criminal; the cravat was as perfect a tricolor as the flag which now waves over the Château of the Tuileries. The poor youth held in his hands the accusing witness, and believed it had been placed there by some mischievous demon who had fascinated his eyes.

Born and bred in Italy, and in retirement, he had never seen the tricolored flag, nor even thought of it but as associated with the misfortunes of those kind and benevolent Princesses for whom he would have laid down his life.

He had little difficulty in explaining the innocence of his intentions to the good-natured Duchess, who undertook to plead for him with his benefactresses. She soon returned from her compassionate mission with a free pardon, giving him at the same time, from the royal ladies, a packet containing a dozen superb white cravats, and ordering for the altar of the chapel a painting of the Assumption of the Virgin, which the grateful artist commenced without the loss of an hour, and in a few days his study was again visited by the Princesses, "to cement the pardon," as Mademoiselle Adelaide expressed herself.

Goubaud was afterwards miniature painter to the Emperor Napoleon, and in 1813 was appointed painter to the King of Rome and the children of France; and he has recently finished a splendid picture of the captive Napoleon.

CHAPTER LXII.

Malmaison — Its Park — Bonaparte's Project — Mademoiselle Julien — The Consul's Tent, Love of Air, and the Fire in Summer — Apartment of Mademoiselle Hortense — Manner of Life at Malmaison — Female Breakfasts — Facility of Madame Bonaparte in Granting Her Protection — Madame Savary and Madame Lannes — Madame d'Houdetot and M. de Céré — Unexpected Favor, Mission, Delay, and Disgrace — The Memorial and the Bill.

THE park of Malmaison was enchanting, notwithstanding its proximity to the barren mountain on one side. The river, though running far below, imparted strength and luxuriance to its vegetation; and nothing could be greener, more fresh, or umbrageous, than the field from which it was separated only by a ha-ha, and that part of the park itself which is bounded by the road. The extent of the park did not exceed a hundred acres; and Bonaparte, on his return from Egypt, endeavored to persuade Mademoiselle Julien, a rich old maid of the village of Ruelle, as an act of good neighborship, to sell him, at her own price, an adjoining garden, or small park, by which addition Malmaison would have been placed on so respectable a footing that he need no longer have blushed to compare it with the magnificent estate of his brother Joseph.

The First Consul had a small private garden, separated only by a bridge from his private cabinet. It was here that he took the air, when labor rendered moderate exercise necessary to him; for at that time, and for two years succeeding, he allowed himself no repose but what Nature imperatively required. The bridge was covered in and arranged like a small tent; here his table was carried, and he would employ himself with State papers, saying that he felt his ideas become more elevated and expansive in the air than when seated beside a stove and shut out from communication with the sky.

Yet Bonaparte could not endure the smallest degree of cold; had fires lighted in July, and wondered that others did not suffer like himself from the first breath of a north wind.

Our life at Malmaison resembled that usually led when much company is assembled together at a *château* in the country. Our apartments consisted of a chamber, a boudoir, and a room for the chambermaid, all very simply furnished. That occupied by Mademoiselle Hortense differed from the others only by a folding door; and this apartment was not assigned her till after her marriage. All opened on a long and narrow paved corridor, looking into the court.

We chose our own hour of rising, and until breakfast our time was at our own disposal. At eleven the ladies all met for breakfast in a small low *salon* of the right wing, opening to the court; but, as in Paris, gentlemen were never admitted to the party, unless, occasionally, Joseph, Louis, or one of the family. Breakfast was followed by conversation, or the reading of the journals, and someone always arrived from Paris to have AN AUDIENCE, for already Madame Bonaparte gave audiences, contrary to the express orders of the First Consul, and patronized petitions, though his anger at her interference had already caused her abundance of tears; but when a beautiful pearl necklace or bracelet of rubies was offered, through the hands of Bourrienne, or of any other friend, the elegance of a present so wholly unconnected with the matters in hand suppressed all curious speculations into the nature of the mine which produced it.

The First Consul was never visible till dinner time. At five or six in the morning he descended to his cabinet, and was there occupied with Bourrienne, or with the Ministers, Generals, and Councilors of State, till the dinner hour of six, when the party was generally joined by some invited guests. All the suite of the First Consul were at this time enlarging his household by marriage; Colonel Savary had just married a relation of Madame Bonaparte (an unhoped-for happiness to a man whose life knew no other impulse than the desire of advancement); his wife was pretty, but had bad teeth.

Madame Lannes was really handsome, and in high favor at Malmaison, of which she was every way worthy; gentle, unconscious of envy, and never sacrificing to a jest the peace or reputation of another. In person she might have formed a model for the most beautiful Madonnas of Raphael or Coreggio; such was the symmetry

of her features, the calmness of her countenance, the serenity of her smile. I first saw her at a ball, where she scarcely danced, although her figure was light and elegant. In the dignified station to which fate exalted her after the death of her husband, the Duchess de Montebello's conduct was perfectly irreproachable; and she was ever ready to oblige or serve others as far as was consistent with the severity of the Emperor, who would inevitably have discouraged and opposed any affair recommended by a woman, and with the apathy of the Empress, who, on quitting her early home, had not, as assuredly the Archduke Charles would have advised her, created for herself a new one.

But to return to Josephine and her morning audiences. This was the only time that the surveillance of the First Consul left her at liberty, and he then committed the duty to Bourrienne, who tells us "he would have deemed it disgraceful to act as a spy on the wife of his friend," and therefore contented himself with concealing from the First Consul such acquisitions of jewelry, etc., as made no claim on the public finances. I must, however, do Madame Bonaparte the justice to say that she saw nothing of all these intrigues, but confined herself to writing a few lines to Berthier, who had much more consideration for her than any of the other Ministers; so little interest, indeed, had she with them, that importunity alone could not give any weight to her requests; the influence of Mademoiselle Hortense, had she exerted it, would have been far more effective.

But if Madame Bonaparte's credit with the authorities was at a low ebb, her reputation for it was also injured by her own proceedings; for example, among her most attached friends was Madame Houdetot, and her interposition was for once successful in recommending that lady's brother, M. de Céré, to the First Consul's favor, in which sense, good manners, and a pleasing address rapidly advanced him. He was becoming a familiar on the establishment when he was sent on a mission, and a certain day fixed for his return, after which he was to receive the appointment of aid-de-camp. But, alas! youth is heedless, and M. de Céré exceeded his appointment by a whole fortnight.

Napoleon, doubly incensed by the neglect of his orders

and by his own error of judgment, a circumstance not very common, would listen to no solicitations for pardon, and peremptorily prohibited the young man's reappearance before him; while Madame Bonaparte observed that "a volcanic head, leading into follies for want of reflection, should not be associated with the indolence of a creole."

After many months had elapsed, determined on a new effort to recover his lost ground, he solicited, through the medium of his sister and of Savary, who was also his friend, an audience of Madame Bonaparte, and to his great joy was desired to repair on the morrow to Malmaison, furnished with a very clear and explicit memorial, which Josephine promised to forward. Arriving at the *château*, he found Madame, as usual, gracious and enchanting; she told him that the First Consul, already predisposed by her, would easily overlook an irregularity which M. de Céré promised to obliterate by future good conduct, and concluded by receiving his memorial, and recommending him to come himself in a few days for the answer.

The poor young man, intoxicated with the success of his overtures, demanded by anticipation the congratulations of his friends; but he discovered, before retiring to rest, that the memorial was still in his pocket, and he had left as its substitute in the hands of his patroness a long bill from his tailor. In despair at an incident which threatened annihilation to all his new-raised hopes, he passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning was again on the road to Malmaison, determined, as his last chance, to explain the whole affair to Madame Bonaparte. His consternation may be imagined when, advancing with outstretched hand to meet him, she anticipated his explanation with:

"How happy I am! I have delivered your memorial to the First Consul, and we read it together; it was admirably drawn up," added she, with an approving smile, "and made a great impression upon him. He told me Berthier should report it, and within a fortnight all will be settled. I assure you, *mon cher*, this success, for I consider the affair as concluded, made me the whole of yesterday the happiest woman in the world."

If the actual memorial had not been at that moment in

his pocket he would have persuaded himself it was really in the hands of the First Consul, and that his unhappy carelessness was all a dream!

From this instance it may be inferred that Madame Bonaparte, though perfectly good natured, and with the utmost disposition to oblige, could not be entirely depended upon in the management of any affair. She desired to confer favors, but this desire yielded to the smallest apprehension of the First Consul's displeasure.

Bonaparte was very partial to Malmaison, and insisted on all the visitors being entirely at their ease; it was always he who opposed the restraints of etiquette, which already Madame Bonaparte liked, and would fain have introduced, although as burdensome to herself as to others.

CHAPTER LXIII.

The Wednesdays at Malmaison — The Stage Company at Malmaison — Bonaparte Treated Like a Boy — Dinners in the Park — Party at Barriers, and the First Consul without His Coat — Fright of Madame Bonaparte — Rapp, Eugène, and the Veteran Soldier Recognized by the First Consul — Voluntary Engagement — Curious and Touching Scene — Panic Terror at Malmaison — The Inhabitants in Dishabille.

EVERY Wednesday there was a grand dinner at Malmaison. The Second Consul was always of the party, with the Ministers, Counselors of State, some particularly esteemed Generals, and a few ladies of unspotted reputation; for Napoleon was then rigorous in the choice of Madame Bonaparte's society. We acted plays in the evening, and the part of the abigails fell to my lot. Madame Savary was also of our company; Junot was our best actor, and Bourrienne, Eugène Beauharnais and Lauriston had talent. It was no trifle to play before, not only an audience of three hundred persons, but the First Consul in particular; for my part I should have preferred doubling the number, could he have been by that means excluded.

It was singular enough that I, certainly the most free

with him of the whole establishment, and the most ready to answer his pleasantries — I, in short, who already gave indications of the woman who, according to his own confession of St. Helena, treated him as a boy (*en petit garçon*), the day that he addressed to my ears words to which it did not become me to listen — I could not endure his criticisms, just or unjust, on my performance, however convinced that he was mistaken, and that I best understood my own business with the assistance of Dugazon, my prompter.

The dinner hour, as I have before said, was six; and when the weather was fine the First Consul ordered the table to be laid in the park on the left of the lawn; the dinner was soon dispatched, and he found it wearisomely protracted if we sat more than half an hour.

When he was in good humor, the weather fine, and he had a few minutes' leisure from the labor which even at that time was killing him, he would play at barriers with us. He cheated us, as at *reversis*,* would throw us down, or come upon us without crying *barre!* but these tricks were only calculated to raise a laugh. His coat was on such occasions laid aside, and he ran like a hare, or rather like the gazelle, which he would feed with a boxful of tobacco, and tell her to run after us, and the tormenting animal tore our clothes, and sometimes our legs.

One fine day after dinner he exclaimed, « Let us play at barriers! » Off went his coat, and the next moment the conqueror of the world was racing like a schoolboy. The park at Malmaison was not then as complete as it now is, although the most shameful vandalism has spared no effort to extinguish the remembrances attached even to a few plants. It was separated only by a ha-ha from an open field, afterward purchased for a plantation, and the curious could observe from this field all that passed in the park.

Madame Bonaparte had been leaning with Madame Lavalette on the iron railing which overlooked the ha-ha, when, advancing a few steps, they were alarmed by the sight of two men, of rough manners, shabby dress, and very suspicious appearance, who were eyeing the First

* A game of cards still in vogue with the dowagers of the Faubourg Saint Germain.

Consul and whispering to one another. I had ceased playing, and at this moment approached Madame Bonaparte, who took my arm, and sent Lavalette to seek her husband or Eugène, but charged her to be careful that the First Consul did not discover her errand, for he detested any precautions.

She met Rapp, who required no stimulating whenever the shadow of danger threatened his General; in a few seconds he was beside the men, and, accosting them somewhat roughly, demanded their reason for standing there frightening ladies, and threatened them with arrest. They stoutly maintained their right to look at their General, who, they were certain, would not drive them away, and appealed to Eugène, who, coming up at that moment to see what was the matter, recognized one of the intruders for an old chasseur of his regiment. The veteran explained in humorous and military phrase that the loss of his arm having disabled him for further service, his brother wished to be accepted as his substitute; and to arrange this affair, they were come in search of their commander, when the sight of the First Consul at full play had arrested their steps; and, having finished this explanation, they turned away.

Bonaparte, with his eyes which saw without looking, and his ears which heard without listening, had from the first word been in possession of a key to the whole scene: he remembered the old quartermaster of his chasseurs, who at Montebello or Marengo had lost an arm while defending the life of a wounded officer. The First Consul had himself caused him to be carried off the field, and as the veteran had since been presented to him on parade, he recalled his features. "Oh! oh!" said he, "there are the *Invalides* in retreat. Good day, my boy. Well, you are come to see me, then? Come! face about! march once more at the command of your general. Conduct him, Eugène."

And passing his arm around Josephine's waist, he led her to the entrance of the *château*, where we met the two brothers, Eugène, and Rapp. The old chasseur presented his brother to the First Consul, reminding him at the same time that no legal obligations demanded his services. "It is a voluntary engagement, General," said he, "and you are his Recruiting-Captain."

"Since I am the Recruiting-Captain," said the First Consul, "the recruit must drink my health and that of the Republic. Eugène, take charge of your soldier, my boy; you will pledge him in my name."

The old chasseur watched the departing steps of his General, and, when he disappeared from his sight, burst into tears.

"Come, come, my old comrade, a little more self-command," said Eugène; "why, the deuce, you are like a woman!"

"Ah! talking of women, a pretty mess I have made," said the maimed veteran; "why, I have spoken to the *Générale Consule* as if I were speaking to Nanny and Peggy. And yet she seems all goodness, yonder brave *Citoyenne.*"

Whenever the First Consul played at barriers we all walked, and both cards and chess were superseded. This evening, therefore, he retired to his cabinet, and we saw no more of him. Madame Bonaparte had been so frightened by the sight of the men that nothing could rally her spirits. Eugène, Bessières, and Junot were all returned to Paris, and, no one remaining to cheer her, we spent the evening in enumerating and recounting all the vain attempts made within the last year against the life of the First Consul.

His wife loved him; the influence of gratitude on a good heart had bound her to him. She cried, and embracing me, said, "The figure of this man has made such a terrible impression on me, that I am certain I shall not sleep to-night; and Bonaparte, if he hears me complain, he is angry. He never has anything to fear, according to his own account."

We all retired to our chambers with the nervousness that pervades a party of children who have been listening to ghost stories, and midnight had not struck before the whole *château*, buried in sleep, might have resembled that of Beauty in the Sleeping Wood, if the moonbeams had not been occasionally seen to glimmer on the arms of those faithful guards, those *chasseurs à cheval*, who silently paraded the park, watching over the safety of him who was the safety of all.

Suddenly a report of firearms was heard from the ditch of the *château*, and instantly, before we could recover